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ROOSEVELT AND ROYALTIES

CORRESPONDENCE WITH KING EDWARD, KAISER WILHELM II, THE CZAR NICHOLAS, THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN, KING ALBERT, AND QUEEN ELIZABETH OF ROUMANIA

EIGHTH PAPER IN "THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HIS TIME—SHOWN IN HIS OWN LETTERS"

Edited by Joseph Bucklin Bishop

ROOSEVELT'S estimates of royal rulers and their functions were set forth fully by him in his own narrative of his experiences in various courts of Europe on his journey from Khartoum to London in 1910, which was published in this magazine in February and March. That he had no desire to become one of them he expressed with characteristic vigor in a letter that he wrote to his friend Charles G. Washburn of Worcester, Mass., on March 5, 1913: "You are quite right about my preferring a beetle to a throne; that is, if you use the word 'beetle' as including a field mouse or a weasel. I would not say this aloud, because I have been awfully well treated by kings; but in modern days a king's business is not a man's job. He is kept as a kind of national pet, treated with consideration and distinction, but not allowed to have any say in the running of the affairs of the national household." Roosevelt's impatience with the ceremonies and etiquette of courts found somewhat more vigorous expression when he exclaimed, after describing his experiences with potentates of various kingdoms at the funeral of King Edward: "I felt if I met another king I should bite him!" Speaking of a ruler of a particularly petty kingdom, whose fussy anxiety about his prerogatives and the precedence to which he was entitled had both amused and irritated him, he said, drawing upon his bird lore for a simile: "He is nothing but a twittering wagtail."

It was only the pettiest of the royalties who caused him this irritation. With the chief rulers of Europe, while taking an unenvying view of their powers, he was on friendly terms both during and after his Presidency. This was especially the case with King Edward of England, as the correspondence between them shows. With the Kaiser, in spite of the fact that he called him to account on several occasions and forced him to yield to his will, amicable relations were maintained both during his Presidency and during the visit to Berlin in 1910. Probably no other President held such familiar intercourse with the foremost European rulers as Roosevelt did, and the letters that passed between him and them are of quite unusual interest, and present also an additional aspect of Roosevelt's abilities, that of a diplomatic letter-writer.

The correspondence with King Ed-

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ward began in 1905 with the following letter, written in the King's own hand:

(*Original sent in the President's handwriting*)

BUCKINGHAM PALACE,
February 20, 1905.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

Although I have never had the pleasure of knowing you personally, I am anxious to avail myself of the opportunity which your inauguration as President affords, in order to offer you an assurance of my sincere good will and my warm personal congratulations on this notable occasion.

You, Mr. President, and I have been called upon to superintend the destinies of the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, and this trust should in my opinion alone suffice to bring us together.

It has often seemed strange to me that being as I am on intimate terms with the rulers of Europe I should not be in close touch with the President of the United States.

It would be agreeable to me and I think advantageous to both countries, that this state of things should in future cease to exist. As a slight indication of the feelings which I have entertained for yourself it gives me great pleasure to ask your acceptance of the accompanying miniature of a great Englishman—Hampden, who was once a land-owner in America. I do so in memory of the Old Country and as a mark of esteem and regard for yourself.

The Cruiser Squadron of the Atlantic Fleet, commanded by my nephew, Prince Louis of Battenberg, will visit my North American colonies this summer and I shall have much gratification in sending it in the autumn to some of the most important ports in your country.

I have had little doubt that the British Squadron will receive the same cordial welcome which your country always shows toward mine.

I sincerely hope that Mrs. Roosevelt and the members of your family are in the best of health, and begging you to bring me to the remembrance of your sister, Mrs. Cowles, whom I have had the pleasure of knowing,

Believe me
Dear Mr. President,
Very truly
EDWARD R. & I.

To this the President replied:

March 9, 1905.

MY DEAR KING EDWARD:

On the eve of the inauguration Sir Mortimer (Durand) handed me Your Majesty's very kind letter, and the miniature of Hampden, than which I could have appreciated nothing more. White, who will hand you this, has repeated to me your conversation with him. Through him I have ventured to send you some studies of mine in our western history.

I absolutely agree with you as to the importance, not only to ourselves but to all the free peoples of the civilized world, of a constantly growing friendship and understanding between the English-speaking peoples. One of the gratifying things in what has occurred during the last decade has been the growth in this feeling of good will. All I can do to foster it will be done. I need hardly add that, in order to foster it, we need judgment and moderation no less than the good will itself. The larger interests of the two nations are the same; and the fundamental, underlying traits of their characters are also the same. Over here, our gravest problems are those affecting us within. In matters outside our borders, we are chiefly concerned, first with what goes on south of us, second with affairs in the orient; and in both cases our interests are identical with yours.

It seems to me that if Russia had been wise she would have made peace before the Japanese took Moukden. If she waits until they are north of Harbin the terms will certainly be worse for her. I had this view unofficially conveyed to the Russian Government some weeks ago; and I think it would have been to their interest if they had then acted upon it.

With hearty thanks for your cordial courtesy,

Believe me,
Very sincerely yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Why the King decided to send the Hampden miniature to Roosevelt was explained several years later in the following letter to Roosevelt from the Rt. Hon. Sir Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice, afterward British Ambassador at Washington:

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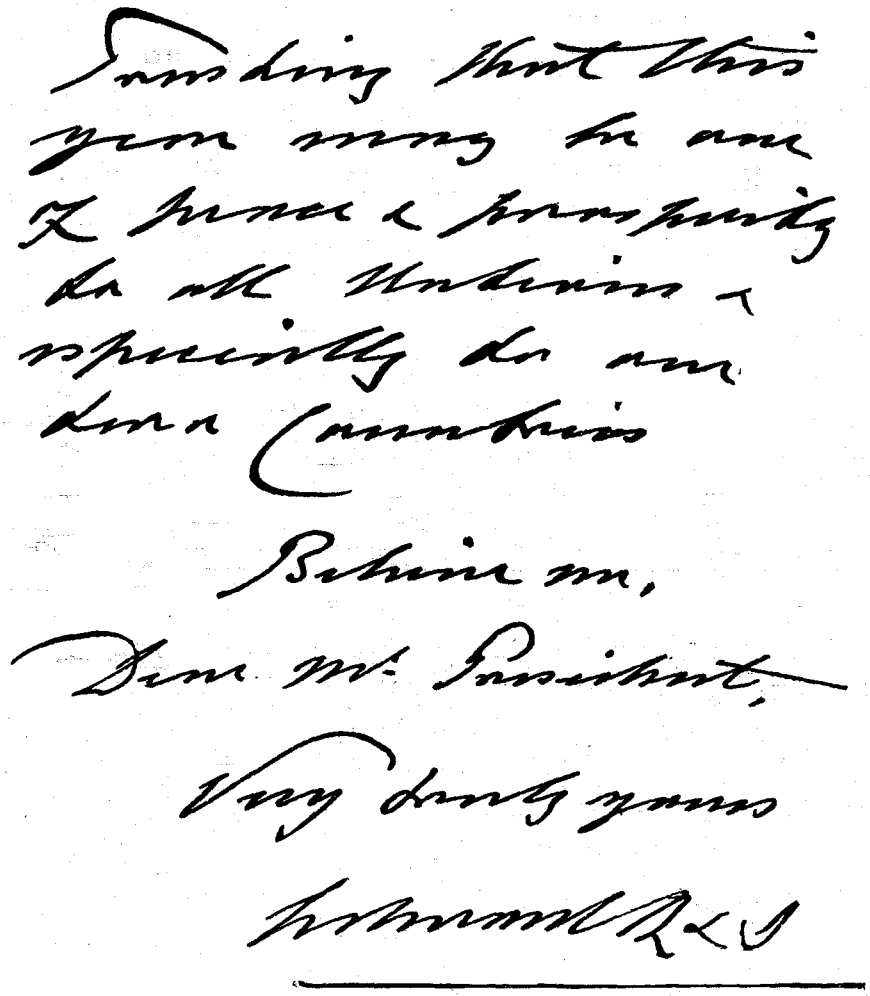
Personal.

30, Norfolk Crescent, W.
May 7, 1910.

MY DEAR THEODORE:

I think I ought to tell you something about our King who died last night. When I came back from seeing you in Washington after you were President he sent for me and talked a long time about you. I told him what I thought you stood for, quite frankly and fully though, if popular impressions at that time had been quite justified, he would not have sympathized much with what I told him. But he did listen very sympathetically. He said he wanted to get into personal relations with you, not as King and President so much as two men with certain aims in common. He mentioned what his father had done on his death bed for good relations, and wished to do something himself.



Facsimile of the conclusion of a letter from King Edward.—Page 391.

He told me he intended to write to you himself and his first intention was to send quite an informal letter. He also wanted to send you some quite unofficial memento, and asked me what I thought you would like as a personal sign of good will —not as a formal presentation. I thought of something I had seen in his collection

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Kermit Roosevelt

Total agreement about the general maxims of life & policy between America & Germany

Facsimile of the lines inscribed by the Kaiser on the back of the photograph.

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which was of great historical value—but not at all the sort of thing a King of England might be expected to give to an American President because it was the picture of a man who had led a successful rebellion against the English crown. But that was the reason he jumped at the idea at once because as he said, you were a man who could understand why he like you, (and you like himself) should join in admiration of a great Englishman.

I am quite sure that if you had seen him you would have understood some things which seem rather difficult to understand—that is why he did as a fact exert a great influence, and how very thoroughly and sincerely he desired certain things and did do a great deal to promote their accomplishment. I am very sorry you didn't see him but I daresay you won't forget what I tell you now—quite privately and for yourself.

Yours ever,
CECIL SPRING RICE.

In the autumn of 1905 the Cruiser Squadron of the British Atlantic Fleet, on the cruise mentioned in King Edward's letter of February 20, 1905, visited New York and other American ports under command of Prince Louis of Battenberg as Rear-Admiral. Writing to his son Kermit, November 6, 1905, Roosevelt described this interesting scene in the White House ("Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children," page 144. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1919):

"Prince Louis of Battenberg has been here and I have been very much pleased with him. He is a really good admiral, and in addition he is a well-read and cultivated man and it was charming to talk with him. We had him and his nephew, Prince Alexander, a midshipman, to lunch alone with us, and we really enjoyed having them. At the State dinner he sat between me and Bonaparte, and I could not help smiling to myself in thinking that here was this British Admiral seated beside the American Secretary of the Navy—the American Secretary of the Navy being the grand-nephew of Napoleon and the grandson of Jerome, King of Westphalia; while the British Admiral was the grandson of a Hessian general who was the subject of King Jerome and served under Napoleon, and then, by no means creditably, deserted him in the middle of the Battle of Leipsic."

The visit of the Prince is referred to again by King Edward in the following letter:

(*In the King's own handwriting*)

WINDSOR CASTLE, January 23rd, 1906.

DEAR MR. ROOSEVELT:

As Lieutenant Colonel Count Gleichen is leaving for the United States in order to take up his appointment as Military Attaché to my Embassy at Washington, I gladly take this opportunity of writing you a few lines to recommend him to your notice.

He is a cousin of mine—as his Father was nephew to my beloved mother Queen Victoria and served many years in the army. Gleichen has seen much service both in Egypt and South Africa, and has held important posts, his last being Military Attaché at Berlin.

These lines will I trust find you and all the members of your Family in the best of health—and I gladly avail myself of this opportunity of sending my congratulations on the occasion of your daughter's approaching marriage.

I saw Prince Louis of Battenberg last week and heard from him of the great personal kindness he received from you—and how gratified he and the Fleet under his command had been by the splendid and cordial reception which they had met with at the hands of your people!

Trusting that this year may be one of peace and prosperity to all Nations and especially to our two countries,

Believe me,
Dear Mr. President,
Very truly yours,
EDWARD R. & I.

To this the President replied:

(*Original sent in the President's handwriting*)

February 28, 1906.

To His Majesty
King Edward the Seventh, R. & I.

MY DEAR KING EDWARD:

Your kind letter has just been handed me by Count Gleichen. It was a pleasure to meet him; he is evidently thoroughly

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well up in his work; I shall talk with him freely.

Permit me to thank you especially for your most thoughtful and friendly remembrance of my daughter's wedding. Longworth is a good fellow, one of the younger men who have done really well in Congress; he was from my own college, Harvard, and there belonged to my club, the Porcellian, which is antique as antiquity goes in America, for it was founded in Colonial days; he was on the "Varsity crew," and was, and is, the best violinist who ever came from Harvard.

Have you seen Togo's address to his fleet when it was disbanded? It was so good that I put it in general orders for the army and navy. I enclose you a copy.

The other day I read Ian Hamilton's book on his campaigning with Kuroki. It is the best book I have seen on the Russo-Japanese war. He stops, however, before he gets to the really big fighting; I suppose there is some red tape in the Department about his going on with it; I heartily wish that your Majesty would look over the volume that is out, and, if you like it, direct Hamilton to go on with the work and finish the account of the entire campaign; it would be a real service.

May I ask that you present my most respectful homage to Her Majesty. Again thanking you, believe me, sir, with great regard,

Very sincerely yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

P. S. I shall send Choate to head our delegation to the Hague conference; its members will work in absolute accord with your delegation. My brother-in-law is an admiral, by the way.

A letter that Roosevelt wrote to King Edward on April 25, 1906, contains a reference to the Algeciras Conference of 1906, which calls for a word of explanation. The secret history of this conference, which stands revealed in Roosevelt's correspondence and which is far too long for publication in the magazine, shows conclusively that it was arranged by Roosevelt at the insistent request of the Kaiser, that Roosevelt drew up the terms of settlement which were adopted, and that he fairly compelled the Kaiser to give his unwilling consent to them. The full story of the incident will be published in his authorized biography now in preparation.

Mr. Frederick W. Whitridge, mentioned in the letter, was appointed by Roosevelt special American Ambassador to Spain for attendance at the wedding of King Alfonso:

(*Original sent in President's handwriting*)

April 25th, 1906.

To
His Majesty
King Edward VII, R. & I.

MY DEAR KING EDWARD:

May I present to you the bearer of this note, Mr. Frederick W. Whitridge, my special ambassador to the King of Spain? He is a good fellow, and stands very close to me.

I think the outcome of the Morocco business was satisfactory, don't you? White speaks in the highest terms of your man Nicholson; between ourselves he grew to feel that neither the German nor French representatives at Algeciras were really straightforward. On the other hand, I am bound to say that both their ambassadors here, Jusserand and Sternburg, were as straight as men could be. I had some amusing experiences in the course of the negotiations.

With great regard
Very faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The final letters in this series, so far as the letters have been preserved, were exchanged in 1908. Early in that year the King had presented Roosevelt with a book containing illustrations of the Sèvres Porcelain Collection in Windsor Castle. In acknowledging the gift, Roosevelt made an allusion to the voyage of the American naval fleet around the world which was then in progress, and also to the question of Mongolian immigration:

(*Original sent in the President's handwriting*)

February 12th, 1908.

To His Majesty
King Edward VII,
R. & I.

MY DEAR KING EDWARD,

The beautiful Sèvres porcelain book has come, and I send this note of thanks

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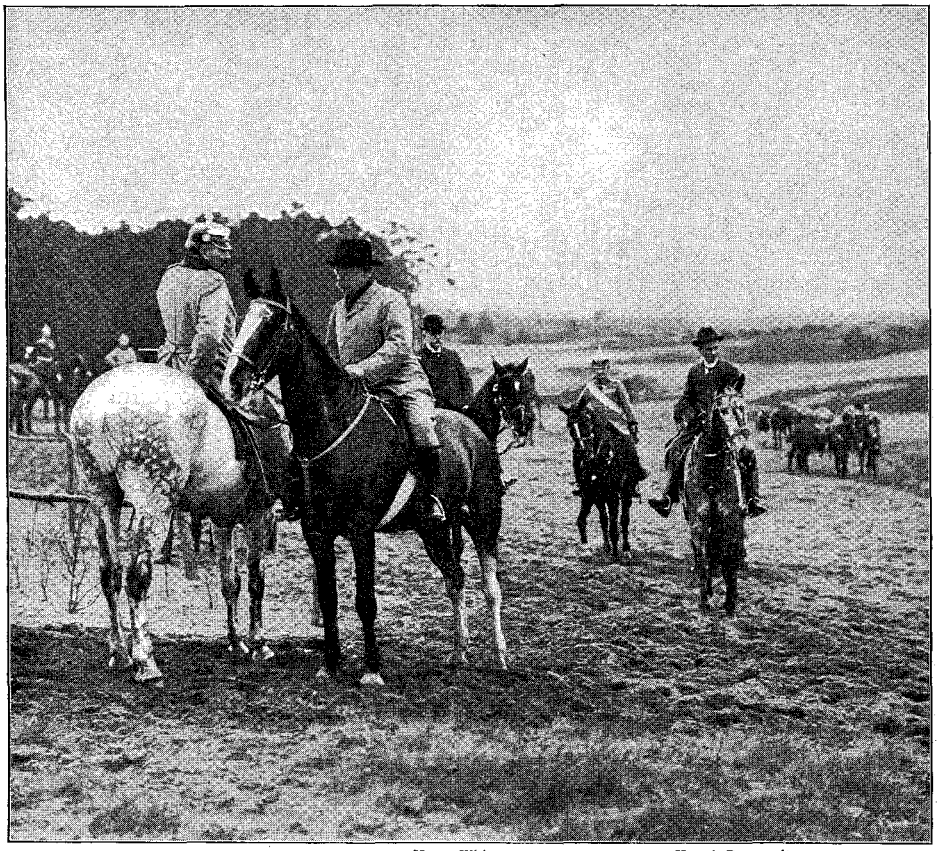

Henry White Kermit Roosevelt

Kölewitz 11/VI 10

On the "Mündenberg" a grave discussion
Carnegie lookout!

Wilhelm I. R.

Facsimile of the Kaiser's inscription on another photograph.

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by the Ambassador. The book is a delight to the eye—it is almost like seeing the porcelain.

I am much interested in the trip of our fleet to the Pacific; the ships have just come out of the Straits. I feel very strongly that the real interests of the English-speaking peoples are one, alike in the Atlantic and the Pacific; and that, while scrupulously careful neither to insult nor to injure others we should yet make it evident that we are ready and able to hold our own. In no country where the population is of our stock, and where the wageworkers, the laborers, are of the same blood as the employing classes, will it be possible to introduce a large number of workmen of an utterly alien race without the certainty of dangerous friction. The only sure way to avoid such friction, with its possible consequences of incalculable disaster, is by friendly agreement in advance to prevent the coming together in mass of the wageworkers of the two races, in either country.

But for the moment our internal problems here are far more pressing than our external ones. With us it is not as it is with you; our men of vast wealth do not fully realize that great responsibility must always go hand in hand with great privileges.

Again thanking you, and with very high regard, believe me,

Very sincerely yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

(*In the King's own hand*)

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, March 5, 1908.

MY DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

Accept my best thanks for your letter of the 12th inst: which was delivered to me by your excellent and charming Ambassador, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, on his arrival in London, and it gave me great pleasure to learn from him that you were in such excellent health and spirits.

I am glad to hear you like the book with illustrations of the Sèvres Porcelain collection at Windsor Castle as I know you have a great appreciation of china.

We have watched with the greatest interest the cruise of your fine Fleet in the Pacific and have admired the successful manner in which your Admirals have so far carried out this great undertaking. As you are no doubt aware, my Australian Colonies have conveyed through my Government an invitation to your Fleet to visit their principal ports, and if it be possible for your Government to authorise the acceptance of this invitation I feel sure that it will be warmly appreciated both here and in Australia.

I cordially agree with you that the interests of the English speaking peoples are alike in the Atlantic and the Pacific, and I look forward with confidence to the coöperation of the English speaking races becoming the most powerful civilising factor in the policy of the world.

The question of the immigration and competition of coloured races in other countries is one which presents many difficulties and especially to me who have many coloured subjects in my Empire.

It is one, however, which has so far proved capable of adjustment by friendly negotiation, and I rely upon the sound agreement at which my Government have arrived with that of Japan being loyally carried out in all its detail by the Japanese Government.

Believe me with high regard
My dear Mr. President,
Yours very sincerely,
EDWARD R. & I.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE KAISER

Roosevelt's method of procedure with the Kaiser was always the same and was uniformly successful. His own description of it appears in a letter that he wrote on August 14, 1906, to Henry White, who was at that time American ambassador at Rome:

"My course with him during the last five years has been uniform. I admire him, respect him, and like him. I think him a big man, and on the whole a good man; but I think his international and indeed his personal attitude one of intense egoism. I have always been most polite with him, have done my best to avoid our taking any attitude which could possibly give him legitimate offense, and have endeavored to show him that I was sincerely friendly to him and to Germany. Moreover, where I have forced him to give way I have been sedulously anxious to build a bridge of gold for him, and to give him the satisfaction of feeling that

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his dignity and reputation in the face of the world were safe. In other words, where I have had to take part of the kernel from him, I have been anxious that he should have all the shell possible, and have that shell painted any way he wished. At the same time I have had to speak with express emphasis to him on more than one occasion; and on one occasion (that of Venezuela) have had to make a display of force and to convince him definitely that I would use the force if necessary."

It is doubtful if the Kaiser ever experienced a more humiliating check than Roosevelt administered to him in the Venezuela incident of December, 1902, yet he seems to have cherished no resentment because of it, for about a year later he wrote a letter to Roosevelt which reveals a fine rapture of delight because the President had written to him in terms of approval. No copy of the letter from the President which called forth this outburst is extant, for it was a private note, but happily that of the Kaiser has been preserved. It is here reproduced in full:

(*In the Kaiser's own hand*)

NEUES PALAIS,
January 14, 1904.

To the President of the United States of America.

SIR:

Profoundly impressed by the private letter which you kindly addressed to me, I hasten to cordially thank you for it; in reading the contents of which I felt a thrill of pride running through me. I am I feel most flattered that you should have such a high opinion of my humble efforts in my work of furthering the welfare of my People and of developing the resources of my country. It strikes me that you should have so ably and clearly gauged the motives by which I am impelled. Besides I cannot refrain from feeling proud, that so eminent a man as President Roosevelt should follow with such interest a monarch doing his very best to fulfill the arduous task with which heaven has entrusted him for the prosperity of his people and of the world. Praise as well as vituperation are generally heaped on kings by people often, alas, not free from selfish motives, which of course is not always easy for them to detect, and therefore makes them very careful in accepting them for what they are worth. But to elicit praise from a man like you is enough to make any ruler proud for the rest of his life, coming as it does from a judgment based upon experience. Your unlimited power for work, dauntless energy of purpose, pureness of motive moving toward the highest ideals, this all crowned by an iron will, form qualities which elicit the highest admiration from everybody over here. They are the characteristics of a "*man*," and as such most sympathetic to me. The twentieth century is sadly in want of men of your stamp at the head of great nations, and there are few of them I own. But let us rejoice that, thank heaven, the Anglo-Saxon Germanic Race is still able to produce such specimen. We must accept it as a fact that your figure has moved to the foreground of the world and that men's minds are intensely occupied by you. You kindly allude to my work as traced for me by tradition, by numbering the most commanding figures among my ancestors, whose example I am trying with heaven's help to follow. This tradition is a strong impulse for the ruler to try to work up to the same line to which his ancestors brought their country and who left their mark in history. In some sense this is different with you. Though following in general the great lines laid down by the historical development of the United States, yet—in the absence of family tradition—every President is much more at liberty to give a far more personal stamp to his Government. This you have done in an uncommon way, and my wish is that you may be long spared to go on with your work as you began for the welfare of your country. May our common efforts ever prove successful for the maintenance of Peace and the fostering of good will between our two countries.

With sincerest good will believe me sir,
Ever yours,
WILLIAM
I. R.

An amusing international episode, hitherto unpublished, in which the Kaiser was involved, occurred early in 1907, and is set forth in full in the following letter

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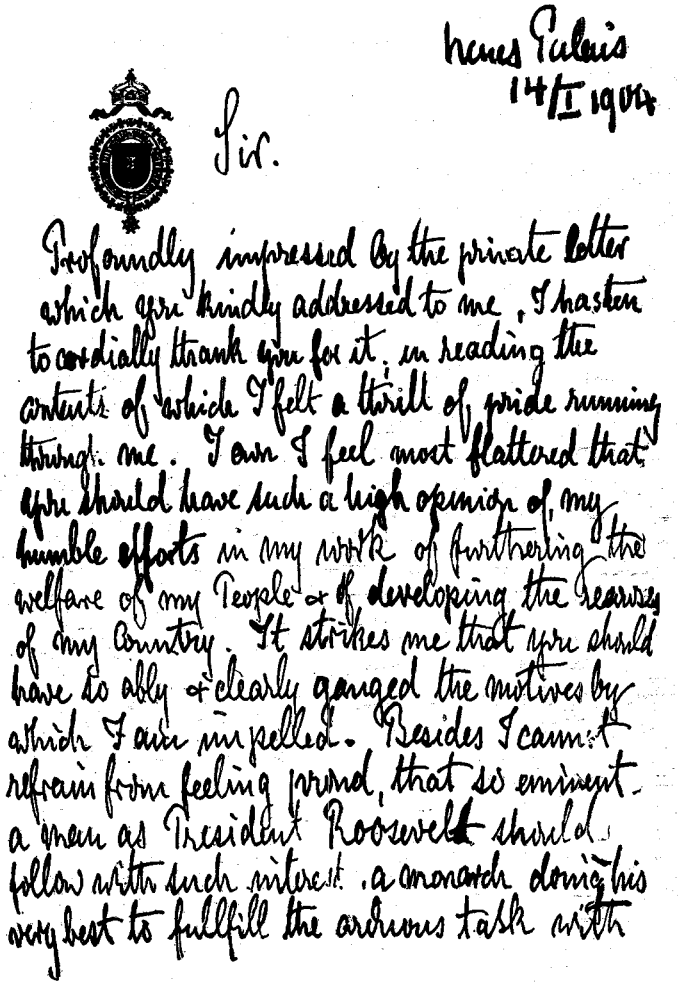
from the President to Whitelaw Reid, the American Ambassador in London, under date of January 10, 1907:

"There is one not very important thing of which I think you should be informed; although I do not see that either you or I can do anything about it. Apparently the members of the present British Cabinet talk with extreme freedom to Carnegie. In one instance, at least, this has been most unwise on their part, as is shown by the following incident. Mr. Carnegie recently came first to me and then to Root with a story that he had been told by a member of the Cabinet (whose name he gave me but which I forget) that the British Ambassador at Berlin had informed the said member of the cabinet, or else the whole cabinet, that at a recent conversation with him the Emperor had stated that he was building his navy against America, (this was to show that he was not building it against England,) and was also hostile to the Hague conference. Carnegie seemed much disturbed over the information, which naturally did not impress me in the least—in the first place, because even if the Emperor had said it I did not regard it as a fact of importance, and in the next place I could not be at all confident that the conversation coming through three or four people had by the time it reached me any resemblance


Neues Palais
14/I 1904

Sir.

Profoundly impressed by the private letter which you kindly addressed to me, I hasten to cordially thank you for it. in reading the contents of which I felt a thrill of pride running through me. I own I feel most flattered that you should have such a high opinion of my humble efforts in my work of furthering the welfare of my People & of developing the resources of my Country. It strikes me that you should have to ably & clearly gauged the motives by which I am impelled. Besides I cannot refrain from feeling proud, that so eminent a man as President Roosevelt should follow with such interest a monarch doing his very best to fulfill the arduous task with

Facsimile of the first page of a letter written by the Kaiser.—Page 395.

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at all to what it originally was. In other words, it was an instance of that international gossip with which one is deluged if one chooses to listen to it.

"So far Carnegie had not done any mischief; but what must he then do, of all things in the world, but call on Speck and complain bitterly of the Emperor's hostility to America and to peace, as shown by the conversation in question! Speck of course cabled the news home, and I received the somewhat lurid cable from the Emperor in consequence. I answered by letter. I enclose copies of both."

KAISER'S TELEGRAM

My Ambassador at Washington has telegraphed quite confidentially my Secretary of State that Mr. A. Carnegie has told you and Secretary Root about my opposition against the next Hague Peace Conference.

All Mr. Carnegie has heard in London are foul and filthy lies the aim of which is but too clear: To sow distrust between us two. It is the most unheard intrigue ever set up against me and the German Empire. I trust that you did not for a moment believe that it could be true.

Since I met King Edward at Friedrichshof I have not discussed in words or writing with anybody the Hague Conference. At Friedrichshof the conference was discussed by the King in the presence of my Secretary of State and Sir Charles Hardinge as well as Sir Frank Lascelles and immediately afterward a memorandum about our discussion was drawn up. According to this memorandum which I have before me in writing this telegram the King himself took the initiative in telling me that he entirely disapproved of the new conference and that he considered it as a "humbug."

The King told me that he not only thought the conference useless, as nobody would, in case of need, feel bound by its decisions, but even as dangerous. It was to be feared that instead of harmony more friction would be the result.

In answer I did not conceal to His Majesty that I am not enthusiastic about the Conference and told the King and Sir Charles Hardinge that Germany could not recede from her naval program laid down six years ago, but that Germany did not build up a fleet with aggressive tendencies against *any* other power; she did so only in order to protect her own territory, and commercial interests.

So far the memorandum.

It is really too absurd to believe me so deprived of all common sense as to build my fleet against you!

I have not changed my attitude since last year when I was ready and prepared to go to the Hague Conference. As you will remember the conference was adjourned at your own wish. At your request I used my good offices with Russia to postpone the meeting in order to enable the South American Republics to take part in the Hague Conference which they would not have been able to do had the Pan-American Congress and the Hague Conference been held almost at the same time.

(Signed) WILHELM, I. R.

PRESIDENT'S LETTER TO THE KAISER

(*Original sent in the President's handwriting*)

Jan. 8th, 1907.

To

His Imperial Majesty
The German Emperor:

MY DEAR EMPEROR WILLIAM:

There need never be so much as a moment's uneasiness on your part lest I should be misled by such a story as that which Mr. Carnegie repeated, first to me, and then—extraordinary to relate—to your Ambassador. Beyond a moment's wonder as to why, and in what form, the story was originally told Carnegie, and as to whether or not the original narrator himself believed it, I never gave the matter a second thought, until Speck spoke to me about it; I did not even mention it to Root. It is a story of a very common type. I am always being told of Japanese or German or English spies inspecting the most unlikely places —the Moro Castle at Havana, for instance, or some equally antiquated and indefensible fort; and now and then I learn of a high official in some West Indian island or South American republic who has been thrown into a fever by the (wholly imaginary) information that an agent of mine has been secretly inspecting his dominion. I have no time to devote to thinking of fables of this kind; I am

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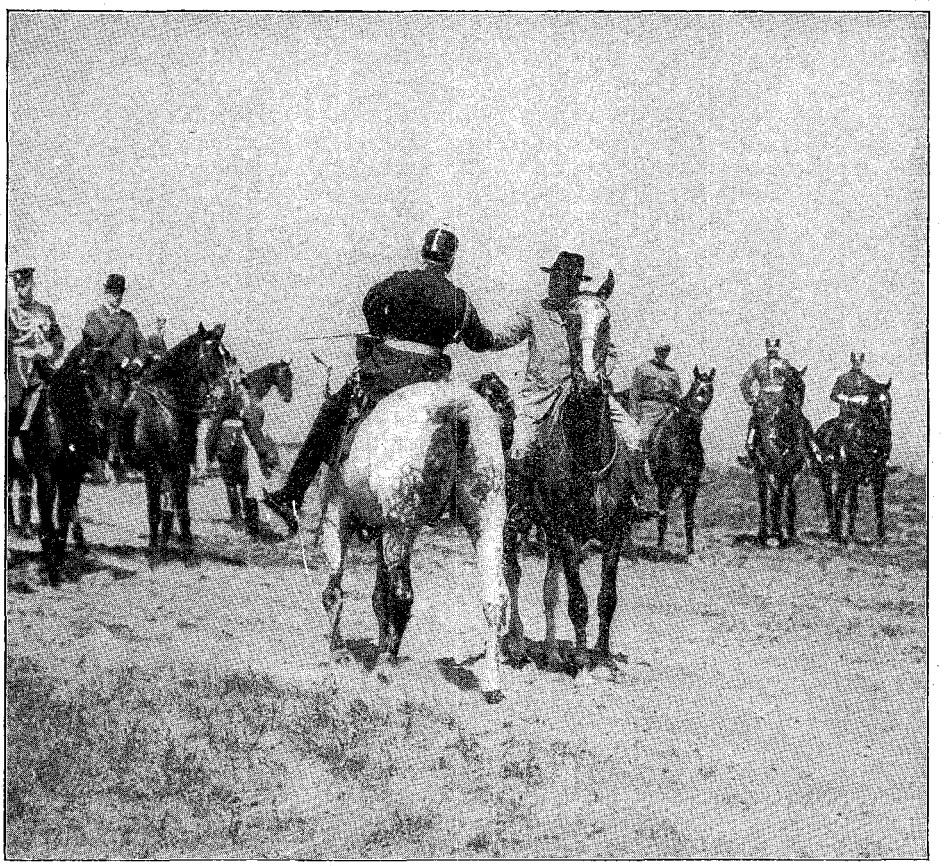

Homburg 11/VI 1910
The Chief of the German Army thanking
the Colonel of Rough Riders for the honour
of inspecting his troops

Facsimile of another of the Kaiser's inscriptions.

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far too much occupied with real affairs, both foreign and domestic. Your Majesty may rest assured that no such tale as this of your building your fleet "against America" will ever cause me more than good-natured amusement.

I have entire confidence in your genuine friendliness to my country, and I am glad to say that during the last five years there has been in America a steady growth of good will towards Germany. Primarily owing to your attitude, the relations of the two countries have been placed on an excellent footing. Let me add a word of hearty praise for the share which, under Your Majesty, Baron Sternburg has had in bringing about this happy result. He has more than justified your choice; for while jealously guarding the honor and interest of Germany, he has sought every opportunity to give Americans a feeling of confidence in and regard for Germany.

Such an attitude of credulous and unreasoning distrust as that portrayed in the tale Carnegie repeated is found here and there in every country at different times; there are always international backbiters who appeal to international suspicion. Do you remember in Thackeray's "Book of Snobs," the snob of the London clubs who is always repeating gossip and slander about foreign nations? It was sixty years ago when Thackeray wrote of him:—"He is the man who is really seriously uncomfortable about the designs of Russia and the atrocious treachery of Louis-Philippe. He it is who expects a French fleet in the Thames, and has a constant eye on the American President, every word of whose speech (goodness help him!) he reads, . . . Lord Palmerston's being sold to Russia, the exact number of roubles paid, by what house in the city, is a favorite theme with this kind of snob." The type is not extinct yet in England; nor in my own and other countries, for that matter.

Let me repeat that no distrust will be sown between Germany and America by any gossip; I sincerely believe that the growth of good feeling between the two nations is steady and permanent.

Very faithfully your friend,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

His Imperial Majesty
William II.
Emperor of Germany, Berlin.

In replying, the Kaiser, as usual in his own hand, wrote as follows:

BERLIN SCHLOSS, 6/11 '07.

MY DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

Your kind letter of the 8th of January received on the 25th of that month has given me great satisfaction and pleasure. As I was perfectly convinced the slanderous lies with which Mr. Carnegie was fed in London, have not made the slightest impression upon you. Your conjecture is right, that I never for a moment imagined you could believe such trash.

When two nations like the United States and Germany show such astonishing development with an upward tendency, it is quite natural that they thereby create themselves enemies who will try to sow hatred and discord against and between them out of sheer jealousy. Like to you, so were also to me vouchsafed the most extraordinary information about espionage and dark plans!

The only effect such base intrigues dictated by common envy and hatred will have is to draw the two Governments and Nations closer together. The high terms of praise, with which you, Mr. President, refer to the personality of my Ambassador have caused me the most intense satisfaction. I am most happy to know that my Ambassador Baron von Sternburg has gained a position in which he enjoys the confidence of the President of the People of the United States, and it is my fervent wish that he may continue to enjoy it as well as he fully has mine.

I have had the pleasure of receiving the members of the American Tariff Commission under Mr. North their able chief, and to hear from them that they return quite satisfied with their stay here and with the results of their visit and of their work. I fervently hope with you that success may crown the joint labours of the Commissioners and of my officials.

Among the men of mark which my country is sending over for the celebrations on the kind invitation of the United States, two officers from my personal suite will be included. General Adjutant von Loewenfeld, whom you kindly received at the unveiling of Frederick the Great's Statue, and Captain von Rebeur who was Naval Attaché at Washington for several years.

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As I know that your interest in everything regarding the Great King is very lively, I venture to offer for your library a new publication of the water colours by our great painter Menzel illustrating the history of the uniforms of our army under the King's reign. The work of which the two first editions have just been published, will be presented to you with this letter by Mr. Lengerke Meyer, who kindly volunteered to take them over. I feel that you will have been pleased by the lively and decided manner in which the Germans have just pronounced themselves against the Socialists! With my sincerest wishes for the wellfare of the People of the United States, and that success may further crown your brilliant career under Heaven's guidance and blessing, believe me Mr. President

Ever

Your true friend and admirer

WILLIAM, I. R.

Mr. Reid desired to show the correspondence to King Edward, and asked the President if he might do so. To this request the President replied on January 14, 1907:

"It would never do to show that correspondence to the King, because if he happened to take offense at something the Kaiser had said, as he well might, it would bring me into trouble as violating the confidence of the Kaiser. I would not want the Kaiser to feel that I had communicated a letter of his, even though he did not mark it as confidential, to the King. But I feel that you should have the correspondence, so that, in case from the Kaiser's side the matter should get in twisted shape to the King, you would be able at once to set him right—even in that event, however, only after communicating with me. During my services as President I have had all kinds of queer confidences reposed in me, and queer letters to me by various individuals, from the Kaiser down, but I have been careful not to repeat them because I felt it would be doing merely mischief."

Some letters which passed between the President and the Kaiser in the spring of 1908 are interesting as revealing their views in regard to the world voyage of the American navy and the integrity of China:

(*Original sent in the President's*) *handwriting*)

April 4, 1908.

MY DEAR EMPEROR WILLIAM:

In the first place I wish to assure your Majesty how deeply, as President of the American people, I feel and appreciate the admirable work you have done in promoting friendship between Germany and the United States. I know well how the natural prejudices of an old, conservative nation would tend to make it indifferent to the friendship of a nation of the New World; would tend to make it think that Europe was the world. I attribute the constantly growing feeling of good-will between the two nations more to your own influence than to anything else. Your Majesty's Ambassador to the United States has been peculiarly fortunate in the impression that he has had upon our people; and I very deeply appreciate the evident personal courtesy to me, and the thoughtfulness shown by you in appointing him.

Let me again express to Your Majesty my appreciation of your constant friendliness toward the United States. It has been a very real pleasure to me to be able so often to cooperate with you and to second your efforts. This reminds me to say that the Chinese Minister, although he has been here for some little time, has made no motion nor given any hint in reference to action upon the territorial integrity of, or the open door in, China.

I trust you have noticed that the American battleship fleet has completed its tour of South America on schedule time, and is now having its target practice off the Mexican coast. After visiting San Francisco and Puget Sound, it will start on its return voyage via Australia, Japan, China, the Philippines, and the Suez Canal. When it leaves the Orient it will have to hurry home without stopping. I saw the ships leave Hampton Roads, and if possible I shall go thither again to see them rise over the world's sea rim as they steam homewards into harbor after their long voyage.

Their target practice has been excellent.

With high regards, believe me,

Very faithfully your friend,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

His Imperial Majesty,

William II,

Emperor of Germany, Berlin.

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(*In the Kaiser's own hand*)

ARCHILLEION, CORFU, 1/5, 1908.

MY DEAR PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT:

Your kind letter of April 4th reached me a few days ago and has given me real pleasure and satisfaction. You are quite right in thinking that it has been my constant wish to promote and foster the friendship between the United States and Germany. I have done it because I consider it to be in the interest of the two great nations that have so much in common, and I sincerely hope that the good will between our two countries will continue in its constant development.

I thank you most heartily for the very effective work you have done in this direction.

That the way in which my Ambassador has fulfilled my instructions has met with your full approval gives me lively satisfaction. I trust that his health will permit him to continue in his endeavors to further enjoy your confidence as well as that of the American people.

The punctual arrival of the U. S. Fleet in Magdalena Bay must be a matter of great satisfaction to you and the country. Admiral Evans has again proved his fine qualities as seaman and leader, and the officers and crews, not forgetting the engine room staff, have shown themselves well trained and up to the work. May I offer my sincerest congratulations on such a fine performance.

I see by your letter that the new Chinese Minister in Washington has not taken any steps yet referring to a "declaration of Policy," in the question of Chinese integrity and the open door. I have just heard from my minister in China, that the Vice-President of the Waiwu-pu, Liong-tun-yen, will be sent in about 2 months time to the U. S. and to Germany in order to lay proposals before our governments. I sincerely hope and trust that we shall be able to come to an agreement about such a "statement of policy," which will assure the maintenance of integrity of China and the open door to the trade of all nations.

With the sincerest wishes for the further success of the United States, and for the welfare of your family believe me my dear President

Ever your sincere friend

WILLIAM, I. R.

(*Original sent in the President's handwriting*)

May 14, 1908.

To His Imperial Majesty
William II
Emperor of Germany

MY DEAR EMPEROR WILLIAM:

Since writing you I have received, through Sternburg, your very courteous letter, and the handsome volume on Wartburg; I thank you for it. When Sternburg presents this I hope he will have the chance to tell you in full how things stand here.

I am particularly pleased at your appreciation of our fleet; but I wish I could get legislation that would give us in the higher grades officers as young as yours!

With great regard
Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

I have searched Roosevelt's papers in vain for an answer from the Kaiser to the following letter from the President urging him to favor a treaty of arbitration between the United States and Germany. If one was sent it has been mislaid:

(*Original in the President's handwriting*)

May 6, 1908.

MY DEAR EMPEROR WILLIAM:

I have asked your Majesty's Ambassador to present this to you personally. I hope you can see your way clear to have your Government enter into a treaty of arbitration with the United States. In the form in which the treaty now is I freely admit that it is not as effective as I could wish. Nevertheless good will result from the expression of good-will implied in the treaty; and it would have a certain binding effect upon the Senate, making it morally obligatory to accept any reasonable agreement which might subsequently be made. Moreover it would confer a real benefit in the event of

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any sudden flurry both by providing the executives of the two countries with an excellent reason for demanding cool consideration of any question by their respective peoples, and also by enabling them to make a strong appeal under the sanction of a solemn treaty to both the peoples and their legislatures to accept an honorable arbitration. It seems to me that these advantages are in themselves not to be overlooked; and furthermore the effect of such a treaty between Germany and the United States will be to furnish another evidence of the friendship between the two countries, while not to have the treaty, when such treaties have already been made with France, England, Japan, Italy, Spain, and various other powers, would I think invite comment. Merely to exchange notes of goodwill between the Governments would be no adequate substitute. On the contrary, it would invite attention to the fact that there is no treaty with Germany whereas there are treaties with the various Powers above named; and indeed might be construed by our people as meaning that Germany did not believe any treaty should be made with us in view of our form of government.

With great regard and earnest good wishes for your continued success in your great career, believe me,

Sincerely yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

His Imperial Majesty
William II,
Emperor of Germany.

The last letter from the Kaiser which appears in the correspondence is the following, which, unlike all the others, is not in the Kaiser's hand but in that of a secretary:

MY DEAR PRESIDENT:

This letter will be delivered into your hands by Count Bernstorff whom I have chosen after mature deliberation as successor to poor Baron Speck v. Sternburg whose premature death I still lament as a severe loss to our two countries. He was not only a true and good German patriot, but a sincere and stanch friend of the United States. I know that you lost in him a personal and loyal friend and admirer.

I trust that my new ambassador will gain your entire confidence and that of Mr. William Taft who has just been elected to be your successor at the White House. I have watched the electoral struggle in the United States with keen interest and I wish to tell you quite confidentially that I am most satisfied with the outcome. Your advocating of Mr. Taft's candidacy would have been enough proof for me that he is the fittest man for the post, but I know besides what a splendid man he is and what an able public official he has shown himself in all the positions he has held during these last years in the Philippines, in Washington and in Cuba. I am sure that the United States will continue under his lead in the ways of progress and that they will enter into a new era of prosperity which has only lately been interrupted by one of these periods of depression which occur in all countries and at all times. I further sincerely hope that the good relations between our two countries which have made so much progress during your presidency, will not only continue, but still extend to the best of the two peoples.

I have heard from consul general Bünz who is going now as minister to Mexico, that you will, after your expedition to Africa, come over to England and lecture at Oxford University. I should be very much pleased if we could meet somewhere and get personally acquainted.

Your desire to shoot in German East Africa has been made known to me and I assure you that every possible facility will be given to you during your stay on German territory where you will find some of the best shooting grounds for big game.

With sincere wishes for the further welfare of your country and your own I am, my dear President, your sincere friend and admirer.

WILLIAM, I. R.

Donaueschingen,
November 12th, 1908.

The President of the United States of America.

The only personal correspondence that passed between the Czar of Russia and the President took place during the Portsmouth Peace Conference, as follows:

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I have instructed Mr. Witte, Secretary of State, and my ambassador in the United States Baron Rosen how far Russia's concessions can go towards meeting Japan's propositions.

I need not tell you that I have full confidence that you will do all that lies in your power to bring the peace negociations to a satisfactory conclusion.

Believe me

your's truly

Nicolas

Facsimile of a letter from Nicolas, Czar of Russia.—Page 404.

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(*Original in the Czar's handwriting*)

PETERHOF, July 18, 1905.

DEAR MR. ROOSEVELT:

I take the opportunity of Mr. Witte's departure for Washington to express to you my feelings of sincere friendship.

Thanks to your initiative the Russian and Japanese delegates are going to meet in your country to discuss the possible terms of peace between both belligerents.

I have instructed Mr. Witte, Secretary of State, and my ambassador in the United States Baron Rosen how far Russia's concessions can go towards meeting Japan's propositions.

I need not tell you that I have full confidence that you will do all that lies in your power to bring the peace negociations to a satisfactory conclusion.

Believe me
your's truly
NICOLAS.

(*Original in the President's handwriting*)

September 6, 1905.

To
His Majesty
The Emperor of Russia:

MY DEAR EMPEROR NICHOLAS:

Your very courteous letter was handed me by M. Witte. I need hardly say how delighted I am at the peace that has been made. I have given M. Witte, to present to you, copies of the letters I had sent the Japanese Government at the same time that I was cabling you.

I have an abiding faith in the future of the mighty Slav empire which you rule; and I most earnestly wish all good fortune both for you personally and for your people.

With high regard, believe me,
Very faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Roosevelt's correspondence with the Emperor of Japan began at the close of the Portsmouth Peace Conference in 1905, when the President wrote in his own hand a long letter to the Mikado expressing his "sense of the magnanimity, and above all, of the cool-headed far-sighted wisdom" he had shown in making the Peace Treaty. This letter was given in full in the account of the Peace Conference published in this magazine in September, 1919. The Mikado's reply was as follows:

(*Translation*)

MR. PRESIDENT:

I received some time ago your kind letter dated September 6th last, which you delivered to Baron Komura on the eve of his departure from your country. The warmest and sincerest sympathy which you expressed in that letter regarding the conclusion of peace touched me deeply. I feel extremely gratified to find that you have fully appreciated the course of action which I have taken with the view to promoting the cause of humanity and civilization as well as the true interests of Japan.

From the moment when you suggested to Japan and Russia to open negotiations for peace until the time when the Plenipotentiaries of the two Powers concluded their labours in your country, you have constantly exercised your noble efforts for the cause of peace and have greatly contributed to the speedy termination of the painful war. The two belligerents and the world at large owe deep and lasting gratitude to you.

In again tendering to you my heartfelt thanks I wish happiness of yourself and prosperity of your country.

With profound respect,
Believe me,
Yours always sincerely,
Signed: HUTSUHITO.

Tokio, November 11, 1905.

At the same time the President sent a present to the Mikado which is described in the following correspondence.

(*Original in the President's handwriting*)

September 6, 1905.

YOUR MAJESTY:

Through Baron Kaneko I venture to send you the skin of a large bear which I shot; I beg you to accept it as a trifling token of the regard I have for you and for the great and wonderful people over which you rule.

Let me take this opportunity to thank you for the distinguished courtesy you have shown to Secretary Taft and to my

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daughter. Let me also say how much I have enjoyed reading the translation of the poems written by Your Majesty, by Her Majesty the Empress, and by the other members of the Royal Family.

I have also written you by Baron Komura.

With profound respect, believe me,
Always sincerely yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

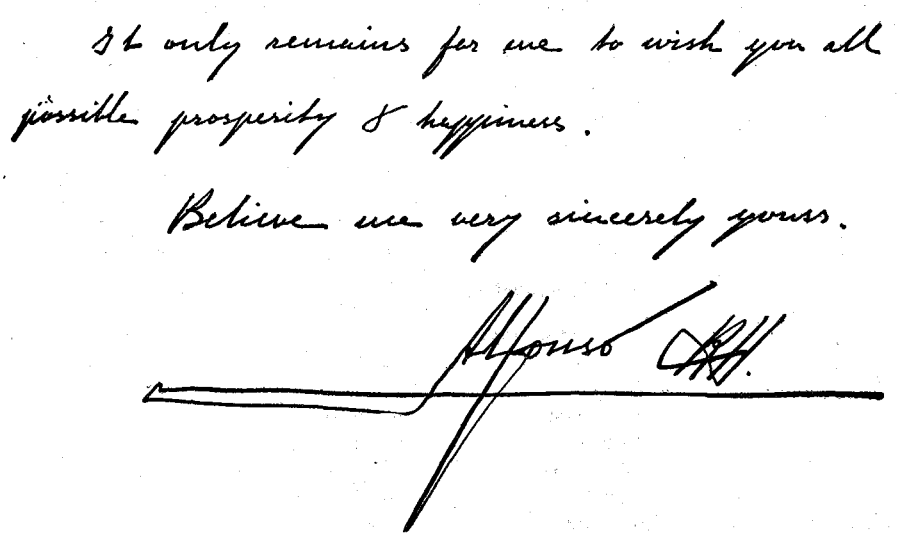
To
His Majesty,
The Emperor of Japan.

their short stay did not permit me to give them more cordial reception.

With profound respect,
Believe me,
Yours very sincerely,
Signed: HUTSUHITO.

Tokio, November 11, 1905.

Early in 1906 the northeastern portion of Japan was visited with a terrible famine which resulted in the death of nearly or quite a million persons. When it was at its height President Roosevelt, on Febru-



Facsimile of the concluding lines of a letter from Alfonso, King of Spain.

(*Translation*)

MR. PRESIDENT:

Your letter and the skin of a large bear shot by yourself which you delivered to Baron Kaneko at the time of his departure from your country, have reached me soon after his return here.

I am very happy to be the recipient of such a rare present which, I can assure you, will ever be cherished by me as the trophy of a friend commanding my entire admiration.

It afforded me great pleasure to receive your daughter and your Secretary of War Mr. Taft on the occasion of their visit to this country. The only regret is that

ary 13, 1906, issued an "appeal to the American people to help from their abundance their suffering fellow men of the great and friendly nation of Japan." Thousands of dollars were contributed through the Red Cross and other agencies by which needed relief was afforded. In recognition of the service rendered, the Mikado wrote to the President in July, 1906:

(*Translation*)

The President of the United States of America.

GREAT AND GOOD FRIEND:

When I learned that you had, in great sympathy and good will, invited the

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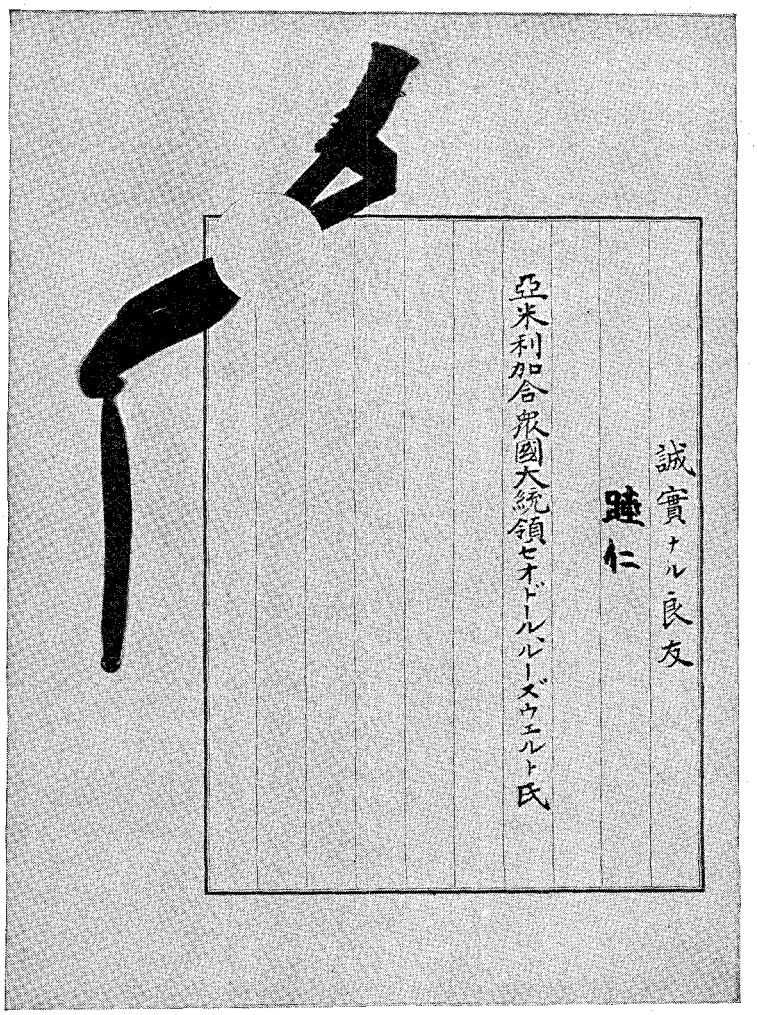
American Public to come to the aid and succour of the famine stricken people of my northeastern Provinces, I hastened to express to you, through my Representative at Washington, my deep sense of gratitude.



Facsimile of part of the letter of Hutsuhito, Emperor of Japan.
The inscription in the second column is the Emperor's signature.

The very generous and substantial contributions subscribed and collected by different American individuals and organizations and especially by the American National Red Cross and the Christian Herald, were duly received by the local authorities concerned through the kindness of the State Department and were, with great care, distributed among the distressed in such a manner as to faithfully carry out the noble intentions of those who so liberally responded to your appeal. I need hardly assure you that by this means the most serious effects of the calamity were greatly mitigated.

Now that the immediate danger has been removed, I wish to assure you that I have been very deeply touched and gratified by the high example of international good will and friendship displayed by the people of the United States and that the memory of it will always be warmly cherished by me.

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I remain, Mr. President, with the best wishes for your continued well-being.

Your sincere Friend
Signed: HUTSUHITO.

Imperial Palace, Tokio,
the fourth day of the seventh month
of the thirty-ninth year of Meiji.
(July 4, 1906)

All of the Mikado's letters to the President were written in Japanese characters on very fine rice-paper, and in each was enclosed an English translation handsomely engrossed.

With Admiral Togo, Commander-in-Chief of the victorious Japanese navy, the President had the following interesting correspondence:

(*Original in the President's hand*)

December 18, 1905.

MY DEAR ADMIRAL TOGO:

I greatly appreciate the gift of that revolver which you sent me through Minister Griscom. He tells me that you are to come to the United States some time next year. I earnestly hope that this is so. I look forward to seeing you and entertaining you at the White House. May I ask that you will do me the honor of accepting my photograph, which I enclose?

With great regard,
Sincerely yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Admiral H. Togo,
Commander in Chief of the Combined Fleet,
Tokio, Japan.

NAVAL GENERAL STAFF OFFICE,
TOKIO, Jan. 29th, 1906.

MY DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your kind note together with your photograph enclosed therein. I highly appreciate your gift and shall ever value it as a token of friendship of the President of the Great Republic.

As to my visit to your country, I fear

Now that the immediate danger has been removed, I wish to assure you that I have been very deeply touched and gratified by the high example of international good will and friendship displayed by the people of the United States and that the memory of it will always be warmly cherished by me

I remain, Mr President, with the best wishes for your continued well-being

Your sincere Friend
Signed: Hutsuhito

Imperial Palace, Tokio.
the fourth day of the seventh month
of the thirty-ninth year of Meiji.

Facsimile of part of the translation which accompanied the Emperor's letter.—Page 406.

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I can as yet say nothing for definite, although I am very anxious to have an opportunity in the near future of paying my respects to you at the White House.

I shall esteem it a great honour if you will kindly accept my photograph which I enclose herewith.

With the highest esteem and admiration,

I am Yours Respectfully
ADMIRAL HEIHACHIRO TOGO.

His Excellency
President Roosevelt.

A letter of unusual interest came to President Roosevelt in 1905 from Queen Elizabeth (Carmen Sylva) of Rumania. In that year the United States sent J. W. Riddle as its first Minister to Rumania, and the President gave him a personal letter to hand to the Queen, in which he spoke of her literary works and of the pleasure he had experienced in reading certain of them. In reply the Queen wrote the following letter on a typewriter:

SINAIA, Oct. 12th, 1905.

SIR:

I thank you with all my heart for the kind letter you sent me through your most amiable messenger! We are so glad to have an American representative to ourselves at last, and I am sure you will never regret it, as there are so many increasing interests that could not be thoroughly understood by someone who did not know our country at all. I felt a great deal of compunction in venturing to recommend to your notice the once great tragedian Gertrud Giers. I know how very annoying it is to have stage poor artists thrust upon one. But I could not refuse, as she always was a protégée of my mother and a most honest woman whose struggle for life was so much harder on account of her being so honest. I hope she hasn't bored you too much! You know the world and its wonderful snobbishness, only when the Great of the earth seem to pay attention the poor things can rise into notice, else they are left utterly in the cold!

That the Bard of the Dimbovitza gives you such real pleasure is to me a very great satisfaction. You must like the chain of pearls and the murderer and the bereaved husband and the women after miscarriage. All those things are powerful! To me the book seemed a literary event and I felt very proud that such a light should shine from my poor little unnoticed country! We are always wondering where the origins of these songs may be, they must come from the far east, as there is not a word in them that seems to allude to Christianity. They are simply grand and natural and true as only Shakespear has ever been.

I am told you read German and so I venture to send you a true story I have put into somewhat poetic prose and also a tiny volume of poems I wrote in English, and in which you may like my joyful address to old age! It is true that I don't feel any older than at twenty-five and therefore I am no real judge, but I see that my feelings are about what you say and you may like them, even if my English verse should not be quite perfect!

We have had a hard fight for existence all these last years and are not beyond much care still. It was nearly famine, only we didn't allow it to grow into that, by making unheard of sacrifices to keep our peasants alive! This year is far from good again, but we hope to get on without buying in other countries the Indian corn that wasn't nearly as good as ours! Your Minister will tell you all about our dire struggle and the unheard of difficulties we had to contend with! though thank God he hasn't seen the worst! Many have been the sleepless nights! I worked night and day to bring our silk industry on the market, as I saw that when everything failed the mulberry tree gave us enough leaves to keep our silkworms alive! I do so hope we shall be able to do a great deal in that line!

Another burning interest to me is the question of the blind, as the terrible Egyptian disease has made ravages here. It seems there are about fifteen thousand blind people here, mostly strong young men having been soldiers, and a blind typesetter has found a new machine for printing for the blind and my valet de chambre, a very clever man who has been working for the blind for seven years, has taken up the blind man's idea and worked it out through long and patient months! The first machine was ready to start, when a jealous workman destroyed it in order to prevent his patron from earning

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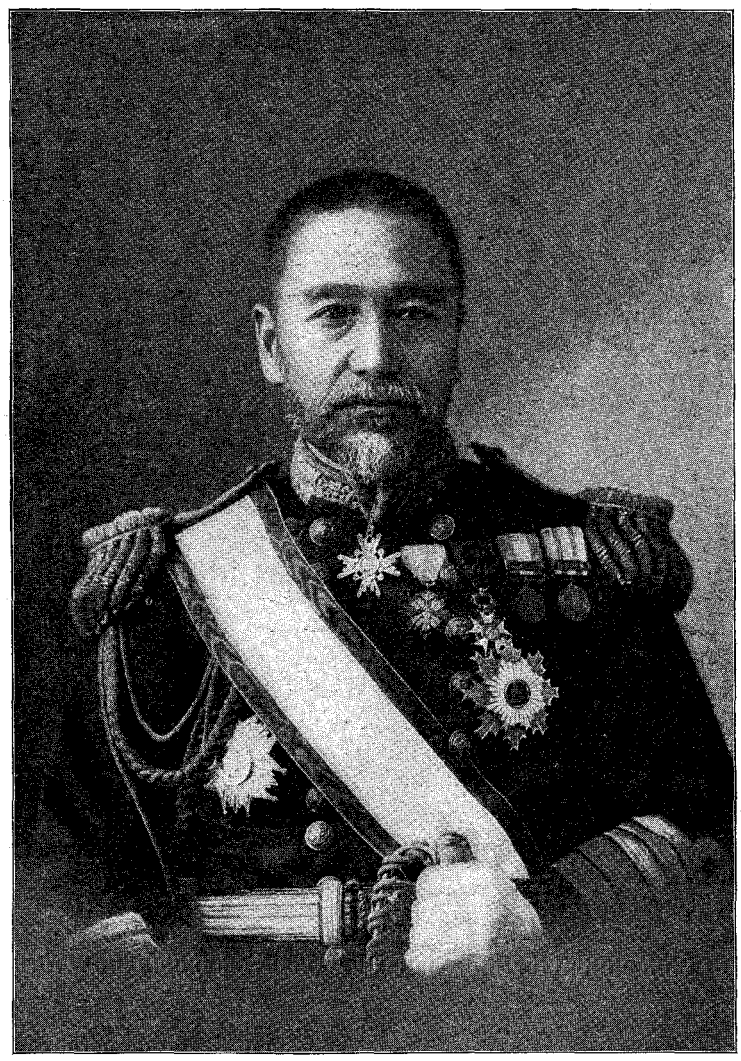

With regards.
Admiral Heihachiro Togo

Facsimile of the inscription written on the photograph of himself presented by Admiral Togo to President Roosevelt.—Page 407.

money. In a few days it will be ready again. We have the patent for five countries also America, and the inventors don't want to earn a penny, but wish to found what I call my blind city with the result of this machine. A blind man will henceforth be able to print five thousand pages a day. It will be a new life for the blind in the whole world! I have orders from everywhere already and I have also begun my blind city with two or three married people, an engineer and a monk

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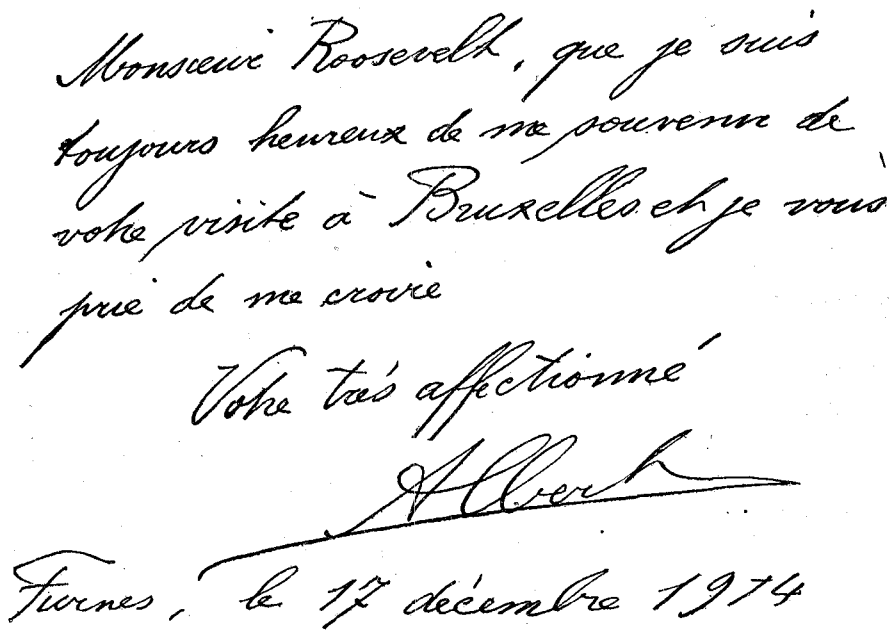

Facsimile of part of King Albert of Belgium's letter.

and a sculptor and so on. I begin with fathers first, and let the children follow. A school would be utterly useless, it must come out of the city, but it would cost far too much to begin with it. I want to build something on a socialistic basis. If it interests you at all I shall send our plan of organization. I hope it may answer. I am afraid I am asking too much of your patience already and am beginning to make mistakes as I always do when I begin to get the least bit tired. The typewriter is an enormous help to overworked hands, but the noise is still much too fatiguing to the brain. If I write more than three or four hours at a time I make mistakes in every word at last. And I can't dictate.

Once more kind thanks for your most amiable letter!

ELIZABETH.

Roosevelt, soon after the German invasion of Belgium, wrote to King Albert, enclosing his first public utterances on the subject and expressing his admiration for Belgium's heroic conduct and his deep sympathy with its sufferings. In reply, King Albert wrote:

(*Original in French*)

DEAR MR. ROOSEVELT:

I am very glad to receive your letter. It is very good of you to give me this cordial assurance of your friendly sentiments. What you have written in support of our just cause is an honor to us; my Government as well as myself, values it highly. My country is profoundly grateful to the United States for comprehending that Belgium, in defending her soil, has sacrificed all to duty; she knows that she can count upon the sympathy of the great American nation, which, always reverencing liberty and law, will never admit that treaties, contracted in good faith, can be violently torn up.

I thank you, the eminent statesman who knows well the sentiments of honor of his fellow citizens, for sending assurances of their sympathy.

I wish to say to you, my dear Mr. Roosevelt, that I remember always with pleasure your visit to Brussels and I beg you to believe me

Very affectionately yours,

ALBERT.

Furnes, 17th December, 1914.

[The ninth instalment of Theodore Roosevelt's Own Letters will appear in the June number.]

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DEVILLED SWEETBREADS

By Maxwell Struthers Burt
Author of "John O'May," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY N. C. WYETH

MY first sight of Mr. Peace was impressive. He was pursuing, with an uplifted butcher-knife, a small, active dark man up and down the deserted, sun-warmed dust of a sort of three-sided patio formed by long, low-lying log cabins. There was perfect silence, sinister silence, except for the late July stridency of the cicada, the chuckling of the near-by river, and the rhythmical padding of Mr. Peace's feet and those of his victim.

Mr. Peace's hair, blond, vikingish, a little too thick in front, but obviously well brushed, rose and fell with the violence of his effort, possibly of his emotions. Under a short blond mustache his chin was thrust forward, giving an impression of anger co-existent with shortness of breath. One judged, although much inferior in bulk, the small man, where running was concerned, had greatly the advantage. Not that Mr. Peace was fat; he was not; but he had reached the age—fifty-odd—where blondness as a rule narrows either to sallowness or else ripples into a certain happy expansion.

For me there was too much astonishment to permit of any motion except the automatic ones of dismounting from my horse and standing open-mouthed, my hand on my revolver. You would be startled yourself if, coming from a long day of entire quiet, from eighteen miles of deserted river road, you had traversed the sun-dappled coolness of an aspen-grove, turned a corner, and suddenly been shot into a scene such as I have been describing. Its taciturn activity was outrageously at variance with the surroundings; with the suspended lazy stillness of the little shining patio, the further, sweet-smelling stillness of encircling alfalfa-fields, the cathedral-like solemnity of the background of pines, where, under the rays of a sun dipping toward the west they soared above the battlements of the overhanging mountains with spires bathed in misty gold.

But Mr. Peace and the unwilling participant of his undertaking had reached a point where relevancy is no longer a consideration. They were entirely absorbed in their primitive pastime. They threaded the narrow confines of the court with the earnest abandon of actors in a symbolic dance. Behind them their shadows made desperate endeavor to keep up.

It was the small man who broke the rhythm. Evidently at the end of his resources, he decided upon a perilous expedient; he wheeled, ran straight at his opponent, and with an ape-like agility granted only to mankind in moments of imminent peril, within a foot or two of the circle of danger leaped to one side and swarmed up a log pillar of the porch that overhung the nearest of the cabins. Here, feeling himself comparatively safe, he sat down cross-legged and, with a most insulting far-away look in his eyes, spat down into the dust, not too remotely from the baffled feet of his intending executioner.

For a moment the latter regarded him with the expression of a puzzled dog, then, in a climax, a final gigantic outburst of rage, drew back and sent the knife flying into the soft wood of the pillar, where it stuck quivering. It was what my friend, Jenny Roquelaure, who comes from Indiana but married a Frenchman, would call "a magnificent gesture." I did not, however, fail to remark that it would have been just as easy and considerably more lethal to have hurled the knife at the overly confident possessor of the roof.

Mr. Peace, as if the episode was closed, sat down on the step of the porch and mopped his forehead with a multicolored bandanna handkerchief of silk. At the moment a young man was rounding the corner of one of the cabins. He was a

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very elegant young man, tall, slim, black-haired, clean-shaven, dressed in excellently fitting khaki riding-breeches, brown boots that twinkled, and a white shirt open at the throat. He walked slowly and with a certain air of lackadaisical detachment that did not in the least conceal a very real litheness and strength of limb. With a swift glance from under lazy eyelids he realized the small man on the roof, Mr. Peace on the step, and myself, hesitant in the background, and I thought an expression of weariness darkened his trim features, but the next instant it was gone, and he crossed to where Mr. Peace was sitting and sank down beside him, and began to roll a cigarette with an engaging lack of inquisitiveness.

Possibly Mr. Peace was shamefaced; his supercilious casualness seemed perhaps a trifle too pronounced; but he was very unperturbed, none the less. "Hello!" he said brightly. "I've just discharged your cook." Then he became absorbed in the thoughtful movements of a hen, who had appeared from nowhere and was promenading the patio with the languid rolling walk of one whose stomach is for the time being satisfied.

The young man continued to roll his cigarette, but before it was completed threw it down and spoke with a bitter dryness. "I hated his fried potatoes!" he said.

On the roof Mr. Peace's escaped victim stirred sharply from his assumed boredom and drew himself together with a little shudder of rage.

"It is not potatoes," retorted Mr. Peace, with grave indignation, "not potatoes, disgraceful as they were. Potatoes I can forgive, providing if back of them I can discern the faintest sign of a kindly heart, the weakest flicker of human intellect. But when a degenerate"—here he raised his voice—"ignorant, black-hearted, cross-eyed son of a dog——"

"Liar!" screamed the small man furiously.

"—from the lowest slums of Naples," proceeded Mr. Peace, "vents his so-called wit on me I become irritated." He paused and looked at the young man beside him with an expression of restrained anger. "It was my mustache," he added. "He objected to it being waxed."

"He did?" The young man's tones were soothing. "I don't blame you."

Mr. Peace was galvanized into action. He sprang up from the porch and pointed a dramatic finger at the figure on the roof. "Did you hear that?" he thundered. "Down from your perch and pack your things! To-morrow the stage leaves from Conant; see that you catch it! In the meantime—" He lowered his voice and looked sideways at the young man—"I shall be delighted, my dear fellow, to cook for you until you procure another incompetent." With a large gesture, indicative of entire dismissal of unpleasant things, he turned about and walked off with dignified slowness.

His companion remained where he was, blowing meditative clouds of cigarette-smoke into the air.

You must remember that at the moment I hadn't the faintest idea who Mr. Peace was. I knew him only as a blond giant with what seemed homicidal proclivities. I had been imagining him a Swede; one does, you know, if one has worked with Swedes; one falls into the way, that is, of associating silent, ungovernable rages with the Scandinavian temperament. Consequently I had been listening to the recent outburst of oratory with a growing fascination, for here was no Swede, but indisputably an Eastern American; an Eastern American who could have come only from a very limited class, the most typical members of which you find sitting in clubs at four o'clock of an afternoon looking for some one with whom to play bridge. There was no mistaking the resonant, not too interested voice, the truncated, slightly nasal, casual preciseness of accent. And here was this good man pursuing with a butcher-knife an Italian cook through the remote peace of a Wyoming July afternoon!

I stepped forward. In my pocket was Mrs. Minturn's letter. For her it was a long letter, delicately blue in color, advanced in texture, folded in an inconvenient but no doubt newly fashionable manner. Ten miles back, where I had camped for lunch, I had taken it out and reread it. Upon the hot, dusty noon, pungent with sage-brush, a faint provocative perfume had stolen. Mrs. Minturn's letter—I had never been quite admitted

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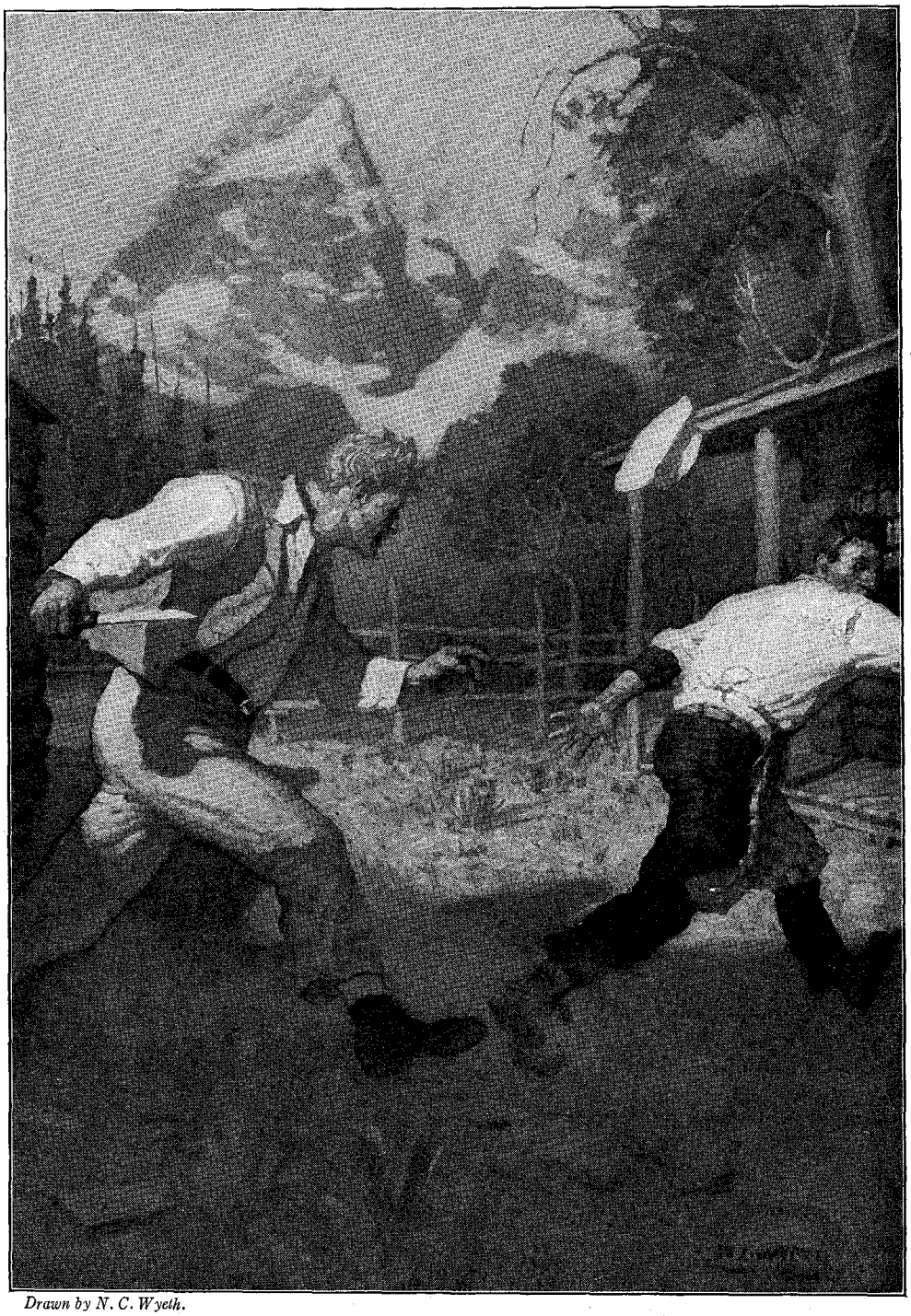

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

They were entirely absorbed in their primitive pastime.—Page 411.

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to the inner circle, the large inner circle, that called her Violet, despite a fairly near blood relationship—irritated me; almost always her letters, for they were always commands, irritated me. They sent me always in just the opposite direction from which I wished to go. But somehow or other I went. People did. Mrs. Minturn divided her world into senders and goers. Beauty, surviving triumphantly a quarter of a century, coupled with great wealth is infinitely more potent than the usual modern prerogatives of royalty. The perfume of Mrs. Minturn's letter was sufficient in itself to make the ordinary man go anywhere at any time.

I approached the languid young man. "I am looking," I said, "for the Curry-comb Ranch and for a Mr. Johnson."

He raised his beautiful eyelashes. "I'm Johnson," he answered.

"I have a letter from Mrs. Minturn saying that she expects to be here this week with her daughter, and asking me to look you up. I hope it's all right. The letter was delayed, because I've been north, on the other side of Ten Strike. It should have reached me three weeks ago, but——"

He cut me short with a fierce gesture of his arm, not in keeping with his general air of calm indifference.

"Good God!" he said bitterly, "so you're another victim, are you? She couldn't be satisfied with the prospects of the ordinary males to be found about a place like this! I wonder if she knows any other young men in the neighborhood, or wandering through here? I suppose they'll come riding in now, two or three a day. Well, put up your horse. I'm glad to see you, even if you are weak-minded."

I found myself considerably nettled. "I don't know what you're talking about," I objected. "I happen to be a cousin of Mrs. Minturn's. As for being weak-minded——"

"Oh, they all say that," he interjected wearily. "Come along!" He took the bridle of my horse and proceeded to lead him in the direction of what turned out to be the corrals.

"Sometimes," he said coldly, "life becomes insupportable. There's Peace, now."

"Peace?"

"Yes, Mr. Peace. The man who was chasing my cook. Why didn't you interfere?" He stopped and faced about on me with a look of grave interrogation.

"I don't know," I answered lamely, "I'm sure. I haven't the faintest idea why I didn't. Ordinarily I would, but—look here"—there was a confused perception struggling in my mind—"do many people interfere with Mr. Peace?"

"No," he said, "that's just the trouble. They don't. He's always been the blond beauty and run the whole show. Well, it wouldn't have been any use interfering; he'd simply have chased you, too. And he never hurts anybody. He discharges a cook about once a month. He won't leave them alone. He's always telling them how to season things, or how to make a new sauce, or some damn silliness. But he's a good cook himself. You'll see to-night." He sighed heavily, and with lowered head continued on his way to the corrals.

"Who is Mr. Peace?" I asked.

"You've got me!" He looked up with faint amusement in his eyes. "He's been around this country for five years or so. Usually he stops here; sometimes he gets hurt and goes away for a month or two. He's very easily hurt. All I know is that he takes the Providence *Journal*, and seems to have been everywhere and to have met innumerable people." He stopped again and regarded the horizon. "Sometimes," he said grimly, "I think I'll kill him, and then when he's away I miss him like the devil. He's frightfully maternal."

"Maternal!" The adjective seemed curious.

"Exactly! I might be his only boy. I haven't been allowed to have wet feet for five years. And you ought to see him with chickens! We have real eggs now all the time. Oh, well, it's a curious world. Sometimes I think I was just born in it to be bothered."

This was an intriguing reflection coming from a young man who apparently had wealth and excellent physical well-being, and who was undoubtedly good-looking, and who, unless Mrs. Minturn changed her mind or there was a train-wreck, would within two days see the ob-

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ject of his affections in the person of Mrs. Minturn's daughter Geraldine—a very intriguing reflection! I wondered if he knew the Minturns were to be here so soon. In my pocket Mrs. Minturn's letter seemed to glow with the faint, shining presence that surrounded all the things she touched. I recalled its contents.

"DEAR RODDY:

"I know you are somewhere within a radius of a hundred miles of a young man named Garth Johnson. Perhaps you know him. Will you look him up and write me about him, and possibly could you manage to stay, or return, when Geraldine and I arrive? I know this sounds absurd. It has, however, some reason. Yes, Geraldine and I are going to visit a ranch. I don't know what a ranch is, and I am sure I don't care to know. You have always bored me when you talk of them. Otherwise, I love you. But this is a homœopathic cure for Geraldine. She has been very bothersome; she thinks she is in love with this young creature. They met a year ago when he was East. I know nothing about him, except that he is not bad-looking and seems to have a little money. But Geraldine is my only child, and I have other plans. I think a month or two on a ranch will cure her. Geraldine has a romantic head, but a most material digestion. I am staking all on the latter. At all events, it has reached a point where drastic measures are necessary. I cannot go on. Geraldine is acutely annoying. My summer is quite spoiled. I had planned many things. I even have a Rumanian prince who wishes to marry me. He is exquisitely stimulating. But he could not abide a ranch, so I leave him at home.

"Your affectionate cousin,

"VIOLET MINTURN."

She invariably signed herself my cousin when there was any particularly unpleasant or unnecessary task she wished me to undertake.

By now the young man and I had reached the corrals. He unsaddled my horse, opened the gate, and turned him in to the tender mercies of forty or so bored cow-ponies. They made him excessively unwelcome. Johnson regarded this lack of cordiality gloomily. "Just like people," he pondered. He leaned his arms on a near-by fence and brooded upon the sunset.

"For heaven's sake," he observed out of a meditative silence, "don't tell Peace Mrs. Minturn and her daughter are coming. I don't know what he'd do. He hates women—and now we have no cook."

We went up to the very charming ranch-house. It was a little dusty, as bachelor ranch-houses are likely to be, but it was spacious and cheerful and characteristic, with its numerous skins on floor and wall, its collection of guns, paralleled against the logs on racks of deer-feet, its easy chairs and big open fireplaces.

"To-morrow," said Johnson, "we'll begin to clean windows." It was the first sign of the bridegroom garnishing his abode.

Mr. Peace met us half-way between the living-room and the dining-room, a long fork in one hand and a cook's cap set rakishly on one side of his head. Around his pleasantly protuberant middle was a cook's apron.

"Can't you hear the bell?" he asked angrily. "What's the use of having steak with cream-gravy if it's to get cold? All the other 'boys' are in there now—half through!"

He was a good cook. As I ate his offerings I reflected that even Geraldine's taste in such matters might be partially satisfied. He waited upon the table with extreme gravity. I noticed that the half-dozen or so young cow-punchers who worked for Johnson treated him with the utmost respect. It was "Yes, Mr. Peace." "Thank you, Mr. Peace." "I wouldn't be carin' for any, Mr. Peace."

When the meal was over Johnson and I went into the living-room, where shortly Mr. Peace joined us. He had removed the apron, but through some absent-mindedness, or because it was by way of being a comfortable skull-cap, he still retained his cook's head-dress. He drew out a pair of tortoise-shell spectacles and, sitting down by one of the lamps, proceeded to read a newspaper with the most minute attention. Occasionally he commented upon its contents out loud, or

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clicked his tongue against his lips in graded indications of surprise or interest.

"Harriet Oglesby's remarried, Garth. That's the third time."

"Never heard of her."

"I don't know why you haven't. She was a very lovely young girl, but changeable even then."

"I've never been to Providence."

"But, my dear fellow! Mrs. Lamar-Roche! She's known everywhere. . . ."

"Johnson," I said, when he was bidding me good night, "you're well taken care of."

"Isn't that the truth?" he answered, without lightness.

He hesitated a moment, his hands in his pockets, and shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. In the rays of the moon that fell upon us, I thought his young face was slightly haggard. "Look here," he said, his words tumbling on top of each other embarrassedly, "it may sound a queer thing to say, but—well, damn it, I don't want to marry Geraldine. No, I don't want to at all!"

I was a trifle shocked at first. Tradition seemed to tell me that this was an improper way to speak, but there was something so ingenuous in this confidence, something so suddenly friendly, that I found myself in a forgiving mood. Besides, I reflected, in Geraldine's class such matters were discussed quite candidly and cold-bloodedly. Only the unfashionable regard love-making as a secret.

"Well, why do you, then?" I asked.

"I'm not going to," he said firmly, "if I can help it. I like Geraldine—I like her awfully. I like her better than any girl I know; but I am not a fool, and I know that there's hardly a thing I love that she wouldn't hate." He indicated with a wide sweep of his arm the expanse of shadowy fields, the dreaming mountains beyond; a landscape odorous with the damp sweetness of a hill country at night, translucent where the moon bathed it, piercingly lovely, ethereal. "Imagine Geraldine in such surroundings!" he added.

"She will be day after to-morrow," I assured him grimly.

But I went to bed fairly well satisfied. This seemed one of the rare occasions when Mrs. Minturn's desires and the right of a thing were coincident.

One is always overlooking Geraldine. That's her misfortune for being the daughter of her mother. Had she been anybody else's daughter her prominence would have been undisputed. As it is, she is like a very smart diminutive purple aster growing in the shadow of an overpowering white lily, and in the presence of Mrs. Minturn even the most progressive prefer the languid lily to the candid aster. Feminist husbands have been known to go home and insult their frank, beautiful, and intelligent wives. Mrs. Minturn believed that sex was a dagger, not a thrashing-machine. And Geraldine, who belonged unequivocally to the new generation, would as soon slap a man as kiss him—both in a perfectly friendly spirit. She was the only person I knew who could shock her mother; while, fortunately for Geraldine, her mother's remonstrations were so hidden in the delicate double meanings of two decades ago that Geraldine mistook them as a rule for moral aphorisms: hypocritical, to be sure—Geraldine was not a fool—but none the less aphorisms. Geraldine was very pretty in a small, brown-haired, fresh-colored, sharp-glanced manner. Her voice was like that of a charming boy. Beside her Mrs. Minturn swayed, slim and dark and cream-colored, with lazy eyes into which headstrong men wished to dive as into hidden forest pools.

It was characteristic of mother and daughter that when they descended from the motor that had brought them from Ten Strike late on the following Friday afternoon, Geraldine should look as fresh as a morning flower, while Mrs. Minturn had the air of a camellia handled a trifle too roughly. But she was a warrior. She encompassed Johnson with a radiant smile.

"It is difficult getting here," she said, "but when one does——!"

"It's a rotten trip!" said Geraldine frankly, in her sweet, clipped voice. "You've got quite a place, haven't you?"

The implication was that it "wasn't as much of a place as had been expected, but that it would do." Johnson's face darkened, and he bestowed an obviously major portion of his attentions upon Mrs.

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Minturn. She cooed appreciatively over everything, settled into the room to which we took her like a lovely dove. But as Johnson and I went down the hallway I heard her say to Geraldine:

"For heaven's sake get me some hot water, and then go away! I've never had such a day!"

"Thank the Lord," said Johnson, who had apparently missed this remark, "Peace doesn't know anything about this arrival. Otherwise he'd be in Ten Strike by now." He chuckled. "It's the first thing he's missed on this ranch for five years."

Then we went over to our sleeping-quarters, and changed our clothes, and washed enormously, and put on neckties. Johnson took out a dusty bottle and sprinkled some sweet-smelling tonic on his hair.

"Swank!" he explained with a grimace.

And I must admit the inroad of feminine society was exciting. One has only to live on a ranch to realize the truth of such a statement. Johnson's cow-punchers were startlingly alert and well-scrubbed, and from unknown recesses some one had resurrected a pair of brass candlesticks and put them on the table. There was also a bowl of purple lupin. Mrs. Minturn, cool, dressed in a black evening gown, from which emerged disturbing shoulders, came into the room like moonlight when a door is opened. The young men arose as one, bowed, looked at her with mouths slightly agape; an imaginative ear could have heard their hearts beating. Geraldine, in casual riding clothes, followed, gazing at the double line of youths with knowing, frankly amused eyes that turned their admiration into a sudden hatred of women—all but one woman. Shortly afterward, from the depths of the kitchen, appeared Mr. Peace with bowls of steaming soup.

I have implied, I think, that in connection with his other accomplishments Mr. Peace was an excellent waiter: he had finesse; an evident pride in his duties. Possibly there was a trifle too much gesture; an infinitesimal overflourish, usually associated with the darker races; but otherwise the most critical could have found little fault. He was to rise to an apex of debonairness. At the moment he was carrying six bowls of soup on a tray. With no perceptible halt in the deftness and swiftness of his movements, he took in with darting eyes the long table with its two charming additions, and proceeded to the despatch of the task on hand. Mrs. Minturn was engrossed in a delicate scrutiny of her companions. I doubt if ever before she had seen gathered together so many lean and brown and beautiful young men. Mr. Peace, having set down his last bowl of soup, wiped his hand with a furtive gesture and, before astonishment could coalesce, was at Mrs. Minturn's side, leaning over an ivory shoulder. Then:

"Hello, Pussy!" he said casually. "We've been expecting you for a week or so."

For the first time in my life I saw Mrs. Minturn visibly upset. She paused in the middle of a sentence, her great eyes widening, her red lips a trifle apart. Finally she turned her head very slowly, as if expecting to see a ghost from her adventurous past.

Mr. Peace, his ridiculous cook's cap set rakishly upon one ear, was regarding her with a growing smile.

"Rene Peace!" he explained. "I haven't seen you, my dear, for twenty years. Just as young—younger. I suppose it's a great relief having got rid of Charley? I told him he'd get into trouble if he drank so much. Just a moment, 'Shorty'!"—this to a soupless cow-puncher. He sped toward the kitchen. In the swaying doorway he paused. "That your daughter, Violet?" he asked. "Looks like Charley."

Geraldine made a face. Her mother turned a fascinated eye upon Johnson. "Where in the world—" she began.

Johnson, with bowed head, was attempting with a trembling hand to convey a spoon to his mouth. "I give up!" he spluttered. He spluttered again. "Pussy!" he murmured; and, detecting himself in a rudeness, blushed.

"It's an old nickname," explained Mrs. Minturn coldly. "Years ago at Bar Harbor—" She recovered her aplomb. "That, my dear," she nodded at Geraldine, "might have been your father."

"Well, at least he seems more useful than the one I had," retorted Geraldine,

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with the charming candor of her age and class.

Mr. Peace proceeded to garnish the night with surprises. Just how he accomplished the next one I do not know, but in some mysterious way he had inveigled Mrs. Minturn, after supper, into the kitchen, where, to judge from the sounds and the conversation, he had set her to work helping him wash dishes. I haven't the faintest doubt that it was the first time she had ever dipped her lovely hands and wrists into soapy, disintegrating hot water. From the office, where I had gone to write a letter, I could not help but overhear the echo of quarrelling.

"You're the only person in the world for whom I would do such a ridiculous thing," said Mrs. Minturn, "and I do it because I pity you."

"Pity me!" snorted Mr. Peace indignantly. "It is I who pity you!"

Mrs. Minturn laughed disdainfully. "Why?"

"You are just where you were twenty years ago, while I have gone on." Mr. Peace's voice assumed the rounded tones of didacticism with which he not infrequently lectured Johnson. Evidently he was upon a favorite subject. "The upper classes," he proceeded oratorically, "fade away from not using their hands and from a lack of the impulse to earn their daily bread. A man is like an apple-tree, he will not grow good fruit unless he is pruned by the shears of necessity. The very rich and the hobo box the compass and in the end meet face to face, bereft of all ideals except the most animal ones. It was the luckiest thing that ever happened to me that twenty years ago I failed in business, for since then I have learned the secret of happiness. It is to know yourself capable with your arms and never to have at any one time so much money that the petty things of life, of which life necessarily is mostly made up, are dwarfed and insignificant. A quarter for a drink, my dear Violet, is more important to me than a limousine is to you; and I enjoy the drink, whereas you take the limousine as a matter of course. Taking things as a matter of course is the curse of the world. If I can't find surprises I make 'em. My life, with little in it, is consistently exciting; your life, with everything in it, is consistently dull. . . . For heaven's sake, Pussy, if you break another glass I'll send you out of the kitchen!"

"I wish you wouldn't call me Pussy!" complained Mrs. Minturn bitterly.

Afterward they sat on the porch just beyond the window where I was writing. A faint, sweet-smelling breeze stirred the curtains and the night was flooded with moonlight. I don't think there was any harm in my being a not unwilling auditor. The two of them knew I was there; there was no attempt at concealment.

"Pussy," said Mr. Peace, "we might just as well, at the very beginning, understand each other. I know your ways. You have not changed. I am perfectly willing to be an excellent companion to you while you are here, but I will not be disturbed—mentally, I mean."

"Oh!" commented Mrs. Minturn softly, "so you do regret it, do you?"

"No!" retorted Mr. Peace angrily. "Not a single thing! Not a thing—except, possibly, devilled sweetbreads. Sweetbreads I regret, for I am passionately fond of them, as you may remember, and for twenty years I have not tasted one cooked the way I like."

"I haven't the faintest intention of disturbing your bucolic slumbers," observed Mrs. Minturn acridly. "You forget, my dear Rene, that you are fifty, and a little fat, and no longer in the world to which I belong."

There was a portentous silence; then Mr. Peace spoke with a bitter solemnity." "Pussy," he said, "if you talk that way to me I'll slap you. I've done it before, and I'll do it again. I will not be bullied."

Mrs. Minturn's answer was as unexpected as the threat. There was a sudden overlaying of softness upon softness of accent. It was the voice she used when she wished me to go upon any particularly disagreeable errand. "You wouldn't dare!" she said. And the juvenescence of the reply and the proficiency of its tones—a proficiency antedating Delilah—destroyed what little was left of my equanimity.

Later on, I found Johnson wandering distractedly through the pines that surrounded the main ranch-house.

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"Mrs. Minturn," I informed him, "is going to occupy herself greatly with your friend Peace."

"Then," he observed grimly, "he'll either marry her, or else chase her with a knife. He's a man of no half-way measures."

"She has conquered him before."

"I wouldn't be too sure of that," were his parting words.

And indeed, the next morning, I saw what clearly seemed an initial victory for the subjugating male, but which, before my eyes, was turned into temporary defeat. Near the vegetable-garden, upon which, under a cloudless sky, the dew still sparkled, Mrs. Minturn and Mr. Peace were bending over, entirely absorbed in chickens. Mrs. Minturn was dressed in a riding-habit that was simplicity made dangerous. "Chickens," Mr. Peace was saying, "are the most heartrending of creatures; they are so hot-eyed and so helpless. Come along now, and I'll show you our milk cows."

Mrs. Minturn answered with a pretty show of helplessness. "Oh, I'm so sorry!" she cooed. "If I'd only known! . . . But I promised young Johnson I'd ride with him. After all, I do have to show some attention to my host, don't I?"

"Day after to-morrow," said Mr. Peace irrelevantly, "I'll be freer. There's a cook coming out from Ten Strike."

A week later Geraldine found me while I was fishing on the river. It was evident that she had sought me out. She made a charming picture as she parted the willows and looked, with wide, expectant eyes, up and down the bank. Rather like a twentieth-century dryad, or a self-contained naiad. Even modern youth cannot escape altogether the dewy elusiveness of youth. Finally she saw me and came over and sat down on a little pile of sand. She smoothed out the folds of her heather-colored breeches as if they were a skirt. "Isn't mother a devil?" she said disinterestedly.

I cast a fly and watched it with one eye half closed.

"She's insatiable," continued Geraldine; "and as she gets older she loses some of her subtlety."

"I don't know what you're talking about," I commented, although I did.

"Then," said Geraldine, "you are either very stupid, or else very unobservant. For the past seven days she has been making love to everybody on the ranch, including yourself."

"She hardly speaks to me."

"That's her method with very shy, proud young men. In about a month you'd fall for it. But I don't care about you; what I do care about is Garth. He's a fool."

"She's only doing it to prevent him from marrying you."

Geraldine picked up a pebble and examined it judicially. "In the beginning," she observed, "but not now. Now she likes the game for its own sake. Garth's beautiful, even if he hasn't any sense." She looked up. "Do you know, the only person in the world that mother's afraid of is that Mr. Peace."

"Why is she afraid of him?"

"Because he's the only person in the world that isn't afraid of her."

Geraldine got to her feet and brushed the sand from her breeches. Then she paused as if she had forgotten something. "Oh, by the way," she said, suddenly averting her eyes a trifle, "I'm going to marry Garth to-night."

"Does he know it?" I asked.

She shook her head. "No; but I'm going to. It's time he learned decision. We're going to a dance at that ranch up the valley, and afterward I'll take him to the justice of the peace. I've telephoned the justice of the peace we'd be there at twelve sharp." She looked up quickly, her eyes bright and defiant, as if challenging me to interfere.

"But—but—" I stuttered. "Good God! Justice of the peace! What will your mother think of it?"

"It will be the best thing in the world for her," Geraldine assured me calmly. "It will be so shocking that she'll have nothing to say at all." She thrust her hands deep in her breeches' pockets and glared at me like a charming, insubordinate boy. "You wait and see!" she said. "I'll punish Garth for this. And he'll marry me all right enough. It'll relieve his mind. There's no time a man feels such an ass as when he's flirting with the mother of the girl he ought to marry." Then she unexpectedly blushed, the crim-

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son overlaying the red of her indignation, turned abruptly about, and walked off with a little truculent swagger.

One was left reflecting upon the odd outer changes that generations and their customs make upon the same essential dispositions. Geraldine was her mother brought up to date. Doctor Freud would have been delighted.

I avoided the mother that night. My guilty secret precluded my facing her still unshaken confidence in a world designed for her especial gratification. There is nothing more pathetic than the rich or beautiful suddenly forced to pause halfway in a gesture of magnificence.

At nine o'clock Geraldine, Johnson, and several accompanying cow-punchers, rode out of the ranch with a fine jingling of spurs and bridles. Mrs. Minturn and Mr. Peace, sitting on the front porch in the long twilight, watched them go.

"We are getting old," said Mr. Peace largely. "Fifteen years ago—a night like this—a dance!"

"We are merely learning to particularize," answered Mrs. Minturn softly.

I walked away. To-morrow Mr. Peace will not be so calm, I reflected. One does not sit long twilight hours alone with Mrs. Minturn and retain entire calmness—no, not even Mr. Peace; not even despite the accuracy of Geraldine's statements.

I think that was true, but whether it was or not, it was entirely lost sight of in the effect produced the next morning by Geraldine's announcement. She appeared at breakfast swimming in the light that surrounds, on a summer morning, the young and very healthy newly-aroused from sleep. She kissed her mother.

"Garth and I were married last night," she said, with a quick calmness, as she unfolded her napkin.

If I had expected Mrs. Minturn to faint or make a scene I was greatly mistaken. After all, she had the resiliency of the patrician. She paled for a moment, but caught her color back. Her only sign of emotion was a slightly twisted mouth.

"You are impulsive," she said. She sighed. "I will have to think it over. It is a little sudden." She reflected. "Of course," she murmured, "I could be very disagreeable if I wanted to."

Geraldine was outwardly undisturbed. "Yes," she agreed, "but why? After all, we're fond of one another—and as for money, Garth has lots."

A curious green light flickered for a moment in Mrs. Minturn's dark eyes. "You're not so impulsive," she observed.

During this breathless little scene, on the surface so casual, one had entirely forgotten the presence of Mr. Peace, who was sitting at the head of the table, cracking the top off a boiled egg. Now he made himself part of the colloquy with his accustomed vividness. He dropped his knife with a clatter. I looked in his direction and perceived a face swelling with crimson rage. "What in the world—" I began mildly, but he interrupted me.

"Insolent!" he barked. "Unbearable! An outrageous child!" He picked up his knife and banged it down again on the table. "Violet!" he said, and got to his feet, and then sat down violently. "Physical punishment," he stuttered indignantly, "is not too much."

It was Geraldine's turn to become excited. "Why!" she gasped. "But—Why, you wretched creature! It was you yourself who advised me to do this. You! Not three days ago. Here, right in this very room! Didn't you talk to me about frankness, about the necessity of leading one's own life? Didn't you lecture me about cutting loose from the older generation; about—?" She closed her pretty mouth sharply, then spoke with an icy scorn. "You were jealous of Garth," she said, "and wanted to get rid of him. That was it."

"For heaven's sake," I managed to interject, "don't stir him up. He—he chases cooks with knives."

"I'm not afraid of him," said Geraldine. "Besides, this is my house now, and he'll have to get used to me, as he'll probably live here all the rest of his life."

"I'll not!" snapped Mr. Peace. "I'll leave to-day!"

"Don't be silly," advised Geraldine. "Even if you did leave you'd be back in a month."

"I—I—!" In his baffled fury Mr. Peace gripped the edge of the table with both hands. "You— I justify myself,"

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he said with an immense effort to control his voice. "Theoretically—yes, in my own life—radicalism! But—but when it comes down to personal cases—" He stood up and flung aside his napkin. "Damn it!" he gurgled, "the generations have got to stand together! Violet—I—I must have air!"

Geraldine watched his retreating figure. "He's just like father," she said musingly.

There was an odd soft little smile about Mrs. Minturn's mouth; an odd soft light in her eyes. She stared across the table for a moment as if Geraldine and I were not there, then she arose abruptly and swiftly left the room.

Shortly afterward I found Johnson restlessly pacing up and down in the neighborhood of the corrals.

"What's the matter with everybody?" he complained. "First out comes Peace, red in the face, saying he's going to leave at once, and then out comes Mrs. Minturn, asking for the motor, as she's going to take the afternoon train East. What's the matter with everybody? Can't I even get married without being annoyed? Geraldine's the only person in the world that knows what she's about. And now"—he gestured with one hand disgustedly—"Peace has changed his mind and gone to bed, and sends word that no one's to see him, and on no account to send for the doctor. It's too much!"

I sought Mrs. Minturn out. She was packing without precision but with determination.

"I've never been without a maid before," she said, "and I'll never be without one again. Half of Geraldine's things are mixed up with mine." She looked at me coldly. "I have made a fiasco," she observed. "I must go at once."

"But why do you leave so soon?" I objected. I find that at bottom I am romantic. Mr. Peace's championship of Mrs. Minturn that morning, the look I had surprised in Mrs. Minturn's eyes, had awakened my mind to what might be a charming possibility.

Mrs. Minturn was more explanatory than usual. "Because," she said bitterly, "I never make a fool of myself more than once in a month. I shall go back and marry my Rumanian prince. Rumania is about as far from Wyoming as you can get, isn't it?" She hesitated. "I'm running away," she concluded, more to herself than to me. "Yes, I'm running away. Hand me those shoes."

We all saw her off that afternoon. She kissed Geraldine coolly; gave her hand to Johnson with a devastating smile that embarrassed that impressionable young man. My hand she held for a perceptible second. "Why do I marry Rumanian princes?" she murmured vaguely, staring at the mountains. "I can imagine no more unhappy thing to do. The trouble with people like myself is that we know better, but we always do worse. A thousand things compel us. We never do the simple, happy thing. Mr. Peace refuses to see me. I trust he is not dangerously ill. Send me a telegram."

The driver threw in his clutch. The car started down the road and disappeared among the aspens. Mrs. Minturn was gone, leaving behind her a faint, provocative perfume that stirred upon the sleepy air.

It seemed to be my duty to find out how Mr. Peace was getting along. I found him with his knees cocked up under the bedclothes. He looked entirely well. On his face was an expression as if he had been listening for a sound.

"Has she gone?" he asked mysteriously.

I nodded in the affirmative.

"Hand me those cigarettes. I'll get up in a minute."

He lighted a cigarette and inhaled two or three reflective puffs.

"I nearly made a fool of myself," he said musingly. "When the world totters around me," he continued, "I always go to bed. It's safe." He studied the ceiling. "I'm glad, though, I didn't have to stay in bed for a week or two." He threw his cigarette away and sat up straight. "Damn it all," he said, "I do miss devilled sweetbreads!"

Devilled sweetbreads, I dare say, are as good a symbol for the baffled desires of humanity as anything else.

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HENRY JAMES

BY EDMUND GOSSE, C. B.

VOLUMINOUS as had been the writings of Henry James since 1875, it was not until he approached the end of his career that he began to throw any light on the practical events and social adventures of his own life. He had occasionally shown that he could turn from the psychology of imaginary character to the record of real lives without losing any part of his delicate penetration or his charm of portraiture. He had, in particular, written the "Life of Hawthorne" in 1879, between "Daisy Miller" and "An International Episode"; and again in 1903, at the height of his latest period, he had produced a specimen of that period in his elusive and parenthetical, but very beautiful so-called "Life of W. W. Story." But these biographies threw no more light upon his own adventures than did his successive volumes of critical and topographical essays, in which the reader may seek long before he detects the sparkle of a crumb of personal fact. Henry James, at the age of seventy, had not begun to reveal himself behind the mask which spoke in the tones of a world of imaginary characters.

So saying, I do not forget that in the general edition of his collected, or rather selected, novels and tales, published from 1908 onward, Henry James prefixed to each volume an introduction which assumed to be wholly biographical. He yielded, he said, "to the pleasures of placing on record the circumstances" in which each successive tale was written. I well recollect the terms in which he spoke of these prefaces before he began to write them. They were to be full and confidential, they were to throw to the winds all restraints of conventional reticence, they were to take us, with eyes unbandaged, into the inmost sanctum of his soul. They appeared at last, in small print, and they were extremely extensive, but truth obliges me to say that I found them highly disappointing. Constitutionally fitted to take pleasure in the accent of almost everything that Henry James ever wrote, I have to confess that these prefaces constantly baffle my eagerness. Not for a moment would I deny that they throw interesting light on the technical craft of a self-respecting novelist, but they are dry, remote, and impersonal to a strange degree. It is as though the author felt a burning desire to confide in the reader, whom he positively buttonholes in the endeavor, but that the experience itself evades him, fails to find expression, and falls still-born, while other matters, less personal and less important, press in and take their place against the author's wish. Henry James proposed, in each instance, to disclose "the contributive value of the accessory facts in a given artistic case." This is, indeed, what we require in the history or the autobiography of an artist, whether painter or musician or man of letters. But this included the production of anecdotes of salient facts, of direct historical statements, which Henry James seemed in 1908 to be completely incapacitated from giving, so that really, in the introductions to some of these novels in the Collected Edition, it is difficult to know what the beloved novelist is endeavoring to divulge. He becomes almost Chimera bombinating in a vacuum.

Had we lost him soon after the appearance of the latest of these prefaces—that prefixed to "The Golden Bowl," in which the effort to reveal something which is not revealed amounts almost to an agony—it would have been impossible to reconstruct the life of Henry James by the closest examination of his published writings. Ingenious commentators would have pieced together conjectures from such tales as "The Altar of the Dead" and "The Lesson of the Master," and have insisted more or less plausibly on their accordance with what the author *must* have thought or done, endured or

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attempted. But, after all, these would have been "conjectures," not more definitely based than what bold spirits use when they construct lives of Shakespeare or, for that matter, of Homer. Fortunately, in 1913, the desire to place some particulars of the career of his marvellous brother William in the setting of his "immediate native and domestic air" led Henry James to contemplate with minuteness the fading memories of his own childhood. Starting with a biographical study of William James, he found it impossible to treat the family development at all adequately without extending the survey to his own growth as well, and thus, at the age of seventy, Henry became for the first time, and almost unconsciously, an autobiographer.

He had completed two larger volumes of Memories and was deep in a third when death took him from us. "A Small Boy and Others" deals, with such extreme discursiveness as is suitable in a collection of the fleeting impressions of infancy, from his birth in 1843 to his all but fatal attack of typhus fever at Boulogne-sur-Mer in (perhaps) 1857. I say "perhaps" because the wanton evasion of any sort of help in the way of dates is characteristic of the narrative as it would be of childish memories. The next instalment was "Notes of a Son and Brother," which opens in 1860, a doubtful period of three years being leaped over lightly, and closes—as I guess from an allusion to George Eliot's "Spanish Gypsy"—in 1868. The third instalment, dictated in the autumn of 1914, and laid aside unfinished, is the posthumous "The Middle Years," faultlessly edited by the piety of Mr. Percy Lubbock in 1917. Here the tale is taken up in 1869 and is occupied, without much attempt at chronological order, with memories of two years in London. As Henry James did not revise, or perhaps even reread, these pages, we are free to form our conclusion as to whether he would or would not have vouchsafed to put their disjected parts into some more anatomical order.

Probably he would not have done so. The tendency of his genius had never been, and at the end was less than ever, in the direction of concinnity. He repudiated arrangement, he wilfully neglected the precise adjustment of parts. The three autobiographical volumes will always be documents precious in the eyes of his admirers. They are full of beauty and nobility, they exhibit with delicacy, and sometimes even with splendor, the qualities of his character. But it would be absurd to speak of them as easy to read or as fulfilling what is demanded from an ordinary biographer. They have the tone of Veronese but nothing of his definition. A broad canvas is spread before us containing many figures in social conjuncture. But the plot, the single "story" which is being told, is drowned in misty radiance. Out of this *chiaroscuro* there leap suddenly to our vision a sumptuous head and throat, a handful of roses, the glitter of a satin sleeve, but it is only when we shut our eyes and think over what we have looked at that any coherent plan is revealed to us or that we detect any species of composition. It is a case which calls for editorial help, and I hope that when the three fragments of autobiography are reprinted as a single composition no prudery of hesitation to touch the sacred ark will prevent the editor from prefixing a skeleton chronicle of actual dates and facts. It will take nothing from the dignity of the luminous reveries in their original shape.

Such a skeleton will tell us that Henry James was born at 2 Washington Place, New York City, on the 15th April, 1843, and that he was the second child of his parents, the elder by one year being William, who grew up to be the most eminent philosopher whom America has produced. Their father, Henry James the elder, was himself a philosopher, whose ideas, which the younger Henry frankly admitted to be beyond his grasp, were expounded by William James, in 1884, in a preface to their father's posthumous papers. Henry was only one year old when the family paid a long visit to Paris, but his earliest recollections were of Albany, whence the Jameses migrated to New York until 1855. They then transferred their home to Europe for three years, during which time the child Henry imbibed what he afterward called "the European virus." In 1855 he was sent to Geneva for purposes of education, which were soon abandoned, and the whole family began an aimless

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wandering through London, Paris, Boulogne-sur-Mer, Newport, Geneva, and America again, nothing but the Civil War sufficing to root this fugitive household in one abiding home.

Henry James's health forced him to be a spectator of the war, in which his younger brothers fought. He went to Harvard in 1862, to study law, but was now beginning to feel a more and more irresistible call to take up letters as a profession, and the Harvard Law School left little or no direct impression upon him. He formed a close and valuable friendship with Mr. Howells, seven years his senior, and the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*, of which Mr. Howells was then assistant editor, were open to him from 1865. He lived for the next four years, in very poor health, and with no great encouragement from himself or others, always excepting Mr. Howells, at Cambridge, Massachusetts. Early in 1869 he ventured to return to Europe, where he spent fifteen months in elegant but fruitful vagabondage. There was much literary work done, most of which he carefully suppressed in later life. The reader will, however, discover, tucked away in the thirteenth volume of the Collected Edition, a single waif from this rejected epoch, the tale called "A Passionate Pilgrim," written on his return to America in 1870. This visit to Europe absolutely determined his situation; his arrival in New York stimulated and tortured his nostalgia for the Old World, and in May 1872 he flew back once more to the European enchantment.

Here, practically, the biographical information respecting Henry James which has hitherto been given to the world ceases, for the fragment of "The Middle Years," so far as can be gathered, contains few recollections which can be dated later than his thirtieth year. It was said of Marivaux that he cultivated no faculty but that "de ne vivre que pour voir et pour entendre." In a similar spirit Henry James took up his dwelling in fashionable London lodgings in March, 1869. He had come from America with the settled design of making a profound study of English manners, and there were two aspects of the subject which stood out for him above all others. One of these was the rural beauty of ancient country places, the other was the magnitude—"the inconceivable immensity," as he put it—of London. He told his sister "the place sits on you, broods on you, stamps on you with the feet of its myriad bipeds and quadrupeds." From his lodgings in Half Moon Street, quiet enough in themselves, he had the turmoil of the West End at his elbow, Piccadilly, Park Lane, St. James's Street, all within the range of a five minutes' stroll. He plunged into the vortex with incredible gusto, "knocking about in a quiet way and deeply enjoying my little adventures." This was his first mature experience of London, of which he remained until the end of his life perhaps the most infatuated student, the most "passionate pilgrim," that America has ever sent to England.

But his health was still poor, and for his constitution's sake he went in the summer of 1869 to Great Malvern. He went alone, and it is to be remarked of him that, social as he was, and inclined to a deep indulgence in the company of his friends, his habit of life was always in the main a solitary one. He had no constant associates, and he did not shrink from long periods of isolation, which he spent in reading and writing, but also in a concentrated contemplation of the passing scene, whatever it might be. It was alone that he now made a tour of the principal English cathedral and university towns, expatiating to himself on the perfection of the weather—"the dozen exquisite days of the English year, days stamped with a purity unknown in climates where fine weather is cheap." It was alone that he made acquaintance with Oxford, of which city he became at once the impassioned lover which he continued to be to the end, raving from Boston in 1870 of the supreme gratifications of "the most dignified and most educated" of the cradles of our race. It was alone that during these enchanting weeks he made himself acquainted with the unimagined loveliness of English hamlets buried in immemorial leafage and whispered to by meandering rivulets in the warm recesses of antiquity. These, too, found in Henry James a worshipper more ardent, it may almost be averred, than any other who had crossed the Atlantic to their shrine.

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Having formed this basis for the main predilection of his English studies, Henry James passed over to the Continent and conducted a similar pilgrimage of entranced obsession through Switzerland and Italy. His wanderings, "rapturous and solitary," were, as in England, hampered by no social engagement. "I see no people to speak of," he wrote, "or for that matter to speak to." He returned to America in April, 1870, at the close of a year which proved critical in his career and which laid its stamp on the whole of his future work. He had been kindly received in artistic and literary circles in London; he had conversed with Ruskin, with William Morris, with Aubrey de Vere, but it is plain that while he observed the peculiarities of these eminent men with the closest avidity he made no impression whatever upon them. The time for Henry James to "make an impression" on others was not come yet; he was simply the well-bred, rather shy young American invalid, with excellent introductions, who crossed the path of English activities almost without casting a shadow. He had published no book; he had no distinct calling; he was a deprecating and punctilious young stranger from somewhere in Massachusetts, immature-looking for all his seven and twenty years.

Some further uneventful seasons, mainly spent in America but diversified by tours in Germany and Italy, bring us to 1875, when Henry James came over from Cambridge with the definite project, at last, of staying in Europe "for good." He took rooms in Paris, at 29 Rue de Luxembourg, and he penetrated easily into the very exclusive literary society which at that time revolved around Flaubert and Edmond de Goncourt. This year in Paris was another highly critical period in Henry James's intellectual history. He was still, at the mature age of thirty-two, almost an amateur in literature, having been content, up to that time, to produce scarcely anything which his mature taste did not afterward repudiate. "The Passionate Pilgrim" (1870), of which I have spoken above, is the only waif and stray of the pre-1873 years which he has permitted to survive. The first edition of this short story is now not easy of reference and I have not seen it; the reprint of 1908 is obviously and is doubtless vigorously rehandled. Enough, however, remains of what must be original to show that, in a rather crude and indeed almost hysterical form, the qualities of Henry James's genius were, in 1869, what they continued to be in 1909. He has conquered, however, in "A Passionate Pilgrim," no command yet over his enthusiasm, his delicate sense of beauty, his apprehension of the exquisite color of antiquity.

From the French associates of this time, he derived practical help in his profession, though without their being aware of what they gave him. He was warmly attracted to Gustave Flaubert, who had just published "La Tentation de St. Antoine," a dazzled admiration of which was the excuse which threw the young American at the feet of the Rouen giant. This particular admiration dwindled with the passage of time, but Henry James continued faithful to the author of "Madame Bovary." It was Turgenev who introduced him to Flaubert, from whom he passed to Guy de Maupassant, then an athlete of four and twenty, and still scintillating in that blaze of juvenile virility which always fascinated Henry James. In the train of Edmond de Goncourt came Zola, vociferous over his late tribulation of having "L'Assommoir" stopped in its serial issue; Alphonse Daudet, whose recent "Jack" was exercising over tens of thousands of readers the tyranny of tears; and François Coppée, the almost exact coeval of Henry James, and now author of a "Luthier de Cremone" which had placed him high among French poets. That the young American, with no apparent claim to attention except the laborious perfection of his French speech, was welcomed and ultimately received on terms of intimacy in this the most exclusive of European intellectual circles is curious. Henry James was accustomed to deprecate the notion that these Frenchmen took the least interest in him: "They have never read a line of me, they have never even persuaded themselves that there was a line of me which any one could read," he once said to me. How should they, poor charming creatures, in their self-sufficing Latin intensity, know what or whether

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some barbarian had remotely "written"? But this does not end the marvel, because, read or not read, there was Henry James among them, affectionately welcome, talked to familiarly about "technic" and even about "sales" like a fellow craftsman. There must evidently have developed by this time something modestly "impressive" about him, and I cannot doubt that these Parisian masters of language more or less dimly divined that he too was, in some medium not by them to be penetrated, a master.

After this fruitful year in Paris, the first result of which was the publication of his earliest surviving novel, "Roderick Hudson," and the completion of "The American," Henry James left his "glittering, charming, civilized Paris" and settled in London. He submitted himself, as he wrote to his brother William in 1878, "without reserve to that Londonizing process of which the effect is to convince you that, having lived here, you may, if need be, abjure civilization and bury yourself in the country, but may not, in pursuit of civilization, live in any smaller town." He plunged deeply into the study of London, externally and socially, and into the production of literature, in which he was now as steadily active as he was elegantly proficient. These novels of his earliest period have neither the profundity nor the originality of those of his middle and final periods, but they have an exquisite freshness of their own, and a workmanship the lucidity and logic of which he owed in no small measure to his conversations with Daudet and Maupassant and to his, at that time, almost exclusive reading of the finest French fiction. He published "The American" in 1877, "The Europeans" and "Daisy Miller" in 1878, and "An International Episode" in 1879. He might advance in stature and breadth; he might come to disdain the exiguous beauty of these comparatively juvenile books, but now at all events were clearly revealed all the qualities which were to develop later and to make Henry James unique among writers of the Anglo-Saxon race.

His welcome into English society was remarkable if we reflect that he seemed to have little to give in return for what it offered, except his social adaptability, his pleasant and still formal amenity, and his admirable capacity for listening. It cannot be stated too clearly that the Henry James of those early days had very little of the impressiveness of his later manner. He went everywhere, sedately, watchfully, graciously, but never prominently. In the winter of 1878–9 it is recorded that he dined out in London one hundred and seven times, but it is highly questionable whether this amazing assiduity at the best dinner-tables will be found to have impressed itself on any Greville or Crabb Robinson who was taking notes at the time. He was strenuously living up to his standard, "my charming little standard of wit, of grace, of good manners, of vivacity, of urbanity, of intelligence, of what makes an easy and natural style of intercourse." He was watching the rather gross and unironic, but honest and vigorous, English upper middle-class of that day with mingled feelings in which curiosity and a sort of remote sympathy took a main part. At one hundred and seven dinners he observed the ever-shifting pieces of the general kaleidoscope with tremendous acuteness, and although he thought their reds and yellows would have been improved by a slight infusion of the Florentine harmony, on the whole he was never weary of watching their evolutions. In this way the years slipped by, while he made a thousand acquaintances and a dozen durable friendships. It is a matter of pride and happiness to me that I am able to touch on one of the latter.

It is often curiously difficult for intimate friends, who have the impression in later years that they must always have known one another, to recall the occasion and the place where they first met. That was the case with Henry James and me. Several times we languidly tried to recover those particulars, but without success. I think, however, that it was at some dinner-party that we first met, and as the incident is dubiously connected with the publication of the "Hawthorne" in 1879, and with Mr. (now Lord) Morley whom we both frequently saw at that epoch, I am pretty sure that the event took place early in 1880. The acquaintance, however, did not "ripen," as people say, until the summer of 1882, when in

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connection with an article on the drawings of George du Maurier, which I was anxious Henry James should write—having heard him express himself with high enthusiasm regarding these works of art—he invited me to go to see him and to talk over the project. I found him, one sunshiny afternoon, in his lodgings on the first floor of No. 3 Bolton Street, at the Piccadilly end of the street, where the houses look askew into Green Park. Here he had been living ever since he came over from France in 1876, and the situation was eminently characteristic of the impassioned student of London life and haunter of London society which he had now become.

Stretched on the sofa and apologizing for not rising to greet me, his appearance gave me a little shock, for I had not thought of him as an invalid. He hurriedly and rather evasively declared that he was not that, but that a muscular weakness of his spine obliged him, as he said, "to assume the horizontal posture" during some hours of every day, in order to bear the almost unbroken routine of evening engagements. I think that this weakness gradually passed away, but certainly for many years it handicapped his activity. I recall his appearance, seen then for the first time by daylight; there was something shadowy about it, the face framed in dark-brown hair, cut short after the Paris fashion, and in equally dark beard, rather loose and "fluffy." He was in deep mourning, his mother having died five or six months earlier, and he himself having but recently returned from a melancholy visit to America, where he had unwillingly left his father, who seemed far from well. His manner was grave, extremely courteous, but a little formal and frightened, which seemed strange in a man living in constant communication with the world. Our business regarding Du Maurier was soon concluded, and James talked with increasing ease, but always with a punctilious hesitancy, about Paris, where he seemed, to my dazzlement, to know even a larger number of persons of distinction than he did in London.

He promised, before I left, to return my visit, but news of the alarming illness of his father called him suddenly to America. He wrote to me from Boston in April, 1883, but he did not return to London until the autumn that year. Our intercourse was then resumed, and immediately, on the familiar footing which it preserved, without an hour's abatement, until the sad moment of his fatal illness. When he returned to Bolton Street—this was in August, 1883—he had broken all the ties which held him to residence in America, a country which, as it turned out, he was not destined to revisit for more than twenty years. By this means Henry James became a homeless man, in a peculiar sense, for he continued to be looked upon as a foreigner in London while he seemed to have lost citizenship in the United States. It was a little later than this that that somewhat acidulated patriot, Colonel Higginson, in reply to some one who said that Henry James was a cosmopolitan, remarked: "Hardly! for a cosmopolitan is at home even in his own country!" This condition made James, although superficially gregarious, essentially isolated, and though his books were numerous and were greatly admired, they were tacitly ignored alike in summaries of English and of American current literature. There was no escape from this dilemma. Henry James was equally determined not to lay down his American birthright and not to reside in America. Every year of his exile, therefore, emphasised the fact of his separation from all other Anglo-Saxons, and he endured, in the world of letters, the singular fate of being a man without a country.

The collection of his private letters, therefore, which is announced as immediately forthcoming under the sympathetic editorship of Mr. Lubbock, will reveal the adventures of an author who, long excluded from two literatures, is now eagerly claimed by both of them, and it will display those movements of a character of great energy and singular originality which circumstances have hitherto concealed from curiosity. There was very little on the surface of his existence to bear evidence to the passionate intensity of the stream beneath. This those who have had the privilege of seeing his letters know is marvellously revealed in his private correspondence. A certain change in his life was brought about by

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the arrival in 1885 of his sister Alice, who, in now confirmed ill health, was persuaded to make Bournemouth and afterward Leamington her home. He could not share her life, but at all events he could assiduously diversify it by his visits, and Bournemouth had a second attraction for him in the presence of Robert Louis Stevenson, with whom he had by this time formed one of the closest of his friendships. Stevenson's side of the correspondence has long been known, and it is one of the main attractions which Mr. Lubbock holds out to his readers that Henry James's letters to Stevenson will now be published. No episode of the literary history of the time is more fascinating than the interchange of feeling between these two great artists. The death of Stevenson, nine years later than their first meeting, though long anticipated, fell upon Henry James with a shock which he found at first scarcely endurable. For a long time afterward, he could not bring himself to mention the name of R. L. S. without a distressing agitation.

In 1886 the publication of "The Bostonians," a novel which showed an advance in direct, or, as it was then styled, "realistic" painting of modern society, increased the cleft which now divided him from his native country, for "The Bostonians" was angrily regarded as satirizing not merely certain types, but certain recognizable figures in Massachusetts, and that with a suggestive daring which was unusual. Henry James, intent upon making a vivid picture, and already perhaps a little out of touch with American sentiment, was indignant at the reception of this book, which he ultimately, to my great disappointment, omitted from his Collected Edition, for reasons which he gave in a long letter to myself. Hence, as his works now appear, "The Princess Casamassima," of 1888, an essentially London adventure story, takes its place as the earliest of the novels of his second period, although preceded by admirable short tales in that manner, the most characteristic of which is doubtless "The Author of Beltraffio" (1885). This exemplifies the custom he had now adopted of seizing an incident reported to him, often a very slight and bald affair, and weaving round it a thick and glittering web of silken fancy, just as the worm winds round the unsightly chrysalis its graceful robe of gold. I speak of "The Author of Beltraffio," and after thirty-five years I may confess that this extraordinarily vivid story was woven around a dark incident in the private life of an eminent author known to us both, which I, having told Henry James in a moment of levity, was presently horrified and even sensibly alarmed to see thus pinnacled in the broad light of day.

After exhausting at last the not very shining amenities of his lodgings in Bolton Street, where all was old and dingy, he went westward in 1886 into Kensington, and settled in a flat which was both new and bright at 34, De Vere Gardens, Kensington, where he began a novel called "The Tragic Muse," on which he expended an immense amount of pains. He was greatly wearied by the effort and not entirely satisfied with the result. He determined, as he said, "to do nothing but short lengths" for the future, and he devoted himself to the execution of *contes*. But even the art of the short story presently yielded to a new and, it must be confessed, a deleterious fascination, that of the stage. He was disappointed—he made no secret to his friends of his disillusion—in the commercial success of his novels, which was inadequate to his needs. I believe that he greatly overestimated these needs and that at no time he was really pressed by the want of money. But he thought that he was, and in his anxiety he turned to the theatre as a market in which to earn a fortune. Little has hitherto been revealed with regard to this "sawdust and orange-peel phase" (as he called it) in Henry James's career, but it cannot be ignored any longer. The memories of his intimate friends are stored with its incidents, his letters will be found to be full of it.

Henry James wrote, between 1889 and 1894, seven or eight plays on each of which he expended an infinitude of pains and mental distress. At the end of this period, unwillingly persuaded at last that all his agony was in vain, and that he could never secure fame and fortune, or even a patient hearing, from the theatre-going public by his dramatic work, he

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abandoned the hopeless struggle. He was by temperament little fitted to endure the disappointments and delays which must always attend the course of a dramatist who has not conquered a position which enables him to browbeat the tyrants of the stage. Henry James was punctilious, ceremonious, and precise; it is not to be denied that he was apt to be hasty in taking offense and not very ready to overlook an impertinence. The whole existence of the actor is lax and casual; the manager is the capricious leader of an irresponsible band of egotists. Henry James lost no occasion of dwelling, in private conversation, on this aspect of an amiable and entertaining profession. He was not prepared to accept young actresses at their own valuation, and the happy-go-lucky democracy of the "mimes," as he bracketed both sexes, irritated him to the verge of frenzy.

It was, however, with a determination to curb his impatience, and with a conviction that he could submit his idiosyncracies to what he called the "passionate economy" of play-writing, that he began, in 1889, to dedicate himself to the drama, excluding for the time being all other considerations. He went over to Paris in the winter of that year, largely to talk over the stage with Alphonse Daudet and Edmond de Goncourt, and he returned to put the finishing touches on "The American," a dramatic version of one of his earliest novels. He finished this play at the Palazzo Barbaro, the beautiful home of his friends, the Daniel Curtises, in Venice, in June, 1890, thereupon taking a long holiday, one of the latest of his extended Italian tours, through Venetia and Tuscany. Edward Compton had by this time accepted "The American," being attracted by his own chances in the part of Christopher Newman. When Henry James reappeared in London, and particularly when the rehearsals began, we all noticed how deeply the theatrical virus had penetrated his nature. His excitement swelled until the evening of the 3d of January, 1891, when "The American" was acted at Southport by Compton's company in anticipation of its appearance in London. Henry James was kind enough to wish me to go down on this occasion with him to Southport, but this was not possible. On the afternoon of the ordeal he wrote to me from the local hotel: "After 11 o'clock tonight I *may* be the world's,—you know—and I may be the undertaker's. I count upon you and your wife both to spend this evening in fasting, silence and supplication. I will send you a word in the morning, a wire if I can." He was "so nervous that I miswrite and misspell."

The result, in the provinces, of this first experiment was not decisive. It is true that he told Robert Louis Stevenson that he was enjoying a success which made him blush. But the final decision in London, where "The American" was not played until September, 1891, was only partly encouraging. Henry James was now cast down as unreasonably as he had been uplifted. He told me that "the strain, the anxiety, the peculiar form and color of the ordeal (not to be divined in the least in advance)" had "sickened him to *death*." He used language of the most picturesque extravagance about the "purgatory" of the performances, which ran at the Opera Comique for two months. There was nothing in the mediocre fortunes of this play to decide the questions whether Henry James was or was not justified in abandoning all other forms of art for the drama. We endeavored to persuade him that, on the whole, he was not justified, but he swept our arguments aside, and he devoted himself wholly to the infatuation of his sterile task.

"The American" had been dramatized from a published novel. Henry James now thought that he should do better with original plots, and he wrote two comedies, the one named "Tenants" and the other "Disengaged," of each of which he formed high expectations. But, although they were submitted to several managers, who gave them their customary loitering and fluctuating attention, they were in every case ultimately refused. Each refusal plunged the dramatist into the lowest pit of furious depression, from which he presently emerged with freshly kindled hopes. Like the moralist, he never was but always to be blest. "The Album" and "The Reprobate"—there is a melancholy satisfaction in giving life to the mere names of these still-born children of his brain—started with wild hopes and

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suffered from the same complete failure to satisfy the caprice of the managers. At the close of 1893, after one of these "sordid developments," he made up his mind to abandon the struggle. But George Alexander promised that, if he would but persevere, he really and truly would produce him infallibly at no distant date, and poor Henry James could not but persevere. "I mean to wage this war ferociously for one year more," and he composed with infinite agony and deliberation the comedy of "Guy Domvile."

The night of the 5th of January, 1895, was the most tragical in Henry James's career. His hopes and fears had been strung up to the most excruciating point, and I think that I have never witnessed such agonies of parturition. "Guy Domvile"—which has never been printed—was a delicate and picturesque play, of which the only disadvantage that I could discover was that instead of having a last scene which tied up all the threads in a neat conclusion, it left all those threads loose as they would be in life. George Alexander was sanguine of success, and to do Henry James honor such a galaxy of artistic, literary, and scientific celebrity gathered in the stalls of the St. James's Theatre as perhaps were never seen in a playhouse before or since. Henry James was positively storm-ridden with emotion before the fatal night, and full of fantastic plans. I recall that one was that he should hide in the bar of a little public house down an alley close to the theatre. whither I should slip forth at the end of the second act and report "how it was going." This was not carried out, and fortunately Henry James resisted the temptation of being present in the theatre during the performance. All seemed to be going fairly well until the close, when Henry James appeared and was called before the curtain, only to be subjected—to our unspeakable horror and shame—to a storm of hoots and jeers and catcalls from the gallery, answered by loud and sustained applause from the stalls, the whole producing an effect of hell broke loose, in the midst of which the author, as white as chalk, bowed and spread forth deprecating hands, and finally vanished. It was said at the time, and confirmed later, that this horrible performance was not intended to humiliate Henry James, but was the result of a cabal against George Alexander.

Early next morning I called at 34, De Vere Gardens, hardly daring to press the bell for fear of the worst of news, so shattered with excitement had the playwright been on the previous evening. I was astonished to find him perfectly calm; he had slept well and was breakfasting with appetite. The theatrical bubble in which he had lived a tormented existence for five years was wholly and finally broken, and he returned, even in that earliest conversation, to the discussion of the work which he had so long and so sadly neglected, the art of direct prose narrative. And now a remarkable thing happened. The discipline of toiling for the caprices of the theatre had amounted, for so redundant an imaginative writer, to the putting-on of a mental straitjacket. He saw now that he need stoop no longer to what he called "a meek and lowly review of the right ways to keep on the right side of a body of people who have paid money to be amused at a particular hour and place." Henry James was not released from this system of vigorous renunciation without a very singular result. To write for the theatre, the qualities of brevity and directness, of an elaborate plainness, had been perceived by him to be absolutely necessary, and he had tried to cultivate them with dogged patience for five years. But when he broke with the theatre the rebound was excessive. I recall his saying to me, after the fiasco of "Guy Domvile": "At all events, I have escaped forever from the foul fiend Excision!" He vibrated with the sense of liberation, and he began to enjoy, physically and intellectually, a freedom which had hitherto been foreign to his nature.

(To be concluded.)

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A CHINESE INTERLUDE

By Harriet Welles

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. F. HOWARD

WHEN John Amory, after almost insurmountable difficulties, secured the concessions to open up, and operate, some fabulously reputed Chinese coal-fields, he rightly considered himself on the road to acquiring great wealth.

Riches, before he met Nancy Graham, had not greatly interested him. In the old New England city where his people had lived since the days of "The Colony" much money was considered a comfortable possession, but not—if you were numbered among the elect—a necessity. They counted as much more desirable certain old-fashioned qualities: dignity, orderliness, quiet voices, gentle living, serenity; these they demanded as the rightful heritage of people who lived contentedly in the panelled rooms behind the pillared doors built by adventuring forefathers; and "entertained" with subtle simplicity, on great-great-grandmother's sprig or Lowestoft china, wielding, with careful hands, the teapots signed with the initials of silversmith Paul Revere; and, in due time, marrying one of their multitude of cousins.

Until John Amory went on a business commission for his law firm, he seemed destined to follow in the beaten path—already his glance had lingered on his pretty cousin, Priscilla. Then came his journey, and during the weeks the case dragged along his daily meetings with Nancy Graham, whose feet were as light as her head; to whom no thought more baffling than the embellishment of her decorative person had ever occurred; who made a life-work of the pursuit of "a good time"; and whom the susceptible youths of her acquaintance had, during her first social winter, christened "butterfly."

If fate had been trying to select for John Amory's mother a daughter-in-law embodying every quality the elder lady abhorred, Nancy would have been the inevitable choice.

And when, following a short and incitingly difficult courtship, John had "spoken to father," father had not failed his Nancy. After hearing of the Amory prospects Mr. Graham had loftily announced: "My daughter, with her looks, can do so infinitely much better, that I cannot consider allowing her to engage herself to you until your financial outlook is much, *much* better than at present."

Such a strange malady is love that John Amory, instead of being instantly cured of any desire for relationship with this precious pair, turned his whole attention to the possibility of a money-making career,

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and on his return home sought out two of his former classmates at Harvard to whose conversations on mining ventures he had formerly listened with tolerant indifference. Coolidge Hoyt was a practical mining engineer; Philip Jaffrey, son of a multi-millionaire mine owner, inherited his father's interest, but had, up to now, lacked incentive.

Following the fateful business trip, John Amory lent an attentive ear to the long harangues and unanswerable arguments on the subject of opening up certain oriental coal-fields.

"What does your father say?" he inquired of Jaffrey.

"Dad grunts and says that nothing beats a trial but a failure. He will back us up to a reasonable amount, though, because he thinks it time I went to work. He's got his enthusiasm for what I've done since I finished college under perfect control," answered Jaffrey.

There followed weeks of effort and much manipulation of negotiable holdings. John Amory found himself unexpectedly grateful for the good-will engendered by fair-dealing Amorys of China trading-ship days; every possible advantage was turned to account. Nancy Graham was justified in complacently considering herself a prize to be struggled for when she, bidding John good-by, succeeded in getting from him a few grudgingly vouchsafed details.

"Don't forget that I'll want a *long* string of *big* pearls," she admonished in the voice which, when it lost its accented youthfulness, would be shrill; "and I'll want loads of dresses! And limousines! And touring-cars!"

"You won't get tired of waiting, will you, Nancy?"—Page 433.

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John Amory looked down at the shining hair framing her lovely face. "You won't get tired of waiting, will you, Nancy?" he pleaded.

"Don't be too long!" she warned.

His farewell to his cousin Priscilla was perfunctory. "Be sure and write me all the family gossip. The old place wouldn't seem like home without you," he said.

Priscilla turned her head away; she did not answer.

"I don't believe we'll have much luck with a venture that was so hard to get started," remarked Philip Jaffrey gloomily when, exactly seventeen months after their arrival in China, Coolidge, Amory, and he carrying permits, with seals; passports, with seals; authorizations, with seals; dignitaries' vetoes, with large seals; official grants, with enormous seals, and viceroys' permits, with colossal seals, took possession of the lower concession and started operations on a large scale.

John Amory will always remember that first afternoon. Standing on a narrow plateau half way up the mountain he looked out across the hordes of toiling coolies; close by, the virgin undergrowth swept in a dense, tangled mass to the edge of the clearing; from high above came the soughing sigh of trees along the mountain's windy rim, where great boulders and sheer walls of rock towered grimly against the sky; far below, in the rich, alluvial bottom-land were the silvery checkerboards of rice paddies; beyond them a gray, walled city and the exotic outlines of a fairy-like pagoda showed dimly through the haze. Already the mountainside leading to the mine was scarred by roads, paths, and tracks; they seemed, under the circumstances, like the feverish, pathetic attempts of pygmies for domination over unconquerable forces.

Coolidge Hoyt broke the silence. "No squirrels in their little cages ever pranced about more busily than we've circled through the mazes of Chinese diplomacy," he said; "just how much of our trouble was due to the usual thing, and how much to playing at cross-purposes with that Russian mining syndicate, we'll never know; but it has been a hectic race."

"Those Russians have punctuated the whole transaction—since they realized that we had won out—with their guarded letters and bids to buy these concessions. Their last communication ended: 'You will be wise to accept this offer. You cannot successfully operate your holdings. You do not understand these people.' I like their nerve!" commented Jaffrey.

John Amory watched the straining coolies hoisting some heavy machinery up the incline toward the primitive shaft. "The viceroy's interpreter told me that a French company tried mining here some years ago. About the time things were running profitably there was a severe earthquake; the coolies killed the Frenchmen and wrecked the plant. They said their burrowings in the ground had disturbed the dragon-god who had retaliated by shaking down their houses. That's why the viceroy advised our bringing coolies from another province. We've a treasure in our overseer, Che. He's mission-trained and speaks good English," said John Amory; then added thoughtfully: "But I think the Russians were right. We *don't* understand these people!"

Coolidge Hoyt absently agreed. "They say these are the richest coal-fields known," he volunteered; "but it's a nuisance that they stuck to that stipulation about our starting work on that upper concession, within a given time, or forfeiting it. Thirty miles is a long distance, in this uncleared country."

Jaffrey had been investigating the clearing, around which the tangled undergrowth loomed like a green wall. "There's the remains of a camp over there—ashes, and a lot of tin cans. Some one has been here fairly recently."

A strange voice answered: "Tent peoples—have go—last moon."

Startled, the men turned. A young Chinese woman faced them. Very slim and straight she stood against a background of feathery bamboo that threw wavering shadows across the satin-smooth black hair knotted in a heavy coil at the back of her neck; across her white skin and the curving line of her red lips and the gay embroidery of conventionalized butterfly wings that bordered her coat.

She smiled at them. "Tent peoples . . . watch all times . . . for bats . . . for birds, but mostly . . . for tigers," she explained and struggled for a word.

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"They natch-lists!" she achieved triumphantly, and added: "they'm hear of big tiger, here, and wait, long time, to shoot. Mr. Tiger never come out!"

Jaffrey and John Amory joined in the lilt of her contagious laughter. "Mr. Tiger stay at home with heem familee—or maybe he go to upper 'cession," she mocked at the unresponsive Hoyt.

Hoyt looked sharply at her. "How do you happen to know so much about the naturalists? Where do you live? Why are you here? Where did you learn English?" he asked.

She was not disconcerted. "My hoos'ban compr'dore, there," she indicated by a gesture the far-off city; "heem sell provis'ons to natch-lists; wants to sell to your men and you—that's why I come," she explained. "I learn Ang-lais in nex' province mission school."

"We'll give him a trial. What's his name?" inquired Hoyt.

"Li Wan. He come to-morrow for orders," she said and turned away.

Amory, Hoyt, and Jaffrey, watching her go, noticed the light balance of her step: "Looks as if she could fly any time she wanted to," commented Jaffrey, adding: "What ails Che?"

The overseer, coming from the lower shaft, had stopped short facing the Chinese woman. "*Aleute!*" they heard him exclaim.

She passed him without a sign that she had heard.

"H'm! Ah-loo-te!" repeated Hoyt: "good name for a butterfly!"

Aleute's husband, Li Wan, came the next morning to the camp. Cringing, furtive, and evasive he created dislike at sight; Jaffrey voiced the general feeling when he said: "If I hadn't seen her first I wouldn't be willing to do business with him. Is he all right, Che?"

Che had no comment to make.

Later, catching the old man in a deliberately dishonest attempt to cheat the coolies on the weight of rice, Hoyt, through Che, commanded: "If you want our trade send your wife; we won't have you around."

There was an exultant note in Che's voice as he gave the message; into Li Wan's eyes came a flickering shadow.

After that Aleute came twice a week to the camp for orders. Invariably her husband waited for her at the foot of the hill. He evidently hated to have her come, but his love of gain was too great to allow him to lose this unprecedented opportunity; possibly his knowledge of former mining ventures in that region had convinced him that his chances for money-making would be brief.

A month passed. Work on the mine went rapidly forward. The yield of the great vein was so rich, so easily profuse, that, long afterward, John Amory remembering, would sigh and shake his head over the almost unbelievable willingness with which whimsical fortune had responded to his beckoning finger.

The Chinese coolies, unusually well paid, worked from dawn to dark. Others, hearing of the wages, flocked to apply for work when they became convinced that, this time, the dragon-god was tolerant and quiescent.

Of the original group of prospectors only Che seemed dissatisfied and moody. John Amory wondered at this until, adding up accounts one afternoon in his tent, he heard Che's voice speaking in English: "Why didn't you wait until I could earn money? You knew that I would come for you as soon as I could, Aleute."

"My father arranged my marriage—what had I to say?" she answered; then, with defiant forlornness, "my husband is rich!"

Che spoke with spirit. "You aren't going to stay with that old scoundrel! Soon, Aleute, I shall have much money!"

She had turned away. "What, ever again to me, matters it what *you* have?" she called back.

After she had gone John Amory saw her husband step stealthily out from behind a clump of bamboo. Remembering the incident, he asked: "How much money would a Chinese need to be called rich in Aleute's town?"

Hoyt, who had been there, answered: "Five thousand dollars would be a big fortune in that awful place."

Jaffrey returned from an eighteen-day

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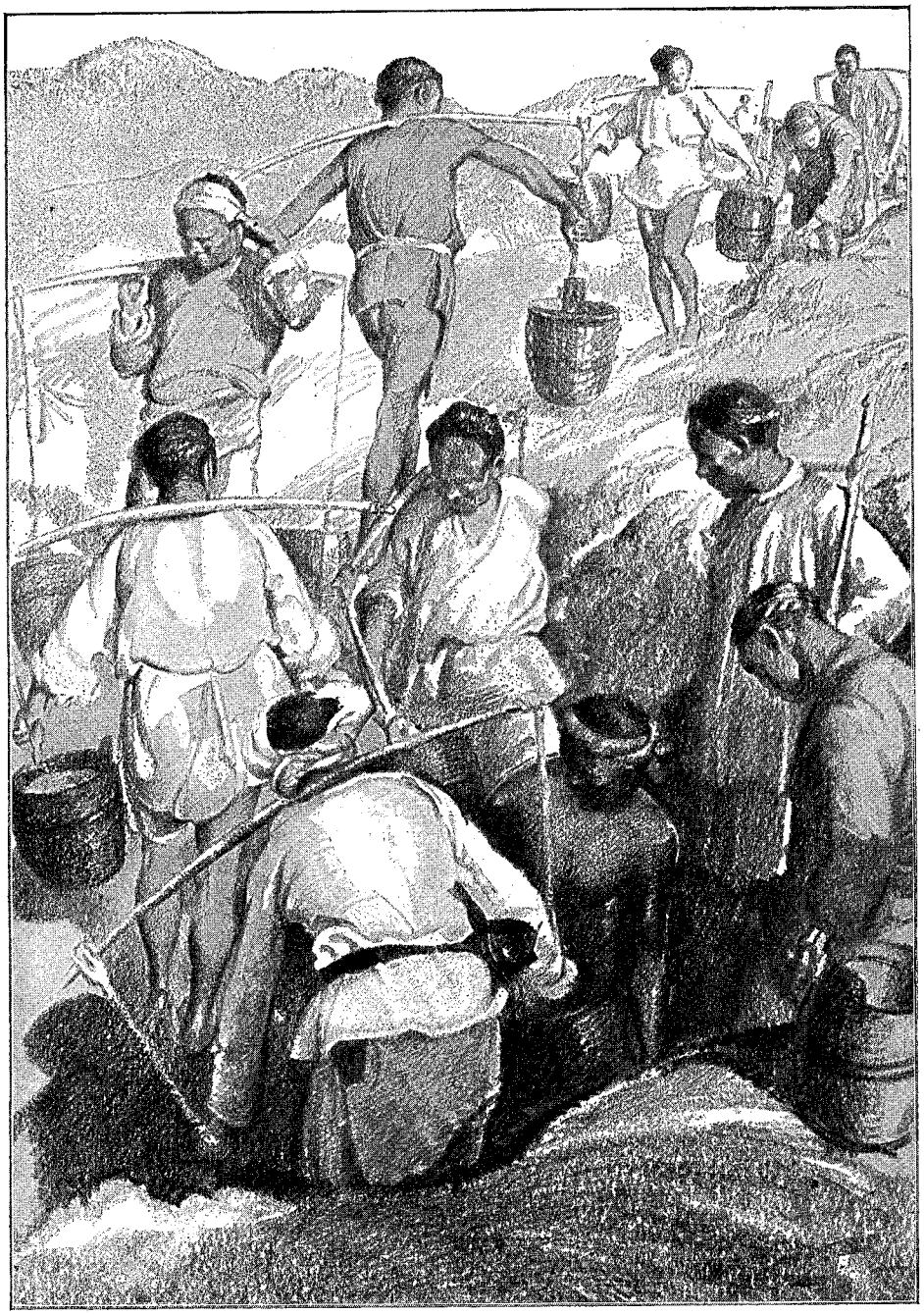

Drawn by O. F. Howard.

The Chinese coolies, unusually well paid, worked from dawn to dark.—Page 434.

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trip to Shanghai the next day, and brought two months' accumulation of mail. John Amory had one letter from Nancy Graham:

"This is the gayest season we've ever had. Unless there is a dance every night I feel cheated. I've worn out more evening dresses! Hope the day will soon come when I won't have to wear a dress but once.

"For the first time in my life I have all the orchids I want. Mr. Kendall sends them to me three times a week (gardenias the other days). He's old and has a big wrinkle of fat over his collar, and his wife divorced him last winter—but that doesn't affect the money that buys the flowers!

"When are you coming back?

"P. S. A bunch of orchids has just come, and with them a diamond and platinum butterfly pin. 'For another butterfly,' the card reads. Isn't that pretty?"

And a letter from his cousin Priscilla:

"Your mother is ill with bronchitis and has asked me to write her weekly letter. This has been a bad season—a strike at the mills has caused much suffering among the women and children. Our work at the Day Nursery has doubled.

"Uncle John has willed you the Gilbert Stuart portrait of Phineas Amory. We think it startlingly like you. It was delivered this week and hangs in your room.

"The crab-apple tree you planted when you were ten is a mass of blossoms. We miss you very much, John."

And a communication from the Russian syndicate raising the price offered for the concessions. "You will do well to give this your consideration; you do not understand these people," the letter ended.

When a person to whom wild animals at large are unknown sees one without the comforting intervention of iron bars, the effect is liable to be disconcerting.

John Amory never knew what awakened him when, about midnight, he found himself sitting bolt upright on his cot. Outside, across the clearing, in the clustered huddle of mat huts, the tired coolies slept the sleep of exhaustion on the ground; the thin moonlight made a bright spot on the cleared spaces—a spot emphasized by the heavy darkness of the encroaching underbrush. And even as he stared through the open tent flaps, John Amory saw the bushes move and a shadow detach itself, then, silent as a wraith, a great tigress slid across the path of the moonlight. Still as the night she was; her vivid coat striped with darkness, her twitching nose scenting along the ground; her cruel paws carrying her noiselessly. She loomed enormous in the moonlight—and incredibly swift and still.

And before John Amory could shake off the stupor of unreality and nightmare he heard the terrified shriek of a coolie; the horrible snarl of the great cat; the thump of a dragged body.

Instantly the camp was in wildest confusion; torches flared out; voices called. Che assembled the men; one was missing. In the morning a bloody trail was traced into the underbrush as far as it was penetrable.

John Amory helped to choose a successor from among the numerous applicants and the work went forward without change, except that now each of the head men laid a loaded revolver beside him when he went to bed.

Hoyt, meeting Aleute the next day, hailed her: "Your naturalists left too soon! Their tiger was hunting for them last night."

She listened to the details without comment. Later, as she was leaving the camp, John Amory heard her say to the hovering Che, "No, not ever with you will I go"; then, as she walked away: "I fear! I fear for you! Be careful of the tiger, Che!" she warned.

In American coal-mining regions the working of a moderately good six-foot vein of coal calls for a tremendous outlay in elaborate and expensive labor-saving machinery. In China, where machinery transportation is nearly impossible and labor unbelievably cheap and plentiful, the working of a sixty-foot vein of excellent coal is done with the most primitive kind of timber-lined shafts and the crudest of pillar and stall construction.

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On the lower concession granted Hoyt, Jaffrey, and John Amory, the rich vein was located so close to the surface of the earth that, in places, the outcroppings of coal stuck baldly up in patches. A small Chinese boy astride an ancient caribou worked the winding gear which superseded the hand-winch used in the earlier stages for lowering and raising materials and men. They used the most primitive of pumping facilities. A single track carried the cars of coal to waiting junks on the river, three miles away.

The miners, a chattering, industrious crew, lived in a growing village of mat huts on the premises. The living conditions were deplorable, but any attempted change brought stubborn opposition. They worked for the foreigner because of bitter need—but they worked in their own way, and would have no outside supervision or advice. Their wages they expected and demanded the hour they were due. On this one point they were unwaveringly insistent.

Two nights later the tigress returned, bringing with her a half-grown, lean, ravenous cub; they took their toll of the sleeping miners. This time no one saw them approach until, with exultant snarls, they leaped away dragging with them their shrieking victims to where the wall of rocks and underbrush hid all traces.

John Amory, Hoyt, and Jaffrey, discussing conditions, found themselves helplessly handicapped. Hoyt voiced the feeling: "This has to stop!" he said. "Certainly. But how?" questioned the literal Jaffrey.

"The tigers will have to be eliminated. I won't have them killing these poor devils of coolies," asserted Hoyt.

"A big, perfect tiger-skin rug sells in the treaty ports for a few dollars. Tigers must be pretty plentiful to supply the demand," volunteered Jaffrey.

"We'll detail two men to stand guard, with revolvers, at night, and give them extra pay," suggested Amory.

They put this plan into execution that evening, but the guards, regarding tigers as inevitable, took no heed of orders. Successively, eight of the sleeping coolies were carried off in a week. One hundred and forty-seven men were lost through the tigers' depredations that year.

On the afternoon following the tigers' second visit, John Amory met Aleute on the hill path and stopped to greet her. "We lost two more men last night. I feel responsible. If it hadn't been for our greed for money those men would be alive," he said.

She did not answer, but eyed him questioningly. "That eternity of yours—a long time it is?" she asked.

He smiled. "That depends on where you plan to spend it," he said.

She did not smile. "Those paradises of yours—where are they?" she persisted.

He hesitated. Amazingly, at that instant, paradise seemed to him to be an old house on a quiet New England street, and gentle and serene under the wistaria on the porch his cousin Priscilla, smiling, waited for him. "Paradise is a place where you are happy," vouchsafed John Amory.

She nodded comprehension. Her paradise a one-room house, a smoking brazier, many small sons all like their father—but the father was not Li Wan. Sternly she remembered her duty. "Paradise is, I fear, a long way off," she faltered forlornly.

John Amory soberly acquiesced. Glancing down he saw that she held a small mission-school prize-book of Tennyson's poems. He smiled. "Been trying to read that?" he asked with amusement.

She nodded and handed the book to him. Was it a coincidence that the volume opened at "Locksley Hall"? He handed back the poems and watched her walk away. Around them the yellow butterflies fluttered in the sunshine; the scent of wild honeysuckle was achingly sweet.

Later Hoyt, examining the hoist, heard Che's jealous voice. "You say your husband rich, Aleute. Why he send you like a coolie woman to sell?" and heard her disdainful answer: "Because of money, Che! Because, to all men, before anything else, comes money!"

The bitterness in her quiet voice seemed to linger when she had gone.

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"Aleute scored that time!" murmured Hoyt, bending over the recalcitrant hoist.

Because human life was so plentiful it was cheaply valued. John Amory had almost to fight to enforce precautionary measures for the miners' safety. The toiling coolies took their careless chance of death as they faced the careless hope of life. To-day was all that mattered. They demanded only the prompt payment of the wages to-day had earned.

It was this reckless disregard of all safety-insuring rules that caused the accident which killed eleven coolies and nearly cost Hoyt's life. An overcharge of blasting dynamite—a white flash—a rain of rock—the smell of deadly gases.

Long afterward, when Hoyt, stunned and bleeding, was carried to the surface, he met the disinterested gaze of the apathetic survivors and understood, for an illuminated second, their incomprehension of Amory's stern inquiries—perhaps even caught a glimpse of the undreaded, wind-sheltered, poppy-bordered fields of their Chinese elysium, where, through countless to-morrows, there would be plenty of food and endless idleness.

Hoyt was a long time regaining his strength; his enthusiasm never returned. The venture, he had decided, was an unlucky one.

With the coming of the hot weather came also cholera, and it swept the camp. The coolies went down under it like mist before the sun—every day the little cemetery on the lower slope grew larger as the unresisting miners succumbed to the deadly scourge. A doctor and a nurse were summoned from a down-river city, but in the face of ignorance, superstition, and sullen defiance, they could do little.

Of the three Americans John Amory was the only one to come down with the disease—a light attack, but as he lay, going mentally over and over the details of unimportant, half-forgotten transactions, and staring, with feverish stupidity, through the openings of the tent, the butterflies fluttering in the sunshine outside seemed to his sick fancy to hover like impending disaster over all his waking hours; before his aching eyes their gaudy waverings seemed the embodiment of all the unforeseen, crowding calamities of this unhappy experience, as they went their futile, colorful way. Even when he was better the delusion persisted: he hated tigers, and China, and butterflies.

Gradually the epidemic subsided. Through it all the work on the mine had gone steadily and profitably forward. The applicants for work exceeded those whose work was done. Scourges might —and did—come and go, but hunger was always present.

It seemed to John Amory, before that nightmare summer waned to autumn, that Aleute faded slowly away before their eyes. Not that she was ill—she made the rough chair-trip from the distant city with clock-like regularity, and her laughter was as frequent and lilting and friendly as ever, but her face grew so thin that her dark eyes seemed uncannily large; the great knot of her hair impossibly heavy. Once, when there was the mark of a blow across her cheek and forehead, Jaffrey, with kindest intention, asked how it had happened. She made no answer. And to Che she showed a panicky brusqueness.

A representative of the Russian syndicate came unexpectedly into camp, bringing the mail and a request for a conference at the upper concession with the members of his company. To this the Americans agreed. "We'll be here when you pass. We'll join you when you are ready," said Hoyt, hungrily eying the home papers.

John Amory had a letter from Nancy Graham:

"I'm going to marry Cyrus Kendall. You see father and I really work together. Of course I had to have lots of men in love with me—it makes a girl popular and helps her to have a good time. So, when they wanted to marry me, father would pull off that advice about their getting more money. (Cyrus is the first rich one.)

"So I'm going to marry Cyrus. He has stipulated that he is to be allowed to go his own gait, and I've explained to him that as long as I have all the jewels, dresses, and money I want, I won't care

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how he amuses himself. Congratulate me, won't you?"

John Amory folded the letter and put it back in the envelope, then stood for a moment looking out across the alien landscape; near his foot something stirred. There had been a light frost the night before, and now, in the mid-day warmth, a butterfly moved awkwardly, slowly unfolding stiff wings. Amory, noticing, sympathized; after all who, knowing butterflies, could refuse them the chance to gamble with fate for such advantages as might accrue to so short a summertime?

Later, meeting Aleute, he experimented: "You know pearls?"

She nodded. "I know," she agreed.

He persisted: "You want them?"

"No," she answered, "I not want."

"But you like embroideries," he said, indicating the multicolored border on her dark coat. "Butterflies," he explained.

She glanced indifferently down. "Every one in China wears embroidery," she said; then questioned in her turn: "In your country a woman may choose to marry whom she will?"

John Amory hesitated. "Why—yes," he said.

"A nice country!" praised Aleute, adding wistfully; "not so in China."

He ventured a question. "You knew Che before he came here with us?"

She nodded. "At nex' province meesion school. When I came home he plan to follow some day—when he get money. My father would not have me wait. He arrange a marriage for me. Now, all my long life I live with one I do not love," she said.

John Amory felt shocked and guilty at the confidence he had evoked. "But your husband is rich—you are comfortable," he stumbled on.

She raised disappointed eyes. "I not think you say such as that to me," said Aleute.

He felt strangely rebuked.

Once every two months it was necessary for one of the Americans to go to Shanghai, eighteen days' journey, for the mail and for funds and such machinery as was necessary. Jaffrey had been gone sixteen days when the representatives of the Russian syndicate arrived and asked John Amory and Hoyt to accompany them to the upper concession to talk over a combine—if they would not sell. It was a four days' trip, but they went, leaving Che in charge with directions to report to Jaffrey and money to pay the miners until he should return.

They had no way of knowing that Jaffrey had not even started back. In a Shanghai hotel, recovering from a severe attack of dysentery, Jaffrey was just getting weakly on his feet to begin the up-river journey when the crisis at the mine took place. Che, out of funds, had twice gone to Aleute's husband and borrowed, at a ruinous interest, the necessary money, hoping always for the return of his employers the next day, until the morning when the old man refused to lend, and the ignorant miners rose against the head man.

By what calculated cunning Li Wan had bided his time, or what he had construed from his glimpses of Aleute's and Che's unintelligible conversations, John Amory never knew. From the bits of evidence gathered here and there he was able to piece out the last chapter of the tragic day when old Li Wan, leering, had come to the mine and demanded his money; not getting it, he harangued the men—a sullen, hungry group. Che could only explain, expostulate, promise, and plead while the old man, incitingly provocative, jeered at the miners' gullibility and helplessness. From somewhere in the background a first stone was thrown. Later Aleute, arriving breathless and frantic, found Che's trampled body by the ruined shaft, the miners gone, and her husband's leering face watching her from Jaffrey's wrecked tent as, in an abandonment of grief, she flung herself down beside Che's body and tried to call him back.

Jaffrey, toiling uphill through a pouring rain several days later, came into camp in the evening and stared about him. His first surprise had been that, at the landing stage, no crowding cargo junks marked the place; then that the hand-cars were not running. But he was unprepared for the deserted camp and the wrecked machinery. It was too late to investigate until the next day, so, amazed

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and puzzled, he bolstered up a sagging tent, ate the last of his supplies, loaded his revolver, and settled down to wait for morning—and enlightenment.

When about noon the next day John Amory and Hoyt arrived, they found Jaffrey, raving with fever, sitting in the tent opening, his empty revolver on his knees, his arm, torn and limp hanging from the mangled shoulder. All around were the evidences of fury and struggle and at the clearing's edge lay the great tigress—dead.

It was with difficulty that they unclasped the revolver from Jaffrey's vise-like grasp.

"What has happened? Has Che cleared out with the rest?" wondered Hoyt as they lifted the unnoting Jaffrey onto a cot.

"That Russian offer looks good to me," observed John Amory quietly. Hoyt agreed.

Among the letters Jaffrey had brought from Shanghai was Nancy Graham's wedding announcement. John Amory looked at it with almost impersonal indifference; it was the last detail needed to make a completely rounded experience of his Chinese interlude.

The members of the Russian syndicate listened with veiled elation and tolerant politeness to Hoyt's and Amory's explanations during the final arrangements for the transfer of the concessions. Jaffrey, weak but conscious, had agreed that no details should be ignored or misrepresented and had empowered the other two to act for him. "I had a letter from dad in answer to mine describing conditions here, and telling of our Russian offer. Dad says that most people who annex a gold brick aren't able to sell it at a profit, and he advises us to quit while there's enough of us left to sign the transfer. But if my old man ever tries to tell me any more of his yarns about the vicissitudes of his early mining days I'll tell him some Chinese truths that will permanently cramp his style," remarked Jaffrey junior, turning weakly on his cot. Sententiously he added: "This venture has brought bad luck to every one who has touched it!"

The Russians, however, shrugged indifferent shoulders at the account of trouble with tigers. "They only killed the coolies, did they not? After all, labor is plentiful," they adjured; and to the accounts of the miners' carelessness and stubbornness they gave scant attention. "We understand how to deal with these people better than you possibly could," said the older Russian indulgently.

And to the explanation of the difficulties of transportation and of the mine's singular remoteness from the sources of supply, he answered: "But the coal is here!"

The rains had flooded the mine, but already some of the miners, unabashed, had returned; the machinery was temporarily repaired and preparations were under way for pumping out the water.

John Amory, ineffectually attempting to question a coolie as to the details of the climax which had led to the wrecking of the plant and trying to locate Che, stopped to examine the items of an amazing bill presented by Li Wan, and wondered why Aleute had not come to interpret and explain. "He says Che ran this bill; but he has only three chits which Che signed," commented Amory.

"Then just pay those," advised the Russian, and added: "You don't understand these people."

From the men gathered about the shaft there came an excited shout. The pumping had begun; the patched machinery creaked noisily; the water-kibble came heavily up and the contents were dumped on the lower bank. A queer silence fell.

John Amory, after one startled glance, went forward to where on the ground lay a sodden crumpled mass of butterfly-embroidered brocade and blue linen; dazedly he noted that the tip of Che's long queue was tightly knotted to the ends of Aleute's heavy unbound hair.

The Russian had followed him, and as Amory turned sickly away he spoke: "You don't understand these people!" With an indifferent gesture he signified the joined hair. "You say this place is impossibly remote?" he questioned, and laughed exultantly. "Not remote enough to be free from the watchfulness

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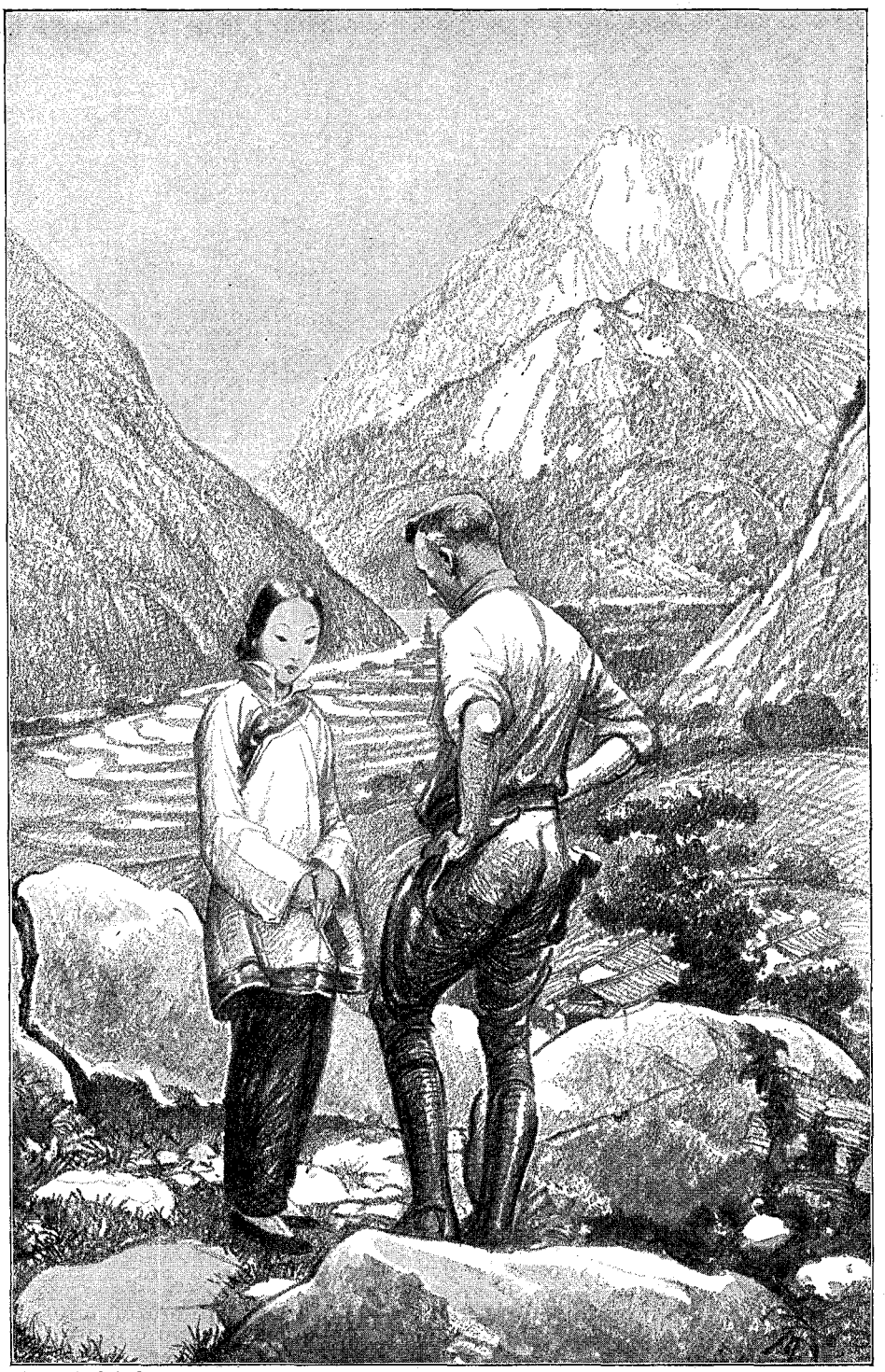

Drawn by O. F. Howard.

"Paradise is, I fear, a long way off."—Page 437.

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of a jealous husband," said the Russian gentleman.

John Amory's wife—formerly his cousin Priscilla—will never understand her husband's dislike for butterflies. Being a gentlewoman, she does not try to force his confidence, but, quite correctly, she attributes his odd aversion to some detail of the experience of his Chinese interlude.

THE NEW FRONTIERS OF FREEDOM

IV.—WHAT THE PEACE-MAKERS HAVE DONE ON THE DANUBE

BY E. ALEXANDER POWELL

Author of "The Last Frontier," "Fighting in Flanders," "Italy at War," "The Army Behind the Army," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

WHEN I called upon M. Bratianu, the Prime Minister of Rumania, who was in Paris as a delegate to the Peace Conference, I made the tactical error, in opening the conversation, of remarking that I proposed to spend some weeks in his country during my travels in the Balkans. But I got no further, for M. Bratianu, whose tremendous shoulders and bristling black beard make him appear even larger than he is, sprang to his feet and brought his fist crashing down upon the table.

"You ought to know better than that, Major Powell," he angrily exclaimed. "Rumania is not in the Balkans and never has been. We object to being called a Balkan people."

I apologized for my slip, of course, and amicable relations were resumed, but I mention the incident as an illustration of how deeply the Rumanians resent the inclusion of their country in that group of turbulent kingdoms which compose what some one has aptly called the Peninsula of Unrest. The Rumanians are as sensitive in this respect as are the Creoles of the South when an ignorant and blundering Northerner remarks that he had always supposed that the term Creole implied a strain of negro blood. Not only is Rumania not one of the Balkan states, geographically speaking, but, as a result of its

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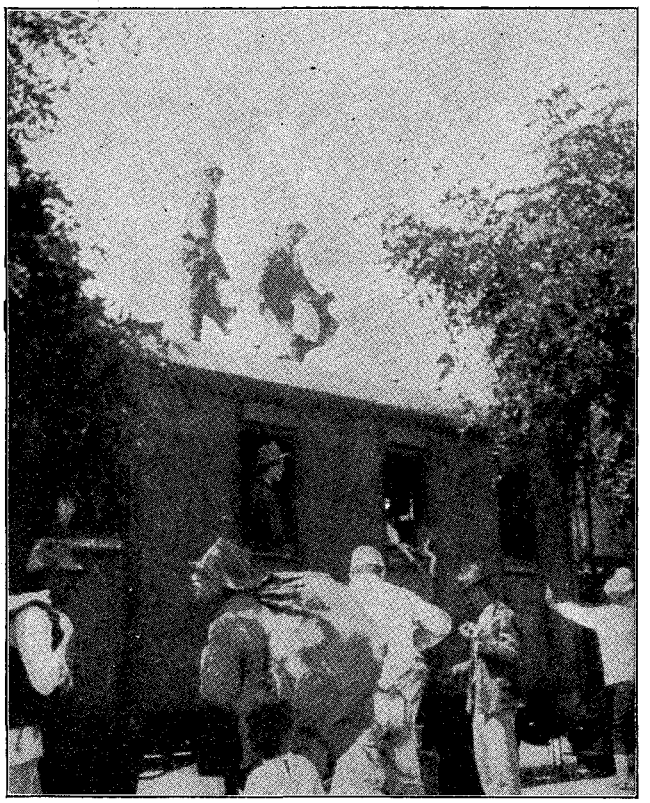
recent territorial acquisitions, it has become the sixth largest country in Europe, with an area very nearly equal to that of Italy and with a population three-fourths that of Spain. You did not appreciate, perhaps, that the width of Greater Rumania, from east to west, is equal to the width of France from the English Channel to the Mediterranean. One has to break into a run to keep pace with the march of geography these days.

Owing to the demoralization prevailing in Thrace and Bulgaria, railway communications between Constantinople and the Rumanian frontier were so disorganized that we decided to travel by steamer to Constantza, taking the railway thence to Bucharest. Before the war the Royal Rumanian mail-steamer *Carol I* was as trim and luxuriously fitted a vessel as one could have found in Levantine waters. For more than a year, however, she was in the hands of the Bolsheviks, so that when we boarded her her sides were red with rust, her cabins had been stripped of everything which could be carried away, and the straw-filled mattresses, each covered with a dubious-looking blanket, were as full of unwelcome occupants as the Black Sea was of floating mines.



Travelling in Transylvania.

So few trains are running that there are never enough . . . seats to accommodate all the passengers, so that fully as many ride on the roof of the coaches as inside.—Page 444.

Constantza, the chief port of Rumania, is superbly situated on a headland overlooking the Black Sea. It has an excellent harbor, bordered on one side by a number of large grain elevators, and on the other by a row of enormous petroleum tanks—the latter the property of an American corporation; a mile or so of asphalted streets, several surprisingly fine public buildings, and, on the beautifully terraced and landscaped water-front, an imposing though rather ornate casino and many luxurious summer villas, most of which were badly damaged when the city was bombarded by the Bulgarians. Constantza is a favorite seaside resort for Bucharest society, and during the season its *plage* is thronged with summer visitors dressed in the height of the Paris fashion. From atop his marble pedestal in the city's principal square a statue of the Roman poet Ovid, who lived here in exile for many years, looks quizzically down upon the light-hearted throng.

It is in the neighborhood of one hundred and fifty miles by railway from Constantza to Bucharest, and before the war the Orient Express used to make the journey in less than four hours. Now it takes between twenty and thirty. We made a record trip, for our train left Con-

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stantza at four o'clock in the morning and pulled into Bucharest shortly before midnight. It is only fair to explain, however, that the length of time consumed in the journey was due to the fact that the bridge across the Danube near Tchernavoda, which was blown up by the Bulgarians, had not been repaired, thus necessitating the transfer of the passengers and their luggage across the river on flatboats, a proceeding which required several hours and was marked by the wildest confusion. So few trains are running in the Balkans that there are never enough, or nearly enough, seats to accommodate all the passengers, so that fully as many ride on the roofs of the coaches as inside. This has the advantage, in the eyes of the passengers, of making it impracticable for the conductor to collect the fares, but it also has certain disadvantages. During our trip from Constantza to Bucharest three roof passengers rolled off and were killed.

As a result of the lengthy occupation of the city by the Austro-Germans, and their systematic removal of machinery and industrial material of every description, everything is out of order in Bucharest. Water, electric lights, gas, telephones, elevators, street-cars "*ne marche pas.*" Though we had a large and beautifully furnished room in the Palace Hotel we had to climb three flights of stairs to reach it, the light was furnished by candles, the water for the bathroom was brought in buckets, and, as the Germans had removed the wires of the house-telephones, we had to go into the hall and shout when we required a servant. Yet the almost total lack of conveniences does not deter the hotels from making the most exorbitant charges. Bucharest has always been an expensive city, but to-day the prices are fantastic. At Capsa's, which is the most fashionable restaurant, it is difficult to get even a modest lunch for two for less than twelve dollars. But, notwithstanding the destruction of the nation's chief source of wealth, its oil-wells, by the Rumanians themselves, in order to prevent their use by the enemy, and the systematic looting of the country by the invaders, there seems to be no lack of money in Bucharest, for the restaurants are filled to the doors nightly, there is a constant fusillade of champagne corks, and in the various gardens, all of which have cabaret performances, the popular dancers are showered with silver and notes. In fact, a customary evening in Bucharest is not very far removed, in its gayety and abandon, from a New Year's Eve celebration in New York. Not even Paris can offer a gayer night life than the Rumanian capital, for at the Jockey Club it is no uncommon thing for ten thousand francs to change hands on the turn of a card or a whirl of the roulette-wheel; out the Chaussée Kisselew, at the White City, the dance floor is crowded until daybreak with slender, rather effeminate-looking officers in beautiful uniforms of pale blue or green and superbly gowned and bejewelled women. Indeed, I doubt if there is any city of its size in the world on whose streets one sees so many *chic* and beautiful women, though I might add that their jewels are generally of a higher quality than their morals. As long as these bewitching beauties behave themselves they are not molested by the police, who have an arrangement with the hotel managements looking toward their control. When Mrs. Powell and I arrived at our hotel the proprietor asked us for our passports, which, he explained, must be visaed by the police. The following morning my passport was returned alone.

"But where is my wife's passport?" I demanded, for in southern Europe in these days it is impossible to travel even short distances without one's papers.

"Surely M'sieu must know that we retain the lady's passport until he leaves," said the proprietor, with a knowing smile. "Then, should she disappear with M'sieu's watch, or his money, or his jewels, she will not be able to leave the city, and the police can quickly arrest her. Yes, it is the custom here. A neat idea, *hein?*"

Though I succeeded in obtaining the return of Mrs. Powell's passport I am not at all certain that I succeeded in entirely convincing the *hôtelier* that she really was my wife.

Rumania is at present passing through a period of transition. Not only have the area and population of the country been more than doubled, but the war has changed all other conditions and the new

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forms of national life are still unsettled. In the summer of 1918 even the most optimistic Rumanians doubted if the nation would emerge from the war with more than a fraction of its former territory, yet to-day, as a result of the acquisition of Transylvania, Besserabia, and the eastern half of the Banat, the country's population has risen from seven to fourteen millions, and its area from fifty thousand to more than one hundred thousand square miles. The new conditions have brought new laws. Of these the most revolutionary is the law which forbids landowners to retain more than one thousand acres of their land, the government taking over and paying for the residue, which is given to the peasants to cultivate. As a result of this policy, there have been practically no strikes or labor troubles in Rumania, for, now that most of their demands have been conceded, the Rumanian peasants seem willing to seek their welfare in work instead of Bolshevism. Heretofore the Jews, though liable to military service, have not been permitted a voice in the government of the country, but, as a result of recent legislation, they have now been granted full civil rights, though whether they will be permitted to exercise them is another question. The Jews, who number upward of a quarter of a million, have a strangle-hold on the finances of the country and they must not be permitted, the Rumanians insist, to get a similar grip on the nation's politics. It is only very recently, indeed, that Rumanian Jews have been granted passports, which meant that only those rich enough to obtain papers by bribery could enter or leave the country. The Rumanians with whom I discussed the question said quite frankly that the legislation granting suffrage to the Jews would probably be observed in practice very much as the Constitutional Amendment granting suffrage to the negroes is observed in our own South.

The truth of the matter is that Rumania is in the hands of a clique of selfish and utterly unscrupulous politicians who have grown rich from their systematic exploitation of the national resources and the flagrant misuse of their power. Every bank and nearly every commercial enterprise of importance is in their hands. One of the present ministers entered the cabinet a poor man; to-day he is reputed to be worth twenty millions. Anything can be purchased in Rumania—passports, exemption from military service, cabinet portfolios, commercial concessions—provided you possess the price. The fingers of Rumanian officials are as sticky as those of the Turks. An officer of the American Relief Administration told me that barely sixty per cent of the supplies sent from the United States for the relief of the Rumanian peasantry ever reached those for whom they were intended; the other forty per cent was kept by various officials. To find a parallel for the political corruption which exists throughout Rumania it is necessary to go back to New York under the Tweed administration or to Mexico under the Diaz régime.

From a wealthy Hungarian landowner, with whom I travelled from Bucharest to the frontier of Jugoslavia, I obtained a graphic idea of what can be accomplished by money in Rumania. This young Hungarian, who had been educated in England and spoke with a Cambridge accent, possessed large estates in northeastern Hungary. After four years' service as an officer of cavalry he was demobilized upon the signing of the Armistice. When the revolution led by Bela Kun broke out in Budapest he escaped from that city on foot, only to be arrested by the Rumanians as he was crossing the Rumanian frontier. Fortunately for him, he had ample funds in his possession, obtained from the sale of the cattle on his estate, so that he was able to purchase his freedom after spending only three days in jail. But his release did not materially improve his situation, for he had no passport and, as Hungary was then under Bolshevist rule, he was unable to obtain one. And he realized that without a passport it would be impossible for him to join his wife and children, who were awaiting him in Switzerland. As luck would have it, however, he was slightly acquainted with the prefect of a small town in Transylvania—for obvious reasons I shall not mention its name—which he finally reached after great difficulty, travelling by night and lying hidden by day so as to avoid being halted and questioned by the Rumanian patrols. By

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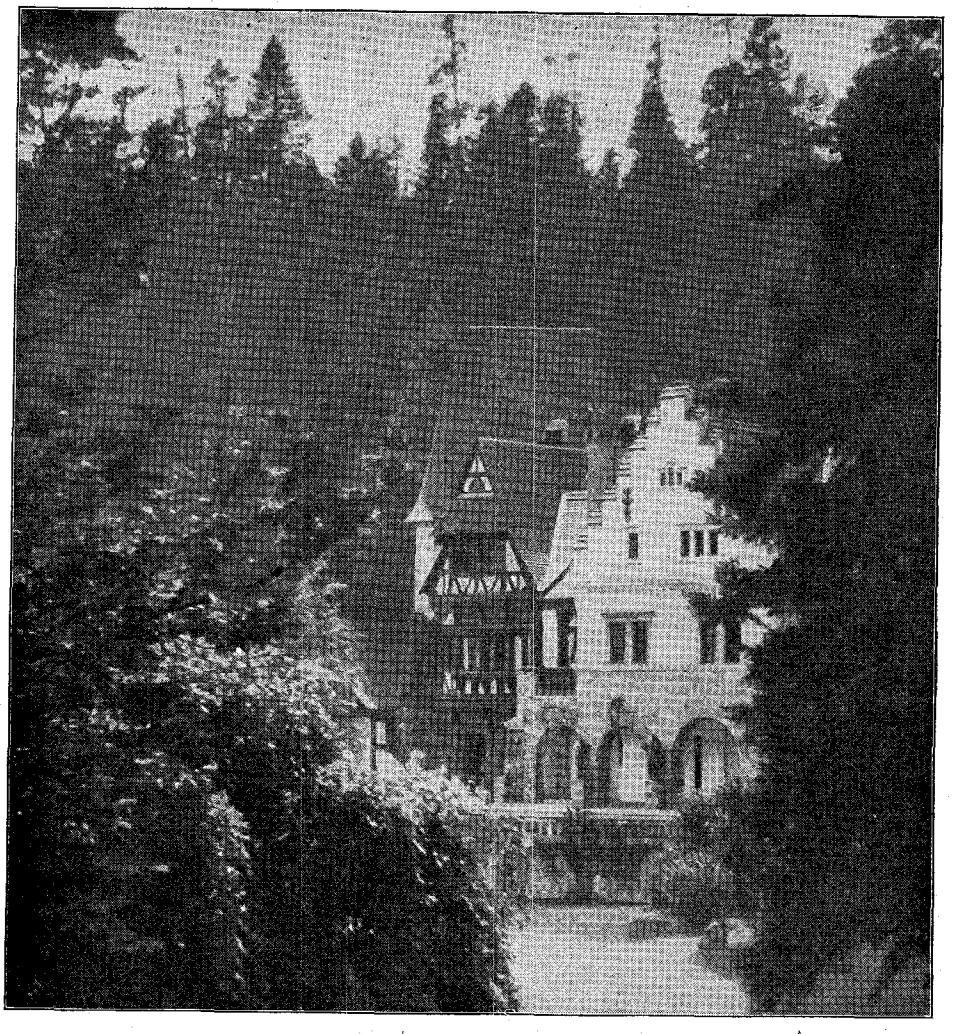

A corner of the Château of Pelesch, the summer residence of the King of Rumania in the Carpathians.

paying the prefect one thousand francs and giving him and his friends a dinner at the local hotel, he obtained a certificate stating that he was a citizen of the town and in good standing with the local authorities. Armed with this document, which was sufficient to convince inquisitive border officials of his Rumanian nationality, he took the train for Bucharest, where he spent five weeks dickering for a Rumanian passport which would enable him to leave the country. Including the bribes and entertainments which he gave to officials, and gifts of one sort and another to minor functionaries, it cost him something over twenty-five thousand francs to obtain a passport duly visaed for Switzerland. But my friend's anxieties did not end there, for a Rumanian leaving the country was not permitted to take more than one thousand francs in currency with him, those suspected of having in their possession funds in excess of this amount being subjected to a careful search at the frontier. My friend had with him, however, something over five hundred thousand francs, all that he had been able to realize from his estates. How to get this sum out of the country was a perplexing problem, but he finally solved it by concealing the notes, which were of large denomination, in the bottom of a box of expensive face-powder, which, he explained to the officials at the frontier, he was taking as a present to his wife. When the train drew into the first Ser-

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bian station and he realized that he was beyond the reach of pursuit, he capered up and down the platform like a small boy when school closes for the long vacation.

Considerable astonishment seems to have been manifested by the American press and public at the disinclination of Rumania and Jugoslavia to sign the treaty with Austria without reservations. Yet this should scarcely occasion surprise, for the attitude of the great among the Allies toward the smaller brethren who helped them along the road to victory has been at times blameworthy, often inexplicable, and on frequent occasions arrogant and tactless. At the outset of the Peace Conference some endeavor was made to live up to the promises so loudly made that henceforth the rights of the weak were to receive as much attention as those of the strong. Commissions were formed to study various aspects of the questions involved in the peace, and upon these the representatives of the smaller nations were given seats. But this did not last long. Within a month Messrs. Wilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and Orlando had made themselves virtually the dictators of Europe's destinies, deciding behind closed doors matters of vital moment to the national welfare of the small states without so much as taking them into consultation. Prime Minister Bratianu, who went to Paris as the head of the Rumanian peace delegation, told me, his voice hoarse with indignation, that the "Big Four," in settling Rumania's future boundaries, had not only not consulted him but that he had not even been informed of the terms decided upon. "They hand us a fountain pen and say, 'Sign here,'" the Premier exclaimed, "and then they are surprised if we refuse to affix our signatures to a document which vitally concerns our national future but about which we have never been consulted."

We Americans, of all peoples, should realize that a small nation is as jealous of its independence as a large one. As a matter of fact, Rumania and her sister states of southeastern Europe, who still bear the scars of Turkish oppression, are supersensitive in this respect, the fact that they have so often been the victims of intriguing neighbors making them more than ordinarily suspicious and resentful toward any action which tends to limit their mastery of their own households. Hence, they regard that clause of the Treaty of St. Germain providing for the protection of ethnical minorities with an indignation which cannot easily be appreciated by the Western nations. The boundaries of the new and aggrandized states of southeastern Europe will necessarily include alien minorities—this cannot be avoided—and the Peace Conference held that the welfare of such minorities must be the special concern of the League of Nations. Take the case of Rumania, for example. In order to unite her people she must annex some compact masses of aliens which, in certain cases at least, have been deliberately planted within her ethnological frontiers for a specific purpose. The settlements of Magyars in Transylvania, who, under Hungarian rule, were permitted to exploit their Rumanian neighbors without let or hindrance, will not willingly surrender the privileges they have so long enjoyed and submit to a régime of strict justice and equality. On the other hand, Rumania can scarcely be expected to agree to an arrangement which would not only impair her sovereignty but would almost certainly encourage intrigue and unrest among these alien minorities. How would the United States regard a proposal to submit its administration of the Philippines to international control? How would England like the League of Nations to take a hand in the government of Ireland? That, briefly stated, is the reason why both Rumania and Jugoslavia objected so strongly to the inclusion of the so-called racial minorities clause in the Treaty of St. Germain. Looking at the other side of the question, it is easy to understand the solicitude which the treaty-makers at Paris displayed for the thousands of Magyars, Serbs, and Bulgarians who, without so much as a by-your-leave, they have placed under Rumanian rule. No less an authority than Viscount Bryce has made the assertion that in Transylvania alone (which, by the way, has an area considerably greater than all our New England States put together), which has been taken over by Rumania, fully a third of the population has no affinity with the Rumanians. Sim-

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ilarly, there are whole towns in the Dobruja which are composed of Bulgarians, there are large groups of Russian Slavs in Bessarabia, and considerable colonies of Jugoslavs in the eastern half of the Banat which, very much against their wishes, have been forced to submit to Rumanian rule. Whether, now that the tables are turned, the Rumanians will put aside their ancient animosities and prejudices and give these new and unwilling citizens every privilege which they themselves enjoy is a question which only the future can solve.

Another question, which has agitated Rumania even more violently than that of the racial minorities clause, was the demand made by the Great Powers that the Rumanian army be withdrawn from Hungary and that the live stock and agricultural implements of which that unhappy country was stripped by the Rumanian forces be immediately returned. Here is the Rumanian version: Hungary went Bolshevist and assumed a hostile attitude toward Rumania, Czechoslovakia, and Jugoslavia, the three countries which will benefit by her dismemberment according to the principle of nationality. Hungary attacked these countries by arms and by anarchistic propaganda. The Rumanians, the Czechoslovaks, and the Jugoslavs, wishing to defend themselves, asked permission of the Supreme Council to deal drastically with the Hungarian menace. The reply, which was late in coming, was couched in vague and unsatisfactory language. Emboldened by the vacillatory attitude of the Powers, the Hungarians began a military offensive, invading Czechoslovakia and crossing the lines of the Armistice in Rumania and Jugoslavia. In order to prevent a spread of this Bolshevist movement the three countries prepared to occupy Hungary with troops, whereupon word came from the Supreme Council in Paris that such aggression would not be tolerated. This encouraged Bela Kun, the Hungarian Trotzky, and made him so popular that he succeeded in raising a Red army with which he crossed the River Theiss and invaded Rumania. Whereupon the Rumanian army, being unable to obtain support from the Supreme Council, pushed back the Hungarians, occupied Budapest, overthrew Bela Kun's administration, and restored order in Hungary. But the Supreme Council, feeling that its authority had been ignored by the little country, sent several messages to the Rumanian Government peremptorily ordering it to withdraw immediately its troops from Hungary. Here endeth the Rumanian version.

Now, the real reason which actuated the Supreme Council was not that it felt that its authority had been slighted but because it was informed by its representatives in Hungary that the Rumanians had not stopped with ousting Bela Kun and suppressing Bolshevism but were engaged in systematically looting the country, driving off thousands of head of live stock, and carrying away all the machinery, rolling-stock, telephone and telegraph wires, and instruments and metal work they could lay their hands on, thereby completely crippling the industries of Hungary and depriving great numbers of people of employment. The Rumanians retorted that the Austro-German armies had systematically looted Rumania during their three years of occupation and that they were only taking back what belonged to them. The Hungarians, while admitting that Rumania had been pretty thoroughly stripped of animals and machinery by von Mackensen's armies, asserted that this loot had not remained in Hungary but had been taken to Germany, which was probably true. The Supreme Council took the position that the animals and *matériel* which the Rumanians were rushing out of Hungary in train-loads was not the sole property of Rumania but that it was the property of all the Allies and that the Supreme Council would apportion it among them in its own good time. The council pointed out, furthermore, that if the Rumanians succeeded in wrecking Hungary industrially, as they were evidently trying to do, it would be manifestly impossible for the Hungarians to pay any war indemnity whatsoever. And, finally, that a bankrupt and starving Hungary meant a Bolshevist Hungary, and that there was already enough trouble of that sort in Europe without adding to it. The Rumanians proving deaf to these arguments, the Supreme Council sent three messages, one after the other, to the Bucharest government, ordering the imme-

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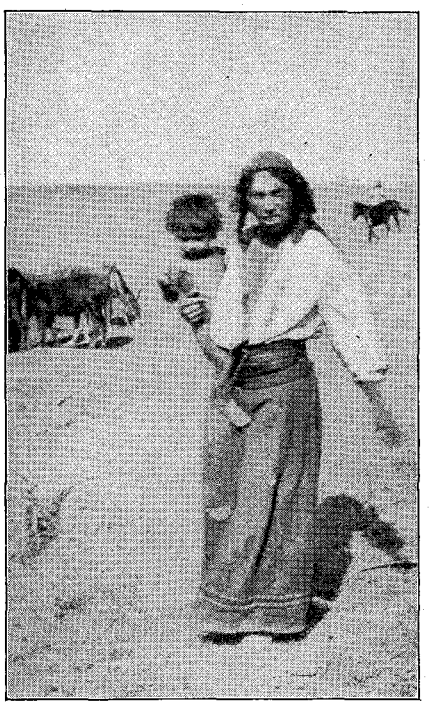
diate withdrawal from Hungarian soil of the Rumanian troops. Yet the Rumanian troops remained in Budapest and the looting of Hungary continued, the Rumanian Government declaring that the messages had never been received. Meanwhile every one in the kingdom, from Premier to peasant, was laughing in his sleeve at the helplessness of the Supreme Council. But they laughed too soon. For the Supreme Council wired to the Food Administrator, Herbert Hoover, who was in Vienna, informing him of the facts of the situation, whereupon Mr. Hoover, who has a blunt and uncomfortably direct way of achieving his ends, sent a curt message to the Rumanian Government informing it that, if the orders of the Supreme Council were not immediately obeyed, he would shut off its supplies of food. *That* message produced action. The troops were withdrawn. I can recall no more striking example of the amazing changes brought about in Europe by the Great War than the picture of this boyish-faced Californian mining engineer coolly giving orders to a European government, and having those orders promptly obeyed, after the commands of the Great Powers had been met with refusal and derision. To take a slight liberty with the lines of Mr. Kipling:



The gypsy who demanded five lei for the privilege of taking her picture.

"*The Kings must come down and the Emperors frown*
When Herbert Hoover says 'Stop!'"

Up to that time the United States had been immensely popular in Rumania. But Mr. Hoover's action made us about as popular with the Rumanians as the smallpox. He and we were charged with being actuated by the most despicable and sordid motives. The King himself told me that he was convinced that Mr. Hoover was in league with certain great commercial interests which were employing this method of obtaining revenge for their failure to secure commercial concessions of great value in Rumania. A cabinet minister, in discussing the incident with me, became so inarticulate with rage that he could scarcely talk at all.

But the United States is not the only country which has lost the confidence of the Rumanians. France is even more deeply distrusted and disliked than we are. And this in spite of the fact that the upper classes of Rumania have held up the French as their ideal for the past half century. Indeed, wealthy Rumanians live in a fashion more French than if they dwelt in Paris itself. This sudden unpopularity of the French is due to several causes. After having expected much of them, the people were amazed and bitterly disappointed at their apparent indifference toward the future of Rumania. Then there were the unfortunate incidents at Odessa, the withdrawal of the French forces from that city before the advance of the Bolsheviks, and the regrettable happenings in the French Black Sea fleet. These things, of course, contributed to loss of French prestige. Another contributory factor has been the lack of enterprise of French capitalists, causing those who control the financial and economic development of Rumania to seek encouragement and assistance elsewhere. But the underlying reason

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for the deep-seated distrust of France is to be found, I think, in France's attempt to maintain the balance of power in southeastern Europe by building up a strong Jugoslavia. Now, the Rumanians, it must be remembered, hate the Jugoslavs even more bitterly than they hate the Hungarians—and they are far more afraid of them. This hatred is not merely the result of the age-long antagonism between the Latin and the Slav; it is also political. The Rumanians have watched with growing jealousy and apprehension the expansion of Serbia into a state with a population and area nearly equal to their own. After having long dreamed of the day when they would themselves be the arbiters of the destinies of the nations of southeastern Europe, they see their political supremacy challenged by the new Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, behind which they discern the power and influence of France. When the dismemberment of the Austro-Hungarian Empire began, Rumania demanded and expected the whole of the great rich province of the Banat, with the Maros River for her northern and the Danube for her southern frontier.

"But that would place our capital within range of the Rumanian artillery," the Serbian Prime Minister is said to have exclaimed.

"Then move your capital," the Rumanian Premier responded dryly.

As a result of this controversy over the Banat the relations of the two nations have been strained almost to the breaking-point. When I was in the Banat in the autumn of 1919, the Rumanian and Serbian frontier guards were glowering at each other like fighting terriers held in leash, and the slightest untoward incident would have precipitated a conflict. For a Rumanian to display a cockade of his national colors in the Serbian sphere was to invite trouble. Although by the terms of the Treaty of St. Germain, Jugoslavia was awarded the western half of the Banat, Rumania is prepared to take advantage of the first opportunity which presents itself to take it away from her rival. When I was in Bucharest a cabinet minister concluded a lengthy exposition of Rumania's position by declaring:

"Within the next two or three years, in all probability, there will be a war between Jugoslavia and Italy over the Dalmatian question. The day that Jugoslavia goes to war with Italy we will attack Jugoslavia and seize the Banat. The Danube is Rumania's natural frontier."

This would seem to bear out the assertion that there exists a secret alliance between Italy and Rumania, which, if true, would place Jugoslavia in the unhappy position of a nut between the jaws of a cracker. I have also been told on excellent authority that there is likewise an "understanding" between Italy and Bulgaria that, should the former become engaged in a war with the Jugoslavs, the latter will attack the Serbs from the east and regain her lost provinces in Macedonia. A pleasant prospect for southeastern Europe, truly.

While we were in Bucharest we received an invitation—"command" is the correct word according to court usage—to visit the King and Queen of Rumania at their Château of Pelesch, near Sinaia, in the Carpathians. It is about a hundred miles by road from the capital to Sinaia, and the first half of the journey, which we made by motor, was over a road as execrable as any we found in the Balkans. Upon reaching the foot-hills of the Carpathians, however, the highway, which had been steadily growing worse, suddenly took a turn for the better—due, no doubt, to the invigorating qualities of the mountain atmosphere—and climbed vigorously upward through wild gorges and splendid pine forests which reminded me of the Adirondacks of northern New York. Notwithstanding the atrocious condition of the highway, which constantly threatened to dislocate our joints as well as those of the car, and the choking, blinding clouds of yellow dust, every change of figure on the speedometer brought new and interesting scenes. For mile after mile the road, straight as though marked out by a ruler, ran between fields of wheat and corn as vast as those of our own West. In spite of the fact that the Austro-Germans carried off all the animals and farming implements they could lay their hands on, the agricultural prosperity of Rumania is astounding. In 1916, for example, while involved in a terribly destructive war, Rumania produced more wheat than Minnesota and about twenty-five times

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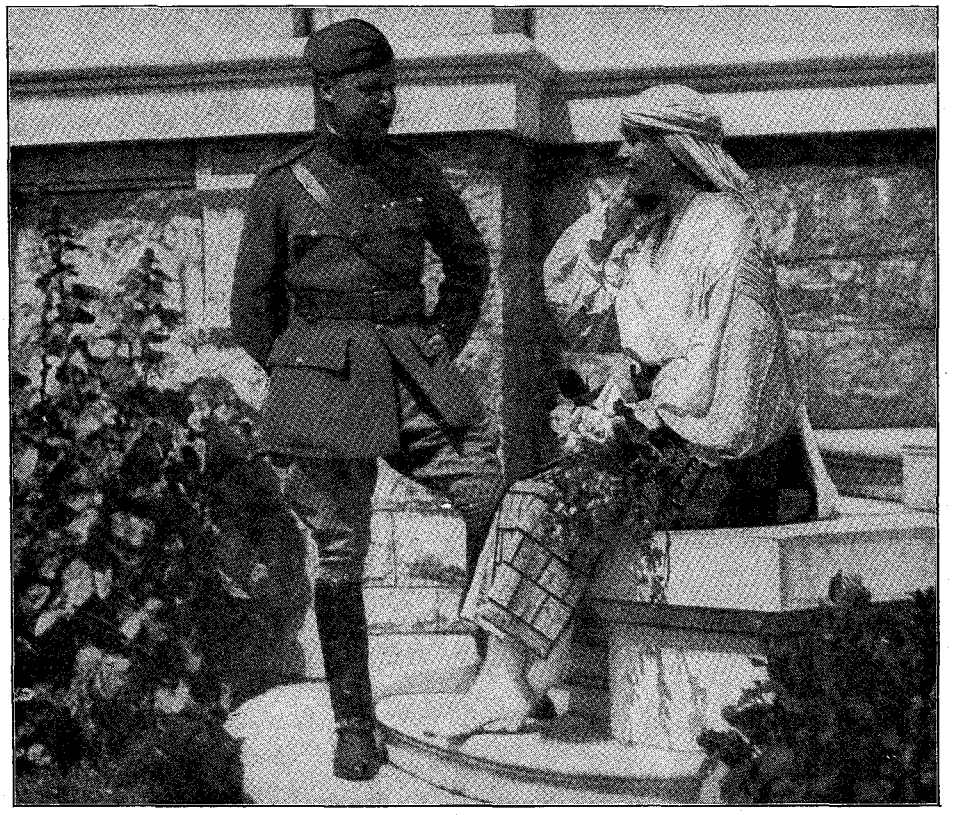
as much corn as our three Pacific coast States combined. At frequent intervals we passed huge scarlet thrashing-machines, most of them labelled "Made in U. S. A.," which were centres of activity for hundreds of white-smocked peasants who were hauling in the grain with ox-teams, feeding it into the voracious maws of the machines, and piling the residue of straw into the largest stacks I have ever seen. As we drew near the mountains the grain-fields gave way to grazing-lands where great herds of cattle of various breeds—brindled milch animals, massive cream-colored oxen, blue-gray buffalo with elephant-like hides and broad, curving horns, and gaunt steers that looked for all the world like Texas longhorns—browsed amid the lush green grass.

Though the villages of the Wallachian plain are few and far between, and though it is no uncommon thing for a peasant to walk a dozen miles from his home to the fields in which he works, the whole region seemed ahum with industry. The Rumanian peasant, like his fellows below the Danube, is, as a rule, a good-natured, easy-going though easily excited, reasonably honest, and extremely industrious fellow who labors from dawn to darkness on six days of the week and spends the seventh in harmless village carouses, chiefly characterized by dancing, music, and the cheap native wine. Rumania is one of the few countries in Europe where the peasants still dress like the pictures on the post-cards. The men wear curly-brimmed shovel-hats of black felt, like those affected by English curates, and loose shirts of white linen, whose tails, instead of being tucked into the trousers, flap freely about their legs, giving them the appearance of having responded to an alarm of fire without waiting to finish dressing. On Sundays and holidays men and women alike appear in garments



The Queen of Rumania tells Major Powell that she enjoys being a Queen.

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covered with the gorgeous needlework for which Rumania is famous, some of the women's dresses being so heavily embroidered in gold and silver that from a little distance the wearers look as though they were enveloped in chain mail. A considerable and undesirable element of Rumania's population consists of gypsies, whence their name of Romany, or Rumani. The Rumanian gypsies, who are nomads and vagrants like their kinsmen in the United States, are generally lazy, quarrelsome, dishonest, and untrustworthy, supporting themselves by horse-trading and cattle-stealing or by their flocks and herds. We stopped near one of their picturesque encampments in order to repair a tire and I took a picture of a young woman with a child in her arms, but when I declined to pay her the five lei she demanded for the privilege, she flew at me like an angry cat, screaming curses and maledictions. But her picture was not worth five lei, as you can see for yourself (page 449).

The Castle of Pelesch is just such a royal residence as Anthony Hope has depicted in "The Prisoner of Zenda." It gives the impression, at first sight, of a confusion of turrets, gables, balconies, terraces, parapets, and fountains, but one quickly forgets its architectural shortcomings in the beauty of its surroundings. It stands amid velvet lawns and wonderful rose-gardens in a sort of forest glade, from which the pine-clothed slopes of the Carpathians rise steeply on every side, the beam-and-plaster walls, the red-tiled roofs, and the blazing gardens of the château forming a striking contrast to the austerity of the mountains and the solemnity of the encircling forest.

We had rather expected to be presented to Queen Marie with some semblance of formality in one of the reception-rooms of the château, but she sent word by her lady in waiting that she would receive us in the gardens. A few minutes later she came swinging toward us across a great stretch of rolling lawn, a splendid figure of a woman, dressed in a magnificent native costume of white and silver, a white scarf partially concealing her masses of tawny hair, a long-bladed poniard in a silver sheath hanging from her girdle. At her heels were a dozen Russian wolfhounds, the gift, so she told me, of the Grand Duke Nicholas, the former commander-in-chief of the Russian armies. I have seen many Queens, but I have never seen one who so completely meets the popular conception of what a Queen should look like as Marie of Rumania. Though in the middle forties, her complexion is so faultless, her physique so superb, her appearance so striking that, were she utterly unknown, she would still be a centre of attraction in any assemblage. Had she not been born to a crown she would almost certainly have made a great name for herself, probably as an actress. She paints exceptionally well and has written several successful books and stories, thereby following the example of her famous predecessor on the Rumanian throne, Queen Elizabeth, better known as Carmen Sylva. She speaks English like an Englishwoman, as well she may, for she is a granddaughter of Queen Victoria. She is also a descendant of the Romanoffs, for one of her grandfathers was Alexander III of Russia. Her manner is far more simple and democratic than that of many American women whom I know, her poise and simplicity being in striking contrast to the somewhat pompous manners of two of my countrywomen who had spent the night preceding our arrival at the castle and who were manifestly much impressed by the experience. When luncheon was announced her second daughter, Princess Marie, had not put in an appearance. But instead of despatching the majordomo to inform her Royal Highness that the meal was served, the Queen stepped to the foot of the great staircase and called, "Hurry up, Mignon. You're keeping us all waiting," whereupon a voice replied from the upper regions: "All right, mamma. I'll be down in a minute." Not much like the pictures of palace life that the novelists and the motion-picture playwrights give us, is it? I might add that the Queen commonly refers to the plump young princess as "Fatty," a nickname which she hardly deserves, however. In her conversations with me the Queen was at times almost disconcertingly frank. "Royalty is going out of fashion," she remarked on one occasion, "but I like my job and I'm going to do everything I can to keep it." To Mrs. Powell she said: "I have beauty, intelligence, and executive ability. I would

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be successful in life if I were not a Queen."

Unlike many persons who occupy exalted positions, she has a real sense of humor.

"Yesterday," she remarked, "was Nicholas's birthday," referring to her second son, Prince Nicholas, who, since his elder brother, Prince Carol, renounced his rights to the throne in order to marry the girl he loved, has become the heir apparent. "At breakfast his father remarked: 'I'm sorry, Nicholas, but I haven't any birthday present for you. The shops in Bucharest were pretty well cleaned out by the Germans, you know, and I didn't remember your birthday in time to send to Paris for a present.' 'Do you really wish to give Nicholas a present, Nando?' (the diminutive of Ferdinand) I asked him. 'Of course I do,' the King answered, 'but what is there to give him?' 'That's the easiest thing in the world,' I replied. 'There is nothing that would give Nicholas so much pleasure as an engraving of his dear father—on a thousand-franc note.'"

Prince Nicholas, the future King of Rumania, who is being educated at Eton, looks and acts like any normal American "prep" schoolboy.

"Do the boys still wear top hats at Eton?" I asked him.

"Yes, they do," he answered, "but it's a silly custom. And they cost two guineas apiece. I leave it to you, Major, if two guineas isn't too much for any hat."

When I told him that in democratic America certain Fifth Avenue hatters charge the equivalent of five guineas for a bowler, he looked at me in frank unbelief. "But then," he remarked, "all Americans are rich."

Shortly before luncheon we were joined by King Ferdinand, a slenderly built man, somewhat under medium height, with a grizzled beard, a genial smile, and merry, twinkling eyes. He wore the gray-green field uniform and gold-laced képi of a Rumanian general, the only thing about his dress which suggested his exalted rank being the insignia of the Order of Michael the Brave, which hung from his neck by a gold-and-purple ribbon. Were you to see him in other clothes and other circumstances you might well mistake him for an active and successful professional man. King Ferdinand is the sort of man one enjoys chatting with in front of an open fire over the cigars, for, in addition to being a shrewd judge of men and events and having a remarkably exact knowledge of world affairs, he possesses in an altogether exceptional degree the qualities of tact, kindliness, and humor. In Spain this royal couple would be described as *simpatico;* in certain portions of the United States they would be called "home folks."

King Ferdinand was indignant, I remember, that the remaking of the map of Europe should be intrusted to men who possessed so little first-hand knowledge of the nations which they were reshaping. "A few days before the signing of the Treaty of St. Germain," he told me, "Lloyd George sent for one of the experts attached to the Peace Conference.

"'Where is this Banat that Rumania and Serbia are quarreling over?' he inquired.

"'I will show you, sir,' the attaché answered, unrolling a map of southeastern Europe. For several minutes he explained to the British Premier the boundaries of the Banat and the conflicting territorial claims. But when he paused Lloyd George made no answer. He was sound asleep!"

"Yet a little group of men," the King continued, "who know no more about the nations whose fates they are deciding than Lloyd George knew about the Banat, have arrogated to themselves the right to cut up and apportion vast territories as casually as though they were apple-tarts."

The impression prevails in other countries that it is the Queen who is really the head of the Rumanian royal family, and that the King is little more than a figurehead. With this I do not agree. Rumania could have no better spokesman than Queen Marie, whose talents, beauty, and exceptional tact peculiarly fit her for the difficult rôle she has been called upon to play. But the King, though he is by nature quiet and retiring, is by no means lacking in political sagacity or the courage of his convictions, being, I am convinced, as important a factor in the government of his country as the limitations of its constitution permit. Though none too well liked, I imagine, by the professional politicians, who in Rumania, as in other countries, resent any attempt at

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interference by the ruler with their plans, the royal couple are immensely popular with the masses of the people, Ferdinand frequently being referred to as "the peasants' King." In the darkest days of the war, when Rumania was overrun by the enemy and it seemed as though Moldavia and the northern Dobruja were all that could be saved to the nation, King Ferdinand and Queen Marie, instead of escaping from the country or asking the enemy for terms, retreated with the army to Jassy, on the easternmost limits of the kingdom, where they underwent the horrors of that terrible winter with their soldiers, the King serving with the troops in the field and the Queen working in the hospitals as a Red Cross nurse. Though his generals again and again pointed out the hopelessness of the situation and urged the King to ask the enemy for terms, both he and the Queen steadfastly opposed having any dealings with the invaders. "In fact, I urged the King to abdicate rather than consent to a separate peace," the Queen told me. But the courage and strength of character which he showed in those dark days had its reward, for, less than three years later, on November 20, 1919, there assembled in Bucharest the first parliament of Greater Rumania, attended by deputies from all those Rumanian regions—Bessarabia, Transylvania, the Banat, the Bucovina and the Dobruja—which had been restored to the Rumanian motherland. In the great gilt chair of state at the head of the chamber sat Ferdinand I, who, from the fugitive ruler, shivering with his ragged soldiers in the frozen marshes beside the Pruth, has become the sovereign of a country having the sixth largest population in Europe, and has taken his place in Rumanian history beside Stephen the Great and Michael the Brave as Ferdinand the Liberator.

King Ferdinand tells Mrs. Powell his opinion of the fashion in which the Peace Conference treated Rumania, while Queen Marie listens approvingly.

Even before leaving Constantinople we had heard many stories from courier officers and others of the demoralization which prevailed on the railways throughout southeastern Europe and of the discomforts for which we must be prepared

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if we carried out our intention of making the journey from Bucharest to Belgrade by rail. I had not taken these tales very seriously, however, for even in Albania and Macedonia the difficulties of travel had not come up to the predictions. Indeed, had I given heed to the doleful warnings of the calamity-howlers, probably I would never have travelled at all. A train composed of several varieties of ramshackle and dilapidated coaches, called by courtesy the Orient Express, which maintained an average speed of fifteen miles an hour, left Bucharest thrice weekly for Vincovce, a small junction town in the Banat, where it was supposed to make connections with the south-bound Simplon Express from Paris to Belgrade and with the north-bound express from Belgrade to Paris. The Simplon Express likewise ran only thrice weekly, so, if the connections were missed at Vincovce, it meant that the passengers must spend two days in a small Hungarian town, *sans* hotels, *sans* restaurants, *sans* amusements, *sans* everything save dirt. All went smoothly with us, however, the train at one time attaining the dizzy speed of thirty miles an hour, until, in the middle of the great Hungarian plain, we came to an abrupt halt. When, after a half-hour's wait, I descended to ascertain the cause of the delay, I found the train crew surrounded by a crowd of protesting passengers.

"What's the trouble?" I inquired.

"The engineer says that he has run out of coal," some one answered. "But he tells us that there is a coal-yard three or four kilometres ahead, and that, if each first-class passenger will contribute fifty francs and each second-class passenger twenty francs, he figures that it will enable him to buy just enough coal to reach Vincovce. Otherwise, he says, we will probably miss both connections, which means that we must remain in Vincovce for forty-eight hours. And if you had ever seen Vincovce you would understand how alluring that prospect is."

While my fellow passengers were noisily debating the question I strolled forward to take a look at the engine. As I had been led to expect from the stories I had heard in Bucharest, the tender contained an ample supply of coal—enough, it seemed to me, to haul the train to Trieste.

"This is nothing but a hold-up," I told the assembled passengers. "There is plenty of coal in the tender. I am as anxious to make the connections as any of you, but I will settle here in the Banat before I will give in to this highwayman's demands."

Seeing that his game had been spoiled, the engineer, favoring me with a murderous glance, sullenly climbed into his cab and the train started, only to stop again, however, a few miles farther on, this time, the engineer explained, because the engine had broken down. There being no way of disputing this statement, it became a question of pay or stay—and we stayed. The engineer did not get his tribute and we did not get our train at Vincovce, where we spent twenty hot, hungry, and extremely disagreeable hours before we managed to squeeze ourselves into an already overcrowded fourth-class coach of a local bound for Semlin, across the Danube from Belgrade.

The only trains that run on schedule in southeastern Europe these days are those loaded with Swiss goods and belonging to the Swiss Confederation. We passed at least half a dozen of them on our journey across Hungary, they being readily distinguishable by the Swiss flag painted on each car. Each train, which consisted of forty cars, was accompanied by a Swiss officer and twenty infantrymen—finely set-up fellows in *feldgrau* with steel helmets modelled after the German pattern. If the trains had not been thus guarded, I was told, the goods would never have reached their destinations, and the cars, which are the property of the State Railways, would never have been returned. It is by such drastic methods as this that Switzerland, though hard hit by the war, has kept the wheels of industry turning and her currency from serious depreciation.

In spite of the prohibitive cost of labor and materials, the traces of the Austrian bombardment of Belgrade, which did enormous damage, are being rapidly effaced and the city is fast resuming its prewar appearance. At the Grand Hotel, which was filled to the doors with officers, politicians, relief workers, commercial travellers, and concession seekers, the food was the best and cheapest which we found in the Balkans, and the huge Hotel Moskowa, built, I believe, with Russian

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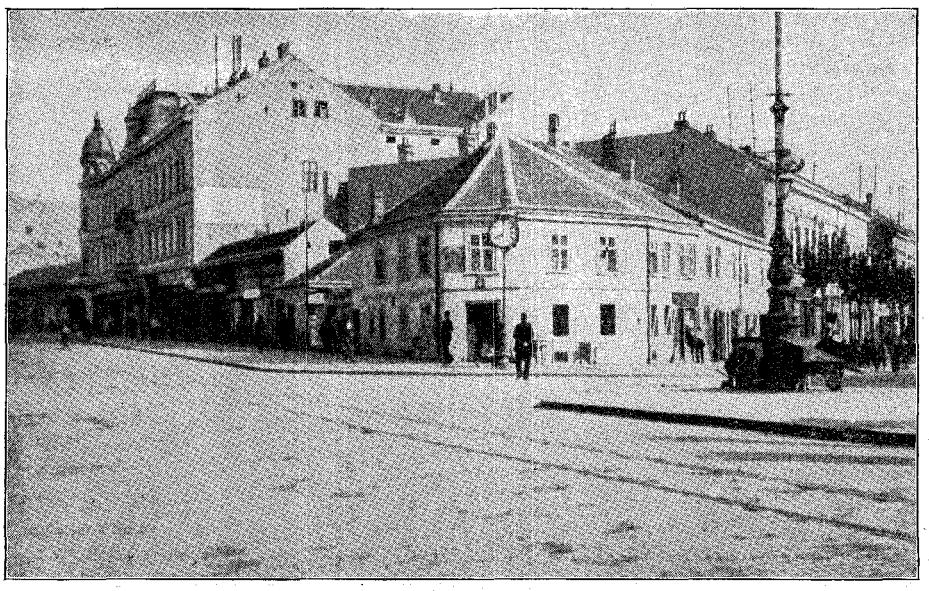

"The Cradle of the War."

In the low-ceilinged room on the second floor of this Belgrade wine-shop was hatched the plot which resulted in the assassination of the Austrian archducal couple at Serajevo, and thereby precipitated the great conflict.

capital, was about to reopen. Architecturally, Belgrade shows many traces of Muscovite influence, numbers of the more important buildings having the ornate façades of pink, green, and purple tiles, the windows of colored glass, and the gilded domes which are so characteristically Russian. Though the main thoroughfare, formerly called the Terásia but now known as Milan Street, is admirably paved with wooden blocks, the cobble pavements of the other streets have remained unchanged since the days of Turkish rule, being so rough that it is almost impossible to drive a motor-car over them. The Old Konak, where King Alexander and Queen Draga were assassinated on the night of June 11, 1903, their mutilated bodies being thrown from an upper window of the palace into the garden, has been torn down, presumably because of its unpleasant associations for the reigning dynasty, but only a stone's throw from this tragic spot is being erected a large and handsome palace of gray stone, decorated with numerous carvings, as a residence for the Prince Regent Alexander. By far the most interesting building in the city, however, is a low, tile-roofed, white-walled wine-shop which stands at the corner of Knes Mihajelowa Uliza and the Kolartsch Uliza, which is proudly pointed out to visitors as "the Cradle of the War," for in the low-ceilinged room on the second floor was hatched the plot which resulted in the assassination of the Austrian archducal couple at Serajevo in the summer of 1914, and thereby precipitated the great conflict.

In this connection, here is a story, told me by a Czechoslovak officer who had served in the Serbian army during the war, which throws an interesting side-light on the tragedy of Serajevo. This officer's uncle had been, it seemed, equerry to the Archduke Ferdinand, being in attendance on the Archduke at the imperial shooting-lodge in Bohemia when the German Emperor, accompanied by Admiral von Tirpitz, went there, ostensibly for the shooting, in the spring of 1914. The day after their arrival, according to my informant's story, the Emperor and the Archduke went shooting, leaving Admiral von Tirpitz at the lodge with the Archduchess. The equerry, who was on duty in an anteroom, overheard the Admiral urging the Archduchess to obtain the consent of her husband to a union of Austria-Hungary with Germany upon the death of Francis-Joseph—a scheme which had long been cherished by the Kaiser and the Pan-Germans.

"Never will I lend my influence to such

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a plan!" the equerry heard the Archduchess violently exclaim. "Never, never, never!"

A few minutes later the Emperor and the Archduke, having returned from their battue, entered the room, whereupon the Archduchess, her voice raised in indignation, informed her husband of von Tirpitz's proposal. The Archduke, always noted for his fiery temper, instantly sided with his wife, angrily accusing the Kaiser of intriguing behind his back against the independence of Austria. There ensued a violent altercation between the ruler of Germany and the Austrian heir apparent, which ended in the Kaiser and his adviser departing the same evening for Berlin. For the truth of this story I do not vouch; I merely repeat it in the words in which it was told to me. Certain it is, however, that the Archduke, who was a man of strong character and passionately devoted to the best interests of his country, was the greatest obstacle to the Kaiser's scheme for the union of the two empires under his rule, a scheme which, could it have been consummated, would have given Germany that highroad to the East and that outlet to the warm water of which the Pan-Germans had long dreamed. The assassination of the Archduke not only removed this stumbling-block to Teutonic schemes but it further served the Kaiser's purposes by forcing Austria into war with Serbia, thereby making Austria responsible, in the eyes of the world, for launching the conflict which the Kaiser had planned.

There has never been any conclusive proof, remember, that the Serbs were responsible for Ferdinand's assassination. Certainly it would have been the most short-sighted thing that they could have done. Nor were the Serbs and the Pan-Germans his only enemies, for he was violently hated by the anticlericals of his own country because of his devotion to the Church of Rome, as well as by the Hungarians, who foresaw the diminution of their influence in the affairs of the Empire if the Archduke succeeded in realizing his dream of a Triple Monarchy composed of Austria, Hungary, and the southern Slavs.

A peasant of Old Serbia.

The Serbian peasant is simple, kindly, hospitable, honest, and generous, and, though he could not be described . . . as a hard worker, his wife invariably is.

I have repeatedly been asked if, in my opinion, the peoples who form the new state of Jugoslavia will stick together. If a confederation, patterned after Switzerland or the United States, in which the various elements of the population would have equal representation, could be effected, I believe that Jugoslavia would develop into a stable and prosperous nation. But I very much doubt if the Croats, the Slovenes, the Bosnians, and the Montenegrins will consent to the new nation being placed under the permanent rule of a Serbian dynasty. Already jealousies are developing between the Serbs and the Croats and the Serbs and the Slovenes. It should be remembered that, though of the same blood, the Croats and Slovenes have comparatively little in common with their southern neighbors save their desire for protection against the common enemy—Italy. In Croatia and Slovenia only a comparatively small proportion of the population is illiterate, large sums having been spent, under Austrian rule, on public instruction. In Serbia, on the other hand, in 1900 (I have been unable to obtain any

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later statistics) less than seventeen per cent of the total population could read and write, though this percentage has since doubtless materially increased. Serbia is a nation of peasants: it has neither an aristocracy nor a wealthy class. But in Croatia and Slovenia there are both. And, to add to the confusion, there is a by no means insignificant faction in Serbia itself which is opposed to any union whatsoever, believing that a triple kingdom can only result in jealousy and dissension. The truth of the matter is that the Croats and the Slovenes, though they were only too glad to take refuge in Serbia's house in order to escape the Allies' wrath, are becoming impatient at being dictated to by their hosts, and, now that the storm has abated, though they wish to maintain close relations with their Serbian protectors, they feel that the three families might get along more harmoniously under separate roofs. The most promising suggestion that I have heard for a permanent solution of the Balkan tangle is a union of all the southern Slav countries—Istria, Croatia, Slovenia, Dalmatia, Serbia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, Bulgaria, and northern Albania—along the lines of the Swiss Confederation, governed by a Federal Council, with each state exercising the same sovereignty, so far as its internal affairs are concerned, as the States of the American Union. Any such scheme would be violently opposed, however, by the Belgrade politicians, who realize that such a solution, though it might well spell future peace for the Balkans, would mean the sacrifice of the supremacy which Serbia exercises under the present arrangement, to say nothing of the diminution of their own influence.

The first impression which the Serb makes upon a stranger is rarely a favorable one. As an American diplomat, who is a sincere friend of the Serbs, remarked: "The Serb has neither manner nor manners. He never puts his best foot forward. The visitor always sees his worst side, while his best side remains hidden." A certain sullen defiance of the world is, I am inclined to think, a Serb characteristic. He gives one the impression of constantly carrying a chip on his shoulder and daring any one to knock it off. He is always eager for an argument, but, like so many argumentative persons, he is rarely willing to admit that he is in the wrong. He can see things only one way—his way. The slightest opposition drives him into an almost childlike rage, and if things go against him he is apt to charge his opponent with insincerity or unfairness. In fact, he resents criticism so violently that it is seldom wise to argue with him. Could Serbia rid herself of her officer caste and of her politicians the future of the country would look much brighter. Though as courageous as any in the world, the Serbian officer is arrogant and overbearing, he is far too prone to engage in intrigue, and those who know him best tell me that, should he deem that conditions warranted it, he would not hesitate again to resort to assassination to remove the country's ruler. It is a sad commentary on the Serbian character that every ruler which the country has had since it achieved its independence has met with a violent end. The Serbian politicians, like those of Greece and Rumania, are greedy for power, incredibly selfish, and all too frequently corrupt. Red Cross officials working in Serbia told me that among the officials petty grafting is almost universal, though they excused it on the ground that their salaries are so small that they could barely exist without such perquisites. As in the other Balkan states, it is the peasants who form the most substantial and likable portion of the population. The Serbian peasant is simple, kindly, hospitable, honest, and generous, and, though he could not be described with truthfulness as a hard worker, his wife invariably is. Notwithstanding their undeniable crudities and shortcomings, I believe that the Jugoslavs have a bright future before them. But to realize that future they must stop playing politics, forget their petty jealousies and quarrels, curb their appetite for further territorial expansion, begin spending their money for industrial purposes instead of for propaganda, put away their rifles, roll up their sleeves, and get to work. If they will do those things they will make for themselves an enviable place among the nations. Jugoslavia is a young country, remember; let us be charitable in judging her.

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ERSKINE DALE—PIONEER

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

X

THE green of the wilderness dulled and burst into the yellow of the buckeye, the scarlet of maple and the russet of oak. This glory in turn dulled and the leaves like petals of withered flowers began to drift to the earth. Through the shower of them went Erskine and Firefly who had become as used to the wilds as to the smiling banks of the far-away James, for no longer did some strange scent make his nostrils quiver or some strange sound point his beautiful ears and make him crouch and shudder, or some shadow or shaft of light make him shy and leap like a deer aside. And the two now were one in mutual affection and a mutual understanding that was uncanny. A brave picture the lad made of those lone forerunners whose tent was the wilderness and whose goal was the Pacific slope. From his coonskin cap the bushy tail hung like a plume; his deerskin hunting shirt made by old Mother Sanders was beaded and fringed—fringed across the breast, at the wrists, and at the hem, and girded by a belt from which the horned handle of a scalping-knife showed in front and the head of a tomahawk behind; his powder-horn swung under one shoulder and his bullet-pouch, wadding, flint, and steel under the other; his long rifle across his saddle bow. And fringed too were his breeches and beaded were his moccasins. Dave had laughed at him as a backwoods dandy and then checked himself, so dignified was the boy and grave; he was the son of a king again and as such was on his way in answer to the wish of a king. For food he carried only a little sack of salt, for his rifle would bring him meat and the forest would give him nuts and fruit. When the sun was nearing its highest, he "barked" a squirrel from the trunk of a beech; toward sunset a fat pheasant fluttered from the ground to a low limb and he shot its head off and camped for the night. Hickory nuts, walnuts, and chestnuts were abundant. Persimmons and pawpaws were ripe, haws and huckleberries were plentiful. There were wild cherries and even wild plums, and when he wished he could pluck a handful of wild grapes from a vine by the trail and munch them as he rode along. For something sweet he could go to the pod of the honey-locust.

On the second day he reached the broad buffalo trail that led to the salt licks and on to the river, and then memories came. He remembered a place where the Indians had camped after they had captured himself and his mother. In his mind was a faint picture of her sitting against a tree and weeping and of an Indian striking her to make her stop and of himself leaping at the savage like a little wildcat, whereat the others laughed like children. Further on, next day was the spot where the Indians had separated them and he saw his mother no more. They told him that she had been taken back to the whites but he was told later that they had killed her because in their flight from the whites she was holding them back too much. Further on was a spot where they had hurried from the trail and thrust him into a hollow log, barring the exit with stones and had left him for a day and a night.

On the fourth day he reached the river and swam it holding rifle and powder-horn above his head. On the seventh he was nearing the village where the sick chief lay, and when he caught sight of the teepees in a little creek bottom, he fired his rifle and putting Firefly into a gallop and with right hand high swept into the village. Several bucks had caught up bow or rifle at the report of the gun and the clatter of hoofs, but their hands

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relaxed when they saw his sign of peace. The squaws gathered and there were grunts of recognition and greeting when the boy pulled up in their midst. The flaps of the chief's tent parted and his foster-mother started toward him with a sudden stream of tears and turned quickly back. The old chief's keen black eyes were waiting for her and he spoke before she could open her lips:

"White Arrow! It is well. Here—at once!"

Erskine had swung from his horse and followed. The old chief measured him from head to foot slowly and his face grew content:

"Show me the horse!"

The boy threw back the flaps of the tent and with a gesture bade an Indian to lead Firefly to and fro. The horse even thrust his beautiful head over his master's shoulder and looked within, snorting gently. Kahtoo waved dismissal:

"You must ride North soon to carry the white wampum and a peace talk. And when you go you must hurry back for when the sun is highest on the day after you return my spirit will pass."

And thereupon he turned his face and went back into sleep. Already his foster-mother had unsaddled and tethered Firefly and given him a feed of corn; and yet bucks, squaws, girls, and papooses were still gathered around him for some had not seen his like before, and of the rest none failed to feel the change that had taken place in him. Had the lad in truth come to win and make good his chieftainship, he could not have made a better beginning and there was not a maid in camp in whose eyes there was not far more than curiosity—young as he was. Just before sunset rifle shots sounded in the distance—the hunters were coming in—and the accompanying whoops meant great success. Each of three bucks carried a deer over his shoulders and foremost of the three was Crooked Lightning who barely paused when he saw Erskine and then with an insolent glare and grunt passed him and tossed his deer at the feet of the squaws. The boy's hand slipped toward the handle of his tomahawk but some swift instinct kept him still. The savage must have had good reason for such open defiance, for the lad began to feel that many others shared in his hostility and he began to wonder and speculate.

Quickly the feast was prepared and the boy ate apart—his foster-mother bringing him food—but he could hear the story of the day's hunting and the allusions to the prowess of Crooked Lightning's son, Black Wolf, who was Erskine's age and he knew they were but slurs against himself. When the dance began his mother pointed toward it meaning that he should take part, but he shook his head—and his thoughts went backward to his friends at the fort and on back to the big house on the James to Harry and Hugh—and Barbara; and he wondered what they would think if they could see him there; could see the gluttonous feast and those naked savages stamping around the fire with barbaric grunts and cries to the thumping of a drum. Where did he belong?

Fresh wood was thrown on the fire and as its light leaped upward the lad saw an aged Indian emerge from one of two tents that sat apart on a little rise—saw him lift both hands toward the stars for a moment and then return within.

"Who is that?" he asked.

"The new prophet," said his mother. "He has been but one moon here and has much power over our young men."

An armful of pine fagots was tossed on the blaze and in a whiter leap of light he saw the face of a woman at the other tent—saw her face and for a moment met her eyes before she shrank back—and neither face nor eyes belonged to an Indian. Startled he caught his mother by the wrist and all but cried out:

"And that?" The old woman hesitated and scowled:

"A paleface. Kahtoo bought her and adopted her but—" the old woman gave a little guttural cluck of triumph—"she dies to-morrow. Kahtoo will burn her."

"Burn her?" burst out the boy.

"The palefaces have killed many of Kahtoo's kin!"

A little later when he was passing near the white woman's tent, a girl sat in front of it, pounding corn in a mortar. She looked up at him and staring, smiled. She had the skin of the half-breed and he stopped startled by that fact and her beauty—and went quickly on. At old

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Kahtoo's lodge he could not help turning to look at her again, and this time she rose quickly and slipped within the tent. He turned to find his foster-mother watching him.

"Who is that girl?" The old woman looked displeased.

"Daughter of the white woman."

"Does she know?"

"Neither knows."

"What is her name?"

"Early Morn."

Early Morn and daughter of the white woman—he would like to know more of those two and he half turned, but the old Indian woman caught him by the arm:

"Do not go there—you will only make more trouble."

He followed the flash of her eyes to the edge of the firelight where a young Indian stood watching and scowling.

"Who is that?"

"Black Wolf, son of Crooked Lightning."

"Ah!" thought Erskine.

Within the old chief called faintly and the Indian woman motioned the lad to go within. The old man's dim eyes had a new fire.

"Talk!" he commanded and motioned to the ground, but the lad did not squat Indian fashion but stood straight with arms folded and the chief knew that a conflict was coming. Narrowly he watched White Arrow's face and bearing—uneasily felt the strange new power of him.

"I have been with my own people," said the lad simply, "the palefaces who have come over the big mountains and have built forts and planted corn; and they were kind to me. I went over those mountains on and on almost to the big waters. I found my kin. They are many and strong and rich. They have big houses of stone such as I had never seen nor heard of and they plant more corn than all the Shawnees and Iroquois. They, too, were kind to me. I came because you had been kind and because you were sick and because you had sent for me; and to keep my word.

"I have seen Crooked Lightning. His heart is bad. I have seen the new prophet. I do not like him. And I have seen the white woman that you are to burn to-morrow." The lad stopped. His every word had been of defense or indictment and more than once the old chief's eyes shifted uneasily.

"Why did you leave us?"

"To see my people and because of Crooked Lightning and his brother."

"You fought us."

"Only the brother and I killed him." The dauntless mien of the boy, his steady eyes and his bold truthfulness pleased the old man. The lad must take his place as chief. Now White Arrow turned questioner:

"I told you I would come when the leaves fell and I am here. Why is Crooked Lightning here? Why is the new prophet? Who is the woman? What has she done that she must die? What is the peace talk you wish me to carry North?"

The old man hesitated long with closed eyes. When he opened them the fire was gone and they were dim again.

"The story of the prophet and Crooked Lightning is too long," he said wearily. "I will tell to-morrow. The woman must die because her people have slain mine. Besides, she is growing blind and is a trouble. You carry the white wampum to a council. The Shawnees may join the British against our enemies—the palefaces."

"I will wait," said the lad. "I will carry the white wampum. If you war against the paleface on this side of the mountain—I am your enemy. If you war with the British against them all—I am your enemy. And the woman must not die."

"I have spoken," said the old man.

"*I* have spoken," said the boy. He turned to lie down and went to sleep. The old man sat on staring out at the stars.

Just outside the tent a figure slipped away as noiselessly as a snake. When it rose and emerged from the shadows the firelight showed the malignant, triumphant face of Crooked Lightning.

XI

THE Indian boys were plunging into the river when Erskine appeared at the opening of the old chief's tent next morn-

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ing, and when they came out icicles were clinging to their hair. He had forgotten the custom and he shrugged his shoulders at his mother's inquiring look. But the next morning when Crooked Lightning's son Black Wolf passed him with a taunting smile he changed his mind.

"Wait!" he said. He turned, stripped quickly to a breech-clout, pointed to a beech down and across the river, challenging Black Wolf to a race. Together they plunged in and the boy's white body clove through the water like the arrow that he was. At the beech he whipped about to meet the angry face of his competitor ten yards behind. Half-way back he was more than twenty yards ahead when he heard a strangled cry. Perhaps it was a ruse to cover the humiliation of defeat, but when he saw bucks rushing for the river bank he knew that the icy water had brought a cramp to Black Wolf so he turned, caught the lad by his topknot, towed him shoreward, dropped him contemptuously and stalked back to his tent. The girl Early Morn stood smiling at her lodge and her eyes followed his white figure until it disappeared. His mother had built a fire for him, and the old chief looked pleased and proud.

"My spirit shall not pass," he said and straightway he rose and dressed, and to the astonishment of the tribe emerged from his tent and walked firmly about the village until he found Crooked Lightning.

"You would have Black Wolf chief," he said. "Very well. We shall see who can show the better right—your son or White Arrow"—a challenge that sent Crooked Lightning to brood awhile in his tent, and then secretly to consult the prophet.

Later the old chief talked long to White Arrow. The prophet, he said, had been with them but a little while. He claimed that the Great Spirit had made revelations to him alone. What manner of man was he, questioned the boy—did he have ponies and pelts and jerked meat?

"He is poor," said the chief. "He has only a wife and children and the tribe feeds him."

White Arrow himself grunted—it was the first sign of his old life stirring within him.

"Why should the Great Spirit pick out such a man to favor?" he asked. The chief shook his head.

"He makes muzzi-neen for the young men, shows them where to find game and they find it."

"But game is plentiful," persisted the lad.

"You will hear him drumming in the woods at night."

"I heard him last night and I thought he was a fool to frighten the game away."

"Crooked Lightning has found much favor with him, and in turn with the others so that I have not thought it wise to tell Crooked Lightning that he must go. He has stirred up the young men against me—and against you. They were waiting for me to die." The boy looked thoughtful and the chief waited. He had not reached the aim of his speech and there was no need to put it in words for White Arrow understood.

"I will show them," he said quietly.

When the two appeared outside, many braves had gathered, for the whole village knew what was in the wind. Should it be a horse-race first? Crooked Lightning looked at the boy's thoroughbred and shook his head—Indian ponies would as well try to outrun an arrow, a bullet, a hurricane.

"A foot-race? The old chief smiled when Crooked Lightning shook his head again—no brave in the tribe even could match the speed that gave the lad his name. The bow and arrow, the rifle, the tomahawk? Perhaps the pole-dance of the Sioux? The last suggestion seemed to make Crooked Lightning angry for a rumor was that Crooked Lightning was a renegade Sioux and had been shamed from the tribe because of his evasion of that same pole-dance. Old Kahtoo had humor as well as sarcasm. Tomahawks and bows and arrows were brought out. Black Wolf was half a head shorter but stocky and powerfully built. White Arrow's sinews had strenghtened but he had scarcely used bow and tomahawk since he had left the tribe. His tomahawk whistled more swiftly through the air and buried itself deeper into the tree and his arrows flashed faster and were harder to pull out. He had the power but not the practice and Black Wolf won with

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great ease. When they came to the rifle, Black Wolf was out of the game for never a bull's-eye did White Arrow miss.

"To-morrow," said the old chief, "they shall hunt. Each shall take his bow and the same number of arrows at sunrise and return at sundown. . . . The next day they shall do the same with the rifle. It is enough for to-day."

The first snow fell that night, and at dawn the two lads started out—each with a bow and a dozen arrows. Erskine's woodcraft had not suffered and the night's story of the wilderness was as plain to his keen eyes as a printed page. Nothing escaped them no matter how minute the signs. Across the patch where corn had been planted field mice had left tracks like stitched seams. Crows had been after crawfish along the edge of the stream and a mink after minnows. A muskrat had crossed the swamp beyond. In the woods, wind-blown leaves had dotted and dashed the snow like a stenographer's note-book. Here a squirrel had leaped along, his tail showing occasionally in the snow, and there was the four-pointed, triangle-track of a cottontail. The wide-spreading toes of a coon had made this tracery; moles had made these snowy ridges over their galleries, and this long line of stitched tracks was the trail of the fearless skunk which came to a sudden end in fur, feathers, and bones where the great horned owl had swooped down on him, the only creature that seems not to mind his smell. Here was the print of a pheasant's wing and buds and bits of twigs on the snow were the scattered remnants of his breakfast. Here was the spring hole that never freezes—the drinking-cup for the little folks of the woods. Here a hawk had been after a rabbit and the lengthening distance between his triangles showed how he had speeded up in flight. He had scudded under thick briars and probably had gotten away. But where was the big game? For two hours he tramped swiftly but never sign of deer, elk, bear, or buffalo.

And then an hour later he heard a snort from a thick copse and the crash of an unseen body in flight through the brush and he loped after its tracks.

Black Wolf came in at sunset with a bear cub which he had found feeding apart from its mother. He was triumphant, and Crooked Lightning was scornful when White Arrow appeared empty-handed. His left wrist was bruised and swollen, and there was a gash the length of his forearm.

"Follow my tracks back," he said, "until you come to the kill." With a whoop two Indians bounded away and in an hour returned with a buck.

"I ran him down," said White Arrow, "and killed him with the knife. He horned me," and went into his tent.

The bruised wrist and wounded forearm made no matter for the rifle was the weapon next day—but White Arrow went another way to look for game. Each had twelve bullets. Black Wolf came in with a deer and one bullet. White Arrow told them where they could find a deer, a bear, a buffalo, and an elk, and he showed eight bullets in the palm of his hand. And he noted now, that the Indian girl was always an intent observer of each contest, and that she always went swiftly back to her tent to tell his deeds to the white woman within.

There was a feast and a dance that night, and Kahtoo could have gone to his fathers and left the lad, young as he was, as chief, but not yet was he ready and Crooked Lightning, too, bided his time.

XII

Dressed as an Indian, Erskine rode forth next morning with a wampum belt and a talk for the council north where the British were to meet Shawnee, Iroquois, and Algonquin, and urge them to enter the great war that was just breaking forth. There was open and angry protest against sending so young a lad on so great a mission, but the old chief haughtily brushed it aside.

"He is young but his feet are swift, his arm is strong, his heart good and his head is old. He speaks the tongue of the paleface. Beside he is my son."

One question the boy asked as he made ready.

"The white woman must not be burned while I am gone?"

"No," promised the old chief. And so White Arrow fared forth. Four days he

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rode through the North woods, and on the fifth he strode through the streets of a town that was yet filled with great forest trees: a town at which he had spent three winters when the game was scarce and the tribe had moved north for good. He lodged with no chief but slept in the woods with his feet to the fire. The next night he slipped to the house of the old priest Father André who had taught him some religion and a little French, and the old man welcomed him as a son, though he noted sadly his Indian dress and was distressed when he heard the lad's mission. He was quickly relieved.

"I am no Royalist," he said.

"Nor am I," said Erskine. "I came because Kahtoo who seemed nigh to death begged me to come. There is much intrigue about him, and he could trust no other. I am only a messenger and I shall speak his talk; but my heart is with the Americans and I shall fight with them." The old priest put his fingers to his lips.

"Sh—h—h! It is not wise. Are you not known?"

Erskine hesitated.

Earlier that morning he had seen three officers riding in. Following was a youth not in uniform though he carried a sword. On the contrary he was dressed like an English dandy, and then he found himself face to face with Dane Grey. With no sign of recognition the boy had met his eyes squarely and passed on.

"There is but one man who does know me and he did not recognize me. His name is Dane Grey. I am wondering what he is doing here. Can you find out for me and let me know." The old priest nodded and Erskine slipped back to the woods.

At sunrise the great council began. On his way Erskine met Grey who apparently was leaving with a band of traders for Detroit. Again Erskine met his eyes and this time Grey smiled.

"Aren't you White Arrow?" Somehow the tone with which he spoke the name was an insult.

"Yes."

"Then it's true. We heard that you had left your friends at the fort and become an Indian again."

"Yes?"

"So you are not only going to fight with the Indians against the whites, but with the British against America?"

"What I am going to do is no business of yours," Erskine said quietly, "but I hope we shall not be on the same side. We may meet again."

Grey's face was already red with drink and it turned purple with anger.

"When you tried to stab me do you remember what I said?" Erskine nodded contemptuously.

"Well, I repeat it. Whatever the side, I'll fight you anywhere at any time and in any way you please."

"Why not now?"

"This is not the time for private quarrels and you know it."

Erskine bowed slightly—an act that came oddly from an Indian head-dress.

"I can wait—and I shall not forget. The day will come."

The old priest touched Erskine's shoulder as the angry youth rode away.

"I cannot make it out," he said. "He claims to represent an English fur company. His talk is British but he told one man—last night when he was drunk—that he could have a commission in the American army."

The council fire was built, the flames crackled and the smoke rolled upward and swept through the leafless trees. Three British agents sat on blankets and around them the chiefs were ringed. All day the powwow lasted. Each agent spoke and the burden of his talk varied very little.

The American palefaces had driven the Indian over the great wall. They were killing his deer, buffalo, and elk, robbing him of his land and pushing him ever backward. They were many and they would become more. The British were the Indian's friends—the Americans were his enemies and theirs; could they choose to fight with their enemies rather than with their friends? Each chief answered in turn, and each cast forward his wampum until only Erskine who had sat silent remained and Pontiac himself turned to him.

"What says the son of Kahtoo?"

Even as he rose the lad saw creeping to the outer ring his enemy Crooked Lightning but he appeared not to see. The whites looked surprised when his

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boyish figure stood straight and they were amazed when he addressed the traders in French, the agents in English, and spoke to the feathered chiefs in their own tongue. He cast the belt forward.

"That is Kahtoo's talk, but this is mine."

Who had driven the Indian from the great waters to the great wall? The British. Who were the Americans until now? British. Why were the Americans fighting now? Because the British, their kinsmen, would not give them their rights? If the British would drive the Indian to the great wall would they not go on doing what they charged the Americans with doing now? If the Indians must fight, why fight with the British to beat the Americans, and then have to fight both a later day? If the British would not treat their own kinsmen fairly was it likely that they would treat the Indian fairly? They had never done so yet. Would it not be better for the Indian to make the white man on his own land a friend rather than the white man who lived more than a moon away across the big seas? Only one gesture the lad made. He lifted his hand high and paused. Crooked Lightning had sprung to his feet with a hoarse cry. Already the white men had grown uneasy, for the chiefs had turned to the boy with startled interest at his first sentence and they could not know what he was saying. But they looked relieved when Crooked Lightning rose, for his was the only face in the assembly that was hostile to the boy. With a gesture Pontiac bade Crooked Lightning speak.

"The tongue of White Arrow is forked. I have heard him say he would fight with the Long Knives against the British and he would fight with them even against his own tribe." One grunt of rage ran the round of three circles and yet Pontiac stopped Crooked Lightning and turned to the lad. Slowly the boy's uplifted hand came down. With a bound he leaped through the head-dress of a chief in the outer ring and sped away through the village. Some started on foot after him, some rushed to their ponies, and some sent arrows and bullets after him. At the edge of the village the boy gave a loud, clear call and then another as he ran. Something black sprang snorting from the edge of the woods with pointed ears and searching eyes. Another call came and like the swirling edge of a hurricane-driven thunder-cloud Firefly swept after his master. The boy ran to meet him, caught one hand in his mane before he stopped, swung himself up, and in a hail of arrows and bullets swept out of sight.

XIII

THE sound of pursuit soon died away, but Erskine kept Firefly at his best, for he knew that Crooked Lightning would be quick and fast on his trail. He guessed, too, that Crooked Lightning had already told the tribe what he had just told the council and that he and the prophet had already made all use of the boy's threat to Kahtoo in the Shawnee town. He knew even that it might cost him his life if he went back there, and once or twice he started to turn through the wilderness and go back to the fort. Winter was on, and he had neither saddle nor bridle, but neither fact bothered him. It was the thought of the white woman who was to be burned that kept him going and sent him openly and fearlessly into the town. He knew from the sullen looks that met him, from the fear in the faces of his foster-mother and the white woman who peered blindly from her lodge, and from the triumphant leer of the prophet that his every suspicion was true, but all the more leisurely did he swing from his horse, all the more haughtily stalk to Kahtoo's tent. And the old chief looked very grave when the lad told the story of the council and all that he had said and done.

"The people are angry. They say you are a traitor and a spy. They say you must die. And I cannot help you. I am too old and the prophet is too strong."

"And the white woman?"

"She will not burn. Some fur traders have been here. The white chief McGee sent me a wampum belt and a talk. His messenger brought much fire-water and he gave me that"—he pointed to a silver-mounted rifle—"and I promised that she should live. But I cannot help you." Erskine thought quickly. He laid his rifle down, stepped slowly outside, and

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stretched his arms with a yawn. Then still leisurely he moved toward his horse as though to take care of it. But the braves were too keen and watchful and they were not fooled by the fact that he had left his rifle behind. Before he was close enough to leap for Firefly's back, three bucks darted from behind a lodge and threw themselves upon him. In a moment he was face down on the ground, his hands were tied behind his back and when turned over he looked up into the grinning face of Black Wolf, who with the help of another brave dragged him to a lodge and roughly threw him within, and left him alone. On the way he saw his foster-mother's eyes flashing helplessly, saw the girl Early Morn indignantly telling her mother what was going on, and the white woman's face was wet with tears. He turned over so that he could look through the tent-flaps. Two bucks were driving a stake in the centre of the space around which the lodges were ringed. Two more were bringing fagots of wood and it was plain what was going to become of him. His foster-mother, who was fiercely haranguing one of the chiefs, turned angrily into Kahtoo's lodge and he could see the white woman rocking her body and wringing her hands. Then the old chief appeared and lifted his hands.

"Crooked Lightning will be very angry. The prisoner is his—not yours. It is for him to say what the punishment shall be—not for you. Wait for him! Hold a council and if you decide against him, though he is my son—he shall die." For a moment the preparations ceased and all turned to the prophet, who had appeared before his lodge.

"Kahtoo is right," he said. "The Great Spirit will not approve if White Arrow die except by the will of the council—and Crooked Lightning will be angry." There was a chorus of protesting grunts but the preparations ceased. The boy could feel the malevolence in the prophet's tone and he knew that the impostor wanted to curry further favor with Crooked Lightning and not rob him of the joy of watching his victim's torture. So the braves went back to their firewater, and soon the boy's foster-mother brought him something to eat, but she could say nothing, for Black Wolf had appointed himself sentinel and sat rifle in hand at the door of the lodge.

Night came on. A wildcat screeched, a panther screamed and an elk bugled far away. The drinking became more furious and once Erskine saw a pale brown arm thrust from behind the lodge and place a jug at the feet of Black Wolf, who grunted and drank deep. The stars mounted into a clear sky and the wind rose and made much noise in the trees overhead. One by one the braves went to drunken sleep about the fire. The fire died down and by the last flickering flame the lad saw Black Wolf's chin sinking sleepily to his chest. There was the slightest rustle behind the tent. He felt something groping for his hands and feet, felt the point of a knife graze the skin of his wrist and ankles—felt the thongs loosen and drop apart. Noiselessly inch by inch he crept to the wall of the tent which was carefully lifted for him. Outside he rose and waited. Like a shadow the girl Early Morn stole before him and like a shadow he followed. The loose snow muffled their feet as the noise of the wind had muffled his escape from the lodge, and in a few minutes they were by the river bank away from the town. The moon rose and from the shadow of a beech the white woman stepped forth with his rifle and powder-horn and bullet-pouch and some food. She pointed to his horse a little farther down. He looked long and silently into the Indian girl's eyes and took the white woman's shaking hand. Once he looked back. The Indian girl was stoic as stone. A bar of moonlight showed the white woman's face wet with tears.

Again Dave Yandell from a watch-tower saw a topknot rise above a patch of cane now leafless and winter-bitten—saw a hand lifted high above it with a palm of peace toward him. And again an Indian youth emerged, this time leading a black horse with a drooping head. Both came painfully on, staggering, it seemed, from wounds or weakness, and Dave sprang from the tower and rushed with others to the gate. He knew the horse and there was dread in his heart; perhaps the approaching Indian had slain the boy, had stolen the horse and was

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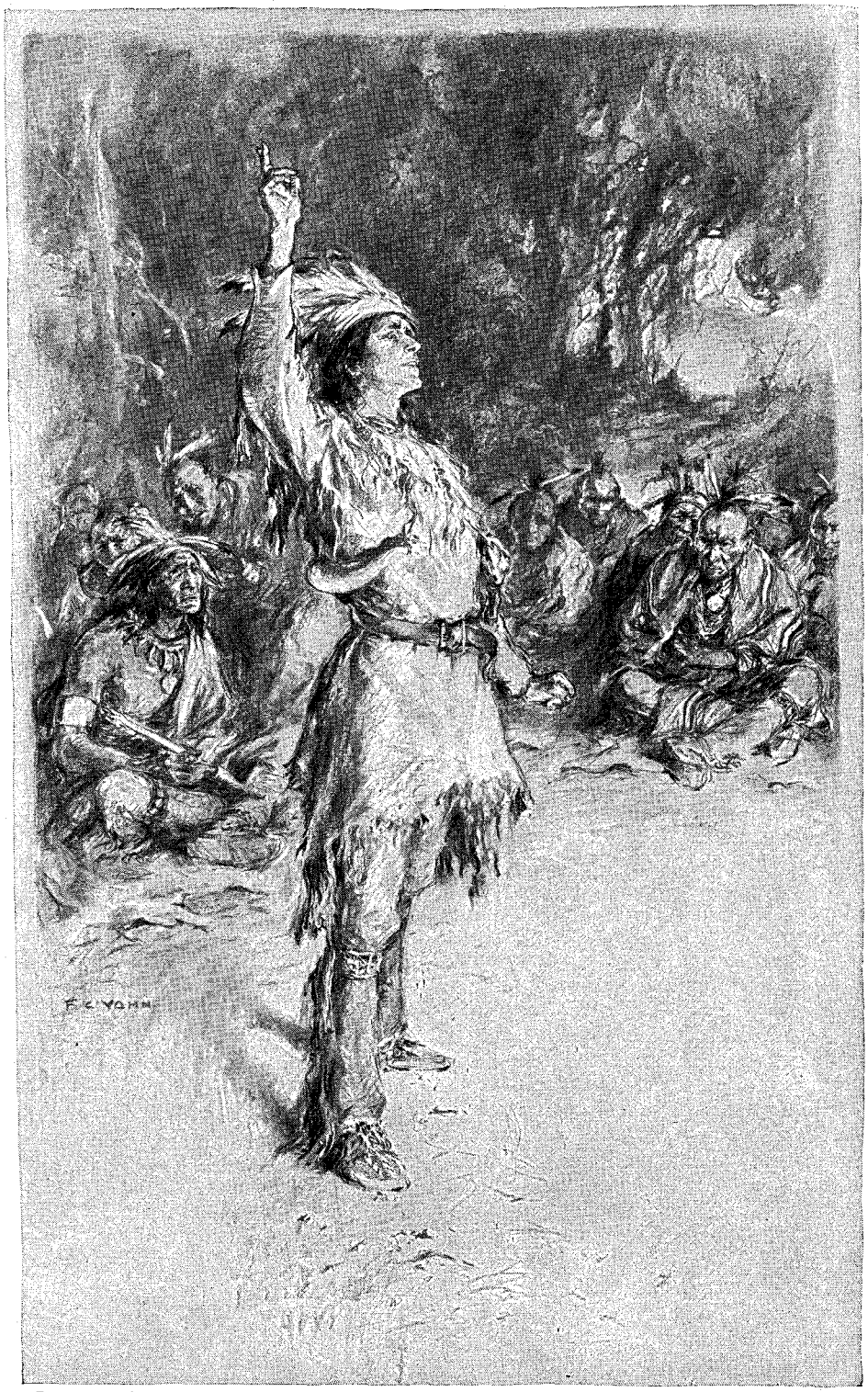

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"That is Kahtoo's talk, but this is mine."—Page 465.

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innocently coming there for food. Well, he thought grimly, revenge would be swift. Still, fearing some trick he would let no one outside, but himself stood waiting with the gate a little ajar. So gaunt were boy and beast that it was plain that both were starving. The boy's face was torn with briars and pinched with hunger and cold, but a faint smile came from it:

"Don't you know me, Dave?" he asked weakly.

"My God! It's White Arrow!"

XIV

STRAIGHTWAY the lad sensed a curious change in the attitude of the garrison. The old warmth was absent. The atmosphere was charged with suspicion, hostility. Old Jerome was surly, his old playmates were distant. Only Dave, Mother Sanders, and Lydia were unchanged. The predominant note was curiosity, and they started to ply him with questions, but Dave took him to a cabin and Mother Sanders brought him something to eat.

"Had a purty hard time," stated Dave. The boy nodded.

"I had only three bullets. Firefly went lame and I had to lead him. I couldn't eat cane and Firefly couldn't eat pheasant. I got one from a hawk," he explained. "What's the matter out there?"

"Nothin'," said Dave gruffly and he made the boy go to sleep. His story came when all were around the fire at supper, and was listened to with eagerness. Again the boy felt the hostility and it made him resentful and haughty and his story brief and terse. Most fluid and sensitive natures have a chameleon quality, no matter what stratum of adamant be beneath. The boy was dressed like an Indian, he looked like one, and he had brought back, it seemed, the bearing of an Indian—his wildness and stoicism. He spoke like a chief in a council and even in English, his phrasing and metaphors belonged to the red man. No wonder they believed the stories they had heard of him—but there was shame in many faces and little doubt in any save one before he finished.

He had gone to see his foster-mother and his foster-father—old chief Kahtoo, the Shawnee—because he had given his word. Kahtoo thought he was dying and wanted him to be chief when the Great Spirit called. Kahtoo had once saved his life, had been kind and made him a son. That he could not forget. An evil prophet had come to the tribe and through his enemies Crooked Lightning and Black Wolf had gained much influence. They were to burn a captive white woman as a sacrifice. He had stayed to save her, to argue with old Kahtoo and carry the wampum and a talk to a big council with the British. He had made his talk and—escaped. He had gone back to his tribe, had been tied and was to be burned at the stake. Again he had escaped with the help of the white woman and her daughter. The tribes had joined the British and even then they were planning an early attack on this very fort and all others.

The interest was tense and every face was startled at this calm statement of their immediate danger. Dave and Lydia looked triumphant at this proof of their trust but old Jerome burst out.

"Why did you have to escape from the council—and from the Shawnees?" The boy felt the open distrust and he rose proudly.

"At the council I told the Indians that they should be friends not enemies of the Americans and Crooked Lightning called me a traitor. He had overheard my talk with Kahtoo."

"What was that?" asked Dave quickly.

"I told Kahtoo I would fight with the Americans against the British and Indians; and with *you* against *him!*" And he turned away and went back to the cabin.

"What'd I tell ye!" cried Dave indignantly and he followed the boy, who had gone to his bunk, and put one big hand on his shoulder.

"They thought you'd turned Injun agin," he said, "but it's all right now."

"I know," said the lad and with a muffled sound that was half the grunt of an Indian and half the sob of a white man turned his face away.

Again Dave reached for the lad's shoulder.

"Don't blame 'em too much. I'll tell

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you now. Some fur traders came by here, and one of 'em said you was goin' to marry an Injun girl named Early Morn; that you was goin' to stay with 'em and fight with 'em alongside the British. Of course I knowed better but——"

"Why," interrupted Erskine, "they must have been the same traders who came to the Shawnee town and brought whiskey."

"That's what the feller said and why folks here believed him."

"Who was he?" demanded Erskine.

"You know him—Dane Grey."

All tried to make amends straightway for the injustice they had done him but the boy's heart remained sore that their trust was so little. Then, when they gathered all settlers within the fort and made all preparations and no Indians came, many seemed again to get distrustful and the lad was not happy. The winter was long and hard. A blizzard had driven the game west and south and the garrison was hard put to it for food. Every day that the hunters went forth the boy was among them and he did far more than his share in the killing of game. But when winter was breaking more news came in of the war. The flag that had been fashioned of a soldier's white shirt, an old blue army coat, and a red petticoat was now the Stars and Stripes of the American cause. Burgoyne had not cut off New England, that "head of the rebellion," from the other colonies. On the contrary the Americans had beaten him at Saratoga and marched his army off under those same Stars and Stripes and for the first time Erskine heard of gallant Lafayette—how he had run to Washington with the portentous news from his King—that beautiful, passionate France would now stretch forth her helping hand. And Erskine learned what that news meant to Washington's "naked and starving" soldiers dying on the frozen hillsides of Valley Forge. Then George Rogers Clarke had passed the fort on his way to Williamsburg to get money and men for his great venture in the Northwest, and Erskine got a ready permission to accompany him as soldier and guide. After Clarke was gone the lad got restless; and one morning when the first breath of spring came he mounted his horse, in spite of arguments and protestations, and set forth for Virginia on the wilderness trail. He was going to join Clarke, he said, but more than Clarke and the war were drawing him to the outer world. What it was he hardly knew, for he was not yet much given to searching his heart or mind. He did know, however, that some strange force had long been working within him that was steadily growing stronger, was surging now like a flame and swinging him between strange moods of depression and exultation. Perhaps it was but the spirit of spring in his heart, but with his mind's eye he was ever seeing at the end of his journey the face of his little cousin Barbara Dale.

(To be continued.)

A STAR

By Evelyn Hardy

WHAT is a star? We do not know.
A line of poetry; a strain
Of music; or a flame, blown, swept,
Caught up from some forgotten fane;

A poor man's prayer; or but an act
Of mercy; maybe a wild rose
Which an archangel drop't before
The gate of Paradise.—Who knows?

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HIS JOB

By Grace Sartwell Mason

Illustrations by George A. Shipley

AGAINST an autumn sunset the steel skeleton of a twenty-story office building in process of construction stood out black and bizarre. It flung up its beams and girders like stern and yet airy music, orderly, miraculously strong, and delicately powerful. From the lower stories, where masons made their music of trowel and hammer, to the top, where steam-riveters rapped out their chorus like giant locusts in a summer field, the great building lived and breathed as if all those human energies that went to its making flowed warm through its steel veins.

In the west window of a woman's club next door one of the members stood looking out at this building. Behind her at a tea-table three other women sat talking. For some moments their conversation had had a plaintive if not an actually rebellious tone. They were discussing the relative advantages of a man's work and a woman's, and they had arrived at the conclusion that a man has much the best of it when it comes to a matter of the day's work.

"Take a man's work," said Mrs. Van Vechten, pouring herself a second cup of tea. "He chooses it; then he is allowed to go at it with absolute freedom. He isn't hampered by the dull, petty details of life that hamper us. He——"

"Details! My dear, there you are right," broke in Mrs. Bullen. Two men, first Mrs. Bullen's father and then her husband, had seen to it that neither the biting wind of adversity nor the bracing air of experience should ever touch her. "Details! Sometimes I feel as if I were smothered by them. Servants, and the house, and now these relief societies——"

She was in her turn interrupted by Cornelia Blair. Cornelia was a spinster with more freedom than most human beings ever attain, her father having worked himself to death to leave her well provided for. "The whole fault is the social system," she declared. "Because of it men have been able to take the really interesting work of the world for themselves. They've pushed the dull jobs off onto us."

"You're right, Cornelia," cried Mrs. Bullen. She really had nothing to say, but she hated not saying it. "I've always thought," she went on pensively, "that it would be so much easier just to go to an office in the morning and have nothing but business to think of. Don't you feel that way sometimes, Mrs. Trask?"

The woman in the west window turned. There was a quizzical gleam in her eyes as she looked at the other three. "The trouble with us women is we're blind and deaf," she said slowly. "We talk a lot about men's work and how they have the best of things in power and freedom, but does it occur to one of us that a man *pays* for power and freedom? Sometimes I think that not one of the women of our comfortable class would be willing to pay what our men pay for the power and freedom they get."

"What do they pay?" asked Mrs. Van Vechten, her lip curling.

Mrs. Trask turned back to the window. "There's something rather wonderful going on out here," she called. "I wish you'd all come and look."

Just outside the club window the steelworkers pursued their dangerous task with leisurely and indifferent competence, while over their head a great derrick served their needs with uncanny intelligence. It dropped its chain and picked a girder from the floor. As it rose into space two figures sprang astride either end of it. The long arm swung up and out; the two "bronco-busters of the sky" were black against the flame of the sunset. Some one shouted; the signalman pulled at his rope; the derrick-arm swung in a little with the girder teetering at the end of the chain. The most inter-

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esting moment of the steel-man's job had come, when a girder was to be jockeyed into place. The iron arm swung the girder above two upright columns, lowered it, and the girder began to groove into place. It wedged a little. One of the men inched along, leaned against space, and wielded his bar. The women stared, for the moment taken out of themselves. Then, as the girder settled into place and the two men slid down the column to the floor, the spectators turned back to their tea-table.

"Very interesting," murmured Mrs. Van Vechten; "but I hardly see how it concerns us."

A flame leaped in Mary Trask's face. "It's what we've just been talking about, one of men's jobs. I tell you, men are working miracles all the time that women never see. We envy them their power and freedom, but we seldom open our eyes to see what they pay for them. Look here, I'd like to tell you about an ordinary man and one of his jobs." She stopped and looked from Mrs. Bullen's perplexity to Cornelia Blair's superior smile, and her eyes came last to Sally Van Vechten's rebellious frown. "I'm going to bore you, maybe," she laughed grimly. "But it will do you good to listen once in a while to something *real*."

She sat down and leaned her elbows on the table. "I said that he is an ordinary man," she began; "what I meant is that he started in like the average, without any great amount of special training, without money, and without pull of any kind. He had good health, good stock back of him, an attractive personality, and two years at a technical school—those were his total assets. He was twenty when he came to New York to make a place for himself, and he had already got himself engaged to a girl back home. He had enough money to keep him for about three weeks, if he lived very economically. But that didn't prevent his feeling a heady exhilaration that day when he walked up Fifth Avenue for the first time and looked over his battle-field. He has told me often, with a chuckle at the audacity of it, how he picked out his employer. All day he walked about with his eyes open for contractors' signs. Whenever he came upon a building in the process of construction he looked it over critically, and if he liked the look of the job he made a note of the contractor's name and address in a little green book. For he was to be a builder—of big buildings, of course! And that night, when he turned out of the avenue to go to the cheap boarding-house where he had sent his trunk, he told himself that he'd give himself five years to set up an office of his own within a block of Fifth Avenue.

"Next day he walked into the offices of Weil & Street—the firm that headed the list in the little green book—asked to see Mr. Weil, and, strangely enough, got him, too. Even in those raw days Robert had a cheerful assurance tempered with rather a nice deference that often got him what he wanted from older men. When he left the offices of Weil & Street he had been given a job in the estimating-room, at a salary that would just keep him from starving. He grew lean and lost his country color that winter, but he was learning, learning all the time, not only in the office of Weil & Street, but at night school, where he studied architecture. When he decided he had got all he could get out of the estimating and drawing rooms he asked to be transferred to one of the jobs. They gave him the position of timekeeper on one of the contracts, at a slight advance in salary.

"A man can get as much or as little out of being timekeeper as he chooses. Robert got a lot out of it. He formulated that summer a working theory of the length of time it should take to finish every detail of a building. He talked with bricklayers, he timed them and watched them, until he knew how many bricks could be laid in an hour; and it was the same way with carpenters, fireproofers, painters, plasterers. He soaked in a thousand practical details of building: he picked out the best workman in each gang, watched him, talked with him, learned all he could of that man's particular trick; and it all went down in the little green book. For at the back of his head was always the thought of the time when he should use all this knowledge in his own business. Then one day when he had learned all he could learn from being timekeeper, he walked into Weil's office again and proposed that they make him

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"We talk a lot about men's work and how they have the best of things . . . but

one of the firm's superintendents of construction.

"Old Weil fairly stuttered with the surprise of this audacious proposition. He demanded to know what qualifications the young man could show for so important a position, and Robert told him about the year he had had with the country builder and the three summer vacations with the country surveyor—which made no impression whatever on Mr. Weil until Robert produced the little green book. Mr. Weil glanced at some of the figures in the book, snorted, looked hard at his ambitious timekeeper, who looked back at him with his keen young eyes and waited. When he left the office he had been promised a tryout on a small job near the offices, where, as old Weil said, they could keep an eye on him. That night he wrote to the girl back home that she must get ready to marry him at a moment's notice."

Mrs. Trask leaned back in her chair and smiled with a touch of sadness. "The wonder of youth! I can see him

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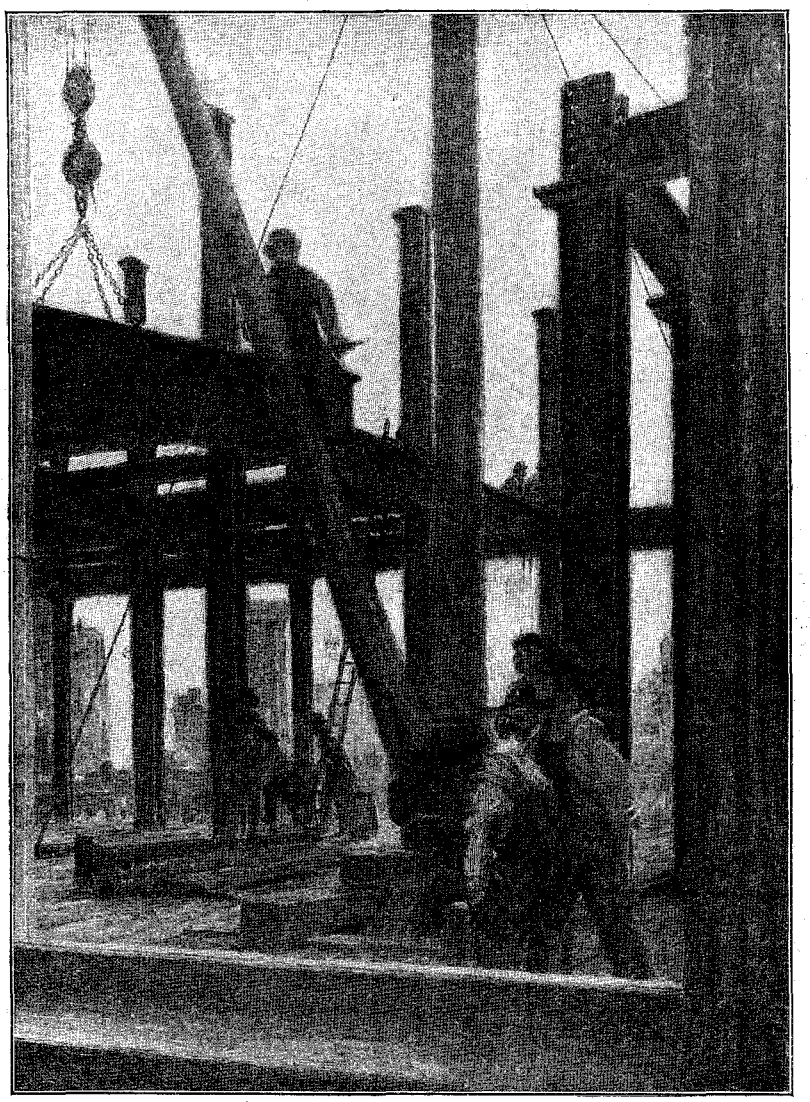

does it occur to one of us that a man *pays* for power and freedom?"—Page 470.

writing that letter, exuberant, ambitious, his brain full of dreams and plans—and a very inadequate supper in his stomach. The place where he lived—he pointed it out to me once—was awful. No girl of Rob's class—back home his folks were 'nice'—would have stood that lodging-house for a night, would have eaten the food he did, or gone without the pleasures of life as he had gone without them for two years. But there, right at the beginning, is the difference between what a boy is willing to go through to get what he wants and what a girl would or could put up with. And along with a better position came a man's responsibility, which he shouldered alone.

"'I was horribly afraid I'd fall down on the job,' he told me long afterward. 'And there wasn't a living soul I could turn to for help. The thing was up to me alone!'"

Mrs. Trask looked from Mrs. Bullen to Mrs. Van Vechten. "Mostly they fight alone," she said, as if she thought aloud. "That's one thing about men we don't

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always grasp—the business of existence is up to the average man alone. If he fails or gets into a tight place he has no one to fall back on, as a woman almost always has. Our men have a prejudice against taking their business difficulties home with them. I've a suspicion it's because we're so ignorant they'd have to do too much explaining! So in most cases they haven't even a sympathetic understanding to help them over the bad places. It was so with Robert even after he had married the girl back home and brought her to the city. His idea was to keep her from all worry and anxiety, and so, when he came home at night and she asked him if he had had a good day, or if the work had gone well, he always replied cheerfully that things had gone about the same as usual, even though the day had been a particularly bad one. This was only at first, however. The girl happened to be the kind that likes to know things. One night, when she wakened to find him staring sleepless at the ceiling, the thought struck her that, after all, she knew nothing of his particular problems, and if they were partners in the business of living why shouldn't she be an intelligent member of the firm, even if only a silent one?

"So she began to read everything she could lay her hands on about the business of building construction, and very soon when she asked a question it was a fairly intelligent one, because it had some knowledge back of it. She didn't make the mistake of pestering him with questions before she had any groundwork of technical knowledge to build on, and I'm not sure that he ever guessed what she was up to, but I do know that gradually, as he found that he did not, for instance, have to draw a diagram and explain laboriously what a caisson was because she already knew a good deal about caissons, he fell into the habit of talking out to her a great many of the situations he would have to meet next day. Not that she offered her advice nor that he wanted it, but what helped was the fact of her sympathy—I should say her intelligent sympathy, for that is the only kind that can really help.

"So when his big chance came along she was ready to meet it with him. If he succeeded she would be all the better able to appreciate his success; and if he failed she would never blame him from ignorance. You must understand that his advance was no meteoric thing. He somehow, by dint of sitting up nights poring over blue-prints and text-books and by day using his wits and his eyes and his native shrewdness, managed to pull off with fair success his first job as superintendent; was given other contracts to oversee; and gradually, through three years of hard work, learning, learning all the time, worked up to superintending some of the firm's important jobs. Then he struck out for himself."

Mrs. Trask turned to look out of the west window. "It sounds so easy," she mused. "'Struck out for himself.' But I think only a man can quite appreciate how much courage that takes. Probably, if the girl had not understood where he was trying to get to, he would have hesitated longer to give up his good, safe salary; but they talked it over, she understood the hazards of the game, and she was willing to take a chance. They had saved a tiny capital, and only a little over five years from the day he had come to New York he opened an office within a block of Fifth Avenue.

"I won't bore you with the details of the next two years, when he was getting together his organization, teaching himself the details of office work, stalking architects and owners for contracts. He acquired a slight stoop to his shoulders in those two years and there were days when there was nothing left of his boyishness but the inextinguishable twinkle in his hazel eyes. There were times when it seemed to him as if he had put to sea in a rowboat; as if he could never make port; but after a while small contracts began to come in, and then came along the big opportunity. Up in a New England city a large bank building was to be built; one of the directors was a friend of Rob's father, and Rob was given a chance to put in an estimate. It meant so much to him that he would not let himself count on getting the contract; he did not even tell the partner at home that he had been asked to put in an estimate until one day he came tearing in to tell her that he had been given the job. It seemed too wonderful to be true. The future looked so dazzling

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that they were almost afraid to contemplate it. Only something wildly extravagant would express their emotion, so they chartered a hansom cab and went gayly sailing up-town on the late afternoon tide of Fifth Avenue; and as they passed the building on which Robert had got his job as timekeeper he took off his hat to it, and she blew a kiss to it, and a dreary old clubman in a window next door brightened visibly!"

Mrs. Trask turned her face toward the steel skeleton springing up across the way like the magic beanstalk in the fairy-tale. "The things men have taught themselves to do!" she cried. "The endurance and skill, the inventiveness, the precision of science, the daring of human wits, the poetry and fire that go into the making of great buildings! We women walk in and out of them day after day, blindly—and this indifference is symbolical, I think, of the way we walk in and out of our men's lives. . . . I wish I could make you see that job of young Robert's so that you would feel in it what I do—the patience of men, the strain of the responsibility they carry night and day, the things life puts up to them, which they have to meet alone, the dogged endurance of them. . . ."

Mrs. Trask leaned forward and traced a complicated diagram on the table-cloth with the point of a fork. "It was his first big job, you understand, and he had got it in competition with several older builders. From the first they were all watching him, and he knew it, which put a fine edge to his determination to put the job through with credit. To be sure, he was handicapped by lack of capital, but his past record had established his credit, and when the foundation work was begun it was a very hopeful young man that watched the first shovelful of earth taken out. But when they had gone down about twelve feet, with a trench for a retaining-wall, they discovered that the owners' boring plan was not a trustworthy representation of conditions; the job was going to be a soft-ground proposition. Where, according to the owners' preliminary borings, he should have found firm sand with a normal amount of moisture, Rob discovered sand that was like saturated oatmeal, and beyond that quicksand and water. Water! Why, it was like a subterranean lake fed by a young river! With the pulsometer pumps working night and day they couldn't keep the water out of the test pier he had sunk. It bubbled in as cheerfully as if it had eternal springs behind it, and drove the men out of the pier in spite of every effort. Rob knew then what he was up against. But he still hoped that he could sink the foundations without compressed air, which would be an immense expense he had not figured on in his estimate, of course. So he devised a certain kind of concrete crib, the first one was driven—and when they got it down beneath quicksand and water about twenty-five feet, it hung up on a boulder! You see, below the stratum of sand like saturated oatmeal, below the water and quicksand, they had come upon something like a New England pasture, as thick with big boulders as a bun with currants! If he had spent weeks hunting for trouble he couldn't have found more than was offered him right there. It was at this point that he went out and wired a big New York engineer, who happened to be a friend of his, to come up. In a day or two the engineer arrived, took a look at the job, and then advised Rob to quit.

"'It's a nasty job,' he told him. 'It will swallow every penny of your profits and probably set you back a few thousands. It's one of the worst soft-ground propositions I ever looked over.'

"Well, that night young Robert went home with a sleep-walking expression in his eyes. He and the partner at home had moved up to Rockford to be near the job while the foundation work was going on, so the girl saw exactly what he was up against and what he had to decide between.

"'I could quit,' he said that night, after the engineer had taken his train back to New York, 'throw up the job, and the owners couldn't hold me because of their defective boring plans. But if I quit there'll be twenty competitors to say I've bit off more than I can chew. And if I go on I lose money; probably go into the hole so deep I'll be a long time getting out.'

"You see, where his estimates had covered only the expense of normal founda-

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tion work he now found himself up against the most difficult conditions a builder can face. When the girl asked him if the owners would not make up the additional cost he grinned ruefully. The owners were going to hold him to his original estimate; they knew that with his name to make he would hate to give up; and they were inclined to be almost as nasty as the job.

"'Then you'll have all this work and difficulty for nothing?' the girl asked. 'You may actually lose money on the job?'

"'Looks that way,' he admitted.

"'Then why do you go on?' she cried.

"His answer taught the girl a lot about the way a man looks at his job. 'If I take up the cards I can't be a quitter,' he said. 'It would hurt my record. And my record is the equivalent of credit and capital. I can't afford to have any weak spots in it. I'll take the gaff rather than have it said about me that I've lain down on a job. I'm going on with this thing to the end.'"

Little shrewd, reminiscent lines gathered about Mrs. Trask's eyes. "There's something exhilarating about a good fight. I've always thought that if I couldn't be a gunner I could get a lot of thrills out of just handing up the ammunition. . . . Well, Rob went on with the contract. With the first crib hung up on a boulder and the water coming in so fast they couldn't pump it out fast enough to dynamite, he was driven to use compressed air, and that meant the hiring of a compressor, locks, shafting—a terribly costly business—as well as bringing up to the job a gang of the high-priced labor that works under air. But this was done, and the first crib for the foundation piers went down slowly, with the sand-hogs—men that work in the caissons—drilling and blasting their way week after week through that underground New England pasture. Then, below this boulder-strewn stratum, instead of the ledge they expected they struck four feet of rotten rock, so porous that when air was put on it to force the water back great air bubbles blew up all through the lot, forcing the men out of the other caissons and trenches. But this was a mere dull detail, to be met by care and ingenuity like the others. And at last, forty feet below street level, they reached bed-rock. Forty-six piers had to be driven to this ledge.

"Rob knew now exactly what kind of a job was cut out for him. He knew he had not only the natural difficulties to overcome, but he was going to have to fight the owners for additional compensation. So one day he went into Boston and interviewed a famous old lawyer.

"'Would you object,' he asked the lawyer, 'to taking a case against personal friends of yours, the owners of the Rockford bank building?'

"'Not at all—and if you're right, I'll lick 'em! What's your case?'

"Rob told him the whole story. When he finished the famous man refused to commit himself one way or the other; but he said that he would be in Rockford in a few days, and perhaps he'd look at Robert's little job. So one day, unannounced, the lawyer appeared. The compressor plant was hard at work forcing the water back in the caissons, the pulsometer pumps were sucking up streams of water that flowed without ceasing into the settling tank and off into the city sewers, the men in the caissons were sending up buckets full of silt-like gruel. The lawyer watched operations for a few minutes, then he asked for the owners' boring plan. When he had examined this he grunted twice, twitched his lower lip humorously, and said: 'I'll pull you out of this. If the owners wanted a deep-water lighthouse they should have specified one—not a bank building.'

"So the battle of legal wits began. Before the building was done Joshua Kent had succeeded in making the owners meet part of the additional cost of the foundation, and Robert had developed an acumen that stood by him the rest of his life. But there was something for him in this job bigger than financial gain or loss. Week after week, as he overcame one difficulty after another, he was learning, learning, just as he had done at Weil & Street's. His hazel eyes grew keener, his face grew thinner. For the job began to develop every freak and whimsy possible to a growing building. The owner of the department store next door refused to permit access through his basement, and that added many hundred dollars to the

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cost of building the party wall; the fire and telephone companies were continually fussing around and demanding indemnity because their poles and hydrants got knocked out of plumb; the thousands of gallons of dirty water pumped from the job into the city sewers clogged them up, and the city sued for several thousand dollars damages; one day the car-tracks in front of the lot settled and valuable time was lost while the men shored them up; now and then the pulsometer engines broke down; the sand-hogs all got drunk and lost much time; an untimely frost spoiled a thousand dollars' worth of concrete one night. But the detail that required the most careful handling was the psychological effect on Rob's subcontractors. These men, observing the expensive preliminary operations, and knowing that Rob was losing money every day the foundation work lasted, began to ask one another if the young boss would be able to put the job through. If he failed, of course they who had signed up with him for various stages of the work would lose heavily. Panic began to spread among all the little army that goes to the making of a big building. The terra-cotta-floor men, the steel men, electricians and painters began to hang about the job with gloom in their eyes; they wore a path to the architect's door, and he, never having quite approved of so young a man being given the contract, did little to allay their apprehensions. Rob knew that if this kept up they'd hurt his credit, so he promptly served notice on the architect that if his credit was impaired by false rumors he'd hold him responsible; and he gave each subcontractor five minutes in which to make up his mind whether he wanted to quit or look cheerful. To a man they chose to stick by the job; so that detail was disposed of. In the meantime the sinking of piers for one of the retaining-walls was giving trouble. One morning at daylight Rob's superintendent telephoned him to announce that the street was caving in and the buildings across the way were cracking. When Rob got there he found the men standing about scared and helpless, while the plate-glass windows of the store opposite were cracking like pistols and the building settled. It appeared that when the trench for the south wall had gone down a certain distance water began to rush in under the sheeting as if from an underground river, and, of course, undermined the street and the store opposite. The pumps were started like mad, two gangs were put at work, with the superintendent swearing, threatening, and pleading to make them dig faster, and at last concrete was poured and the water stopped. That day Rob and his superintendent had neither breakfast nor lunch; but they had scarcely finished shoring up the threatened store when the owner of the store notified Rob that he would sue for damages, and the secretary of the Y. W. C. A. next door attempted to have the superintendent arrested for profanity. Rob said that when this happened he and his superintendent solemnly debated whether they should go and get drunk or start a fight with the sand-hogs; it did seem as if they were entitled to some emotional outlet, all the circumstances considered!

"So after months of difficulties the foundation work was at last finished. I've forgotten to mention that there was some little difficulty with the eccentricities of the sub-basement floor. The wet clay ruined the first concrete poured, and little springs had a way of gushing up in the boiler-room. Also, one night a concrete shell for the elevator pit completely disappeared—sank out of sight in the soft bottom. But by digging the trench again and jacking down the bottom and putting hay under the concrete, the floor was finished; and that detail was settled.

"The remainder of the job was by comparison uneventful. The things that happened were all more or less in the day's work, such as a carload of stone for the fourth story arriving when what the masons desperately needed was the carload for the second, and the carload for the third getting lost and being discovered after three days' search among the cripples in a Buffalo freight-yard. And there was a strike of structural-steel workers which snarled up everything for a while; and always, of course, there were the small obstacles and differences owners and architects are in the habit of hatching up to keep a builder from getting indifferent. But these things were what every builder

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encounters and expects. What Rob's wife could not reconcile herself to was the fact that all those days of hard work, all those days and nights of strain and responsibility, were all for nothing. Profits had long since been drowned in the foundation work; Robert would actually have to pay several thousand dollars for the privilege of putting up that building! When the girl could not keep back one wail over this detail her husband looked at her in genuine surprise.

"'Why, it's been worth the money to me, what I've learned,' he said. 'I've got an education out of that old hoodoo that some men go through Tech and work twenty years without getting; I've learned a new wrinkle in every one of the building trades; I've learned men and I've learned law, and I've delivered the goods. It's been hell, but I wouldn't have missed it!'"

Mrs. Trask looked eagerly and a little wistfully at the three faces in front of her. Her own face was alight. "Don't you see—that's the way a real man looks at his work; but that man's wife would never have understood it if she hadn't been interested enough to watch his job. She saw him grow older and harder under that job; she saw him often haggard from the strain and sleepless because of a dozen intricate problems; but she never heard him complain and she never saw him any way but courageous and often boyishly gay when he'd got the best of some difficulty. And, furthermore, she knew that if she had been the kind of a woman who is not interested in her husband's work he would have kept it to himself, as most American husbands do. If he had, she would have missed a chance to learn a lot of things that winter, and she probably wouldn't have known anything about the final chapter in the history of the job that the two of them had fallen into the habit of referring to as the White Elephant. They had moved back to New York then, and the Rockford bank building was within two weeks of its completion, when at seven o'clock one morning their telephone rang. Rob answered it and his wife heard him say sharply: 'Well, what are you doing about it?' And then: 'Keep it up. I'll catch the next train.'

"'What is it?' she asked, as he turned away from the telephone and she saw his face.

"'The department store next to the Elephant is burning,' he told her. 'Fireproof? Well, I'm supposed to have built a fireproof building—but you never can tell.'

"His wife's next thought was of insurance, for she knew that Robert had to insure the building himself up to the time he turned it over to the owners. 'The insurance is all right?' she asked him.

"But she knew by the way he turned away from her that the worst of all their bad luck with the Elephant had happened, and she made him tell her. The insurance had lapsed about a week before. Rob had not renewed the policy because its renewal would have meant adding several hundreds to his already serious deficit, and, as he put it, it seemed to him that everything that could happen to that job had already happened. But now the last stupendous, malicious catastrophe threatened him. Both of them knew when he said good-by that morning and hurried out to catch his train that he was facing ruin. His wife begged him to let her go with him; at least she would be some one to talk to on that interminable journey; but he said that was absurd; and, anyway, he had a lot of thinking to do. So he started off alone.

"At the station before he left he tried to get the Rockford bank building on the telephone. He got Rockford and tried for five minutes to make a connection with his superintendent's telephone in the bank building, until the operator's voice came to him over the wire: 'I tell you, you can't get that building, mister. It's burning down!'

"'How do you know?' he besought her.

"'I just went past there and I seen it,' her voice came back at him.

"He got on the train. At first he felt nothing but a queer dizzy vacuum where his brain should have been; the landscape outside the windows jumbled together like a nightmare landscape thrown up on a moving-picture screen. For fifty miles he merely sat rigidly still, but in reality he was plunging down like a drowning man to the very bottom of despair. And then, like the drowning man, he began to come

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up to the surface again. The instinct for self-preservation stirred in him and broke the grip of that hypnotizing despair. At first slowly and painfully, but at last with quickening facility, he began to think, to plan. Stations went past; a man he knew spoke to him and then walked on, staring; but he was deaf and blind. He was planning for the future. Already he had plumbed, measured, and put behind him the fact of the fire; what he occupied himself with now was what he could save from the ashes to make a new start with. And he told me afterward that actually, at the end of two hours of the liveliest thinking he had ever done in his life, he began to enjoy himself! His fighting blood began to tingle; his head steadied and grew cool; his mind reached out and examined every aspect of his stupendous failure, not to indulge himself in the weakness of regret, but to find out the surest and quickest way to get on his feet again. Figuring on the margins of timetables, going over the contracts he had in hand, weighing every asset he possessed in the world, he worked out in minute detail a plan to save his credit and his future. When he got off the train at Boston he was a man that had already begun life over again; he was a general that was about to make the first move in a long campaign, every move and counter-move of which he carried in his brain. Even as he crossed the station he was rehearsing the speech he was going to make at the meeting of his creditors he intended to hold that afternoon. Then, as he hastened toward a telephone-booth, he ran into a newsboy. A headline caught his eye. He snatched at the paper, read the headlines, standing there in the middle of the room. And then he suddenly sat down on the nearest bench, weak and shaking.

"On the front page of the paper was a half-page picture of the Rockford bank building with the flames curling up against its west wall, and underneath it a caption that he read over and over before he could grasp what it meant to him. The White Elephant had not burned; in fact, at the last it had turned into a good elephant, for it had not only not burned but it had stopped the progress of what threatened to be a very disastrous conflagration, according to a jubilant despatch from Rockford. And Robert, reading these lines over and over, felt an amazing sort of indignant disappointment to think that now he would not have a chance to put to the test those plans he had so minutely worked out. He was in the position of a man that has gone through the painful process of readjusting his whole life; who has mentally met and conquered a catastrophe that fails to come off. He felt quite angry and cheated for a few minutes, until he regained his mental balance and saw how absurd he was, and then, feeling rather foolish and more than a little shaky, he caught a train and went up to Rockford.

"There he found out that the report had been right; beyond a few cracked wire-glass windows—for which, as one last painful detail, he had to pay—and a blackened side wall, the Elephant was unharmed. The men putting the finishing touches to the inside had not lost an hour's work. All that dreadful journey up from New York had been merely one last turn of the screw.

"Two weeks later he turned the Elephant over to the owners, finished, a good, workmanlike job from roof to foundation-piers. He had lost money on it; for months he had worked overtime his courage, his ingenuity, his nerve, and his strength. But that did not matter. He had delivered the goods. I believe he treated himself to an afternoon off and went to a ball-game; but that was all, for by this time other jobs were under way, a whole batch of new problems were waiting to be solved; in a week the Elephant was forgotten."

Mrs. Trask pushed back her chair and walked to the west window. A strange quiet had fallen upon the sky-scraper now; the workmen had gone down the ladders, the steam-riveters had ceased their tapping. Mrs. Trask opened the window and leaned out a little.

Behind her the three women at the tea-table gathered up their furs in silence. Cornelia Blair looked relieved and prepared to go on to dinner at another club. Mrs. Bullen avoided Mrs. Van Vechten's eye. In her rosy face faint lines had traced themselves, as if vaguely some new perceptiveness troubled her. She looked at her wrist-watch and rose from the table hastily.

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"I must run along," she said. "I like to get home before John does. You going my way, Sally?"

Mrs. Van Vechten shook her head absently. There was a frown between her dark brows; but as she stood fastening her furs her eyes went to the west window, with an expression in them that was almost wistful. For an instant she looked as if she were going over to the window beside Mary Trask; then she gathered up her gloves and muff and went out without a word.

Mary Trask was unaware of her going. She had forgotten the room behind her and her friends at the tea-table, as well as the other women drifting in from the adjoining room. She was contemplating, with her little, absent-minded smile, her husband's name on the builder's sign halfway up the unfinished sky-scraper opposite.

"Good work, old Rob," she murmured. Then her hand went up in a quaint gesture that was like a salute. "To all good jobs and the men behind them!" she added.

A PHILIPPINE REPUBLIC?

By Charles H. Sherrill

Author of "French Memories of Eighteenth-Century America," "Modernizing the Monroe Doctrine," etc.

THE matter of Philippine independence has been much complicated by the fact that the Japanese, as a result of secret treaties made in 1917 with England, France, Italy, and Russia, hold the Marshall and Caroline Islands, owned by Germany when the Great War broke out. The location of these islands, lying as they do across our line of communications with the Philippines, falls within the spirit if not the letter of the valuable "Lodge amendment" to the Monroe Doctrine, adopted in July, 1912, by the United States Senate, because in the language thereof it "might threaten the communications . . . of the United States." This amendment refers to places in the American continents, but it is nevertheless certain that "the government of the United States could not see, without grave concern" anything which "might threaten the communications of the the United States" in so vital a link as that connecting Manila with Hawaii. This encircling of the Philippines by Japan's advance in that quarter inspires inquiry as to their intentions, and means that the former's independence is no longer an isolated question capable of separate consideration and treatment, but that it is now part and parcel of the Japanese question, which is the next great international problem confronting us. Filipinos like to dismiss this danger of theirs by telling you the Japanese don't want their lands, and yet, when the protection of those lands against excessive Japanese purchases by Philippine legislative acts was being opposed by our State Department during the winter of 1918–19, their leader and speaker of assembly, Mr. Osmeña, cabled their agent in Washington, Mr. Quezon, president of their Senate, that it was "absolutely vital" such legislation be permitted. "Absolutely vital" means that there was danger from these purchases by Japanese, especially in Mindanao, the great hemp centre. And yet now these politicians tell you there is no such danger, since the Japanese do not want their islands! Why then was legislation to keep them out "vitally necessary," and, further, why were several important Japanese newspapers seriously discussing during the summer of 1919 whether the United States would sell them the Philippines at a fair price, and wondering what a fair price for them would be? Both Mr. Osmeña and Mr. Quezon publicly expressed delight when on December 8, 1919, the cable brought the news to Manila that the desired legislation had become a law. No, they were right when they appraised this question as a vital one for their people. It is, and Philippine independence has become for

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America an integral part of the Japanese question, and can no longer be considered apart from it.

But in order to get a fair view of the situation as it stands to-day, let us assume that our withdrawal from that archipelago is not part of a larger problem, and consider what sort of a representative republic would ensue if we left them without our protection.

The determined, energetic Anglo-Saxon, represented by the Australians and New Zealanders, controls the barrier chain of islands lying off Asia from the equator southward, and the virile, aggressive Japanese hold the northerly part of that chain down as far south as the Philippines, which alone are inhabited by a race no stronger than the original mainlanders of the Asian continent. This weak link in the island chain has long been in foreign hands, *viz.*, first the Spaniards' and then, more recently, our own. We are not there as the result of any land-grabbing expedition, but because Admiral Dewey on May 1, 1898, in response to the famous order to seek out and destroy the Spanish fleet, thoroughly obeyed his instructions and put us in such complete possession that President McKinley, finding no honorable exit, reluctantly decided the following year that we must continue in charge of those distant possessions. Of course, we need suitable coal and oil stations for our navy at selected points all around the world, but we must all admit that the Philippine question as a whole is for us nothing more or less than a search for an honorable solution of a serious problem. Dare we make them independent and then leave them to their fate, or what shall we do? None of us, in the bottom of our hearts, really wants great territory so far from home. Naval stations, yes; trade, yes—but not huge colonial possessions, especially in a climate too tropical for us to colonize and too vast and distant for us to defend.

An honorable exit would suit most of us, but its quest has recently been complicated by Japan receiving the mandate of the Caroline and Marshall Islands, taken over by her from the Germans during the late war. This looks like a threat against our continued occupation of the Philippines or their independence if we retire. Not only do those islands lie athwart our line of communication between the Philippines and Hawaii, but also the Japanese have at Jaluit in the Marshalls a naval station only 2,100 miles from Pearl Harbor, our great naval base in the Hawaiian Islands, and 1,400 miles nearer thereto (and therefore to California) than the strong Japanese navy formerly enjoyed. So long as the Japanese retain these islands they are not only threatening Hawaii but are also serving notice of what may happen to the Philippines after we move out, if we leave nothing behind us to protect their independence but 10,000,000 natives of scores of races speaking innumerable languages, and with only a small percentage of their number educated. They will share the fate of Formosa, Korea, Manchuria, Shantung, etc.—they will become Japanese. It would probably be better for them than their independence. But this article is not written for the purpose of discussing how to benefit the Filipinos, but seeks alone, from a pro-Japanese angle, to improve relations between Japan and the United States. And what effect upon those relations would be had by the publication some fine day (and that, too, an early one!), after a utopian policy led us to give the Filipino his independence, that, one or more Japanese traders having been murdered on some island of the Philippine group, the Japanese navy had landed marines to protect her merchants and to demand reparation? The Filipinos could not assure protection to any foreigner anywhere throughout most of the archipelago, so there the world would be, back in a somewhat familiar international situation.

The Germans took all of Shantung because two missionaries were murdered in Kiaochow—could one really blame an Oriental nation from following the illustrious example of an Occidental one? And what would our people say to this? Perhaps the reader may reply: "They would say nothing, because the Philippine responsibility would no longer be ours." But is that really true? It is more than doubtful. The anti-Japanese among us would not fail to seize upon this as one more weapon in their arsenal of attack

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upon the island kingdom's alleged aggressiveness, etc.

How do the Filipinos feel toward the Japanese, and how is it reciprocated? During my stay in Japan I was interested to notice from the daily newspapers how friendly a reception was being everywhere accorded to a party of Filipino ladies and gentlemen, the Honorable Sergio Osmeña, speaker of the Philippine Assembly, Mrs. M. E. de Limjap and her three daughters, Major and Mrs. A. C. Torres, the Honorable Galicano Apacible (secretary of agriculture), Mr. F. Natividad, and Mr. F. Zamara. I saw them at several places, and the major, a well-built, soldierly figure, always wore his American uniform of the Philippine National Guard. Not only were they of course entertained by the speaker of the Japanese lower house and by many other officials in Tokyo, but also they were given other and more striking proofs of friendly esteem, such as being permitted to penetrate the holy of holies in the sanctuary of Iyeyasu's gorgeous mausolea on the pine-clad hills of Nikko, and as being fêted by the governor-general of Korea, where every facility was given them for seeing the beneficent results of Japanese rule.

A Japanese baron, who recently has had cause to dislike America because of a public slight officially given him, told me in Tokyo that he had met these distinguished Philippine visitors, and that they had told him they were entirely satisfied with American control of their islands. I could not help wondering just how it came about that these Filipino officials happened to discuss American control with a Japanese, and especially with one known to have received unpleasant treatment at the hands of the American Government! It is a grievous fault to be overcurious, but one must confess to a wish to have heard all of that conversation. This visit of Mr. Osmeña to Japan has peculiar interest to readers of Kalaw's quaintly partisan "Self-Government in the Philippines," a naïve argument that all recent progress and improvement there is due solely to the Filipino governing class, without admitting that this politically active group is but a trifling minority of a heterogeneous population incapable of national assimilation. He points out that the assembly has come to be considered as peculiarly the political expression of the people's will, and its speaker as the real leader of all the Filipinos. This would give more significance to the Japanese visit of Mr. Osmeña and to his reception there than would appear to the unenlightened onlooker.

The *Manila Times* of October 10, 1919, speaking editorially of a letter written home by Mr. Osmeña, during his tour in Japan, to Mr. Quezon, president of the Senate, reporting that he "has been treated with distinguished courtesy by Japanese officialdom," says that "the trend of events in Asia is toward increasing intimacy between Japan and these islands. . . . As the Filipinos expect independence, and as they are willing, according to the statements of several of their leading statesmen, to accept it without any previously agreed protectorate by the United States, it is well for them to cultivate the most friendly relations with the Japanese, and to seek in return sincere friendship. . . . While the Filipinos themselves are notable for their courtesy and hospitality, without design or fear, the horoscope of the race now cast by the conjunction of political bodies bodes ominously for any people who have not either the friendship of the needy strong or the protection of a paternal and powerful altruist."

This editorial upon Mr. Osmeña's letter home was approvingly quoted in a Tokyo newspaper of October 30, 1919, under the heading "Japanese May Use Philippine Lands," and therefore some people jumped to the hasty conclusion that, because Mr. Osmeña, the "boss" of the Filipino political machine, was accompanied on his Japanese tour by the Filipino secretary of agriculture, he was preparing to play off an alliance with the land-hungry Japanese against American opponents of Philippine independence. But how could this be true?—for Mr. Osmeña, before making an agreement with Japan to respect Filipino independence, would doubtless be "given pause" by the agreements to preserve the integrity of China which Japan made with France June 10, 1907, with Russia July 30, 1907, with the United States Novem-

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ber 30, 1908, and with Great Britain July 13, 1911.

Besides, although Japanese propaganda publicists love to play up their need for more territory into which their crowded home population may expand, in practice they only want to go where there is a higher standard of living and wage scale, so that they may profit by the difference in their favor. One proof of this is that, although Korea, the size of the British Isles, has but 18,000,000 inhabitants as against 47,000,000 in Great Britain, and is distant but eleven hours from Shimonoseki, less than 400,000 Japanese have availed themselves of that near-by opportunity to become less crowded. The Korean can underlive the Japanese and will accept less wages, so the latter do not care to compete with him, and the Filipino has the same advantage. What is true of Korea holds good also in Manchuria, which, although under Japanese control and not densely populated, has nevertheless attracted less than half a million Japanese from their homeland near by. No, if the wheel of fate should ever turn over the Philippine Islands to the Japanese, they will go there as a governing class, as in Korea and Formosa and Manchuria, and not as settlers seeking escape from overcrowding at home.

No such large piece of territory anywhere around the Pacific has been allowed to remain in weak hands, and a Philippine Republic would be the weakest of all governments, nor is this difficult to prove. We have been learning much lately of the need for recognition of racial concentration, and that peoples of the same race are entitled to separate nationhood. No more Austro-Hungarian combinations are desired, certain in their internal interrace disputes to breed disorders difficult to confine within their own borders. And yet the Philippine Republic would furnish just such an objectionable medley of many languages, plus the additional unworkable feature of component races running the entire gamut from university-bred, Spanish-speaking politicians down through innumerable gradations to the Igorot head-hunting savage.

A Philippine Republic unprotected by some strong power would not last long, and, indeed, might prove a serious menace to a peaceful Pacific. And a peaceful Pacific is nothing but an after-dinner orator's dream unless there be laid for it the enduring foundation of better Japanese-American feeling, surely impossible of realization if their military party should engineer the taking of the Philippine Islands after we got out of them. Only dreamers or absent-minded, distant-bodied idealists think that hauling down the Stars and Stripes at Manila and hoisting in its place the flag of a heterogeneous and undefended Philippine Republic would afford a guarantee that we were finally through with them. It was necessary to free Cuba not once but twice, and we have since then kept out of the island. It was a splendid thing to do—one of history's great object-lessons of national good faith. But Cuba lies very near us and very far from so land-hungry a power as Japan. The exact opposite is the case with the Philippines—they are far from us and form near-by links of the long chain of islands to the north which Japan already holds. It is only a few hours' steaming from Formosa to Luzon. No, Cuba cannot fairly be used as argument to encourage a departure from our present status on that distant island barrier-chain. We ought not to leave the Filipino to his own defenseless independence unless and until he is fit for it, *and* also some plan is devised to guarantee it to him.

In order to consider the question of when he will be fit for independence, it is fair to approach it from the angle of the Chinese Republic. How is a republic succeeding in that near-by Oriental land?

The Chinese are a people accustomed to change their rulers so frequently as to disgust their conservative neighbors the Japanese, who worship the present imperial dynasty, which for twenty-five centuries has uninterruptedly ruled Japan. The Chinese have made twenty-six changes during the last 4,000 years, not only substituting one native dynasty for another but actually replacing Chinese with foreign Manchus or Mongolians or Tartars, etc., and finally, in 1911, ending up with what is called a republic. This willingness to change governmental systems

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ought to indicate such a flexible and adjustable state of the national mind as to make for a successful republic, but what is the result? What is the Chinese Republic and what is happening to it? Substitute a practical for our usual sentimental point of view due to long-continuing cordial relations between it and one of the world's strongest nations (the United States) which has tried in vain to preserve China's territorial integrity. At least we have never yet tried to take any of her territory, which is more than can be said by England, France, Japan, Russia, Germany, Italy, or Portugal! Let us face the truth. What has happened to China? All its territory is already apportioned between various European Powers, or else they have put upon it their taboo signs, marking out their "spheres of influence" and forbidding alienation thereof to other nations (the English as to the Yangtze valley, the French everything south thereof, etc.). Last of all is the appearance of Japan as a substitute in Shantung for Germany, which she ousted from that province.

To digress for a moment—how in the world can you blame Japan? She sees all the other nations grabbing great pieces of China, and, of course, in self-defense, she also grabs those pieces near her own territories to prevent some strong European nation from forestalling her. To this extent she has every right to set up a super-Monroe Doctrine of her own. I say "super-Monroe Doctrine" because, without the qualification "super," she is improperly using the words Monroe Doctrine. In no manner to-day do Japan's actions in the Far East resemble ours in South and Central America. If you doubt this, read the text of the outrageous twenty-one demands which she served upon China January 18, 1915. It is inconceivable that any American administration should desire or attempt to treat Argentina or Brazil as Japan has Manchuria and Shantung. I strongly believe that Japan has, by reason of geographical proximity, certain rights to especial consideration in the Far East that we have not, but I would be but a poor friend of Japan if I applauded an attempt on her part to employ the altruistic Monroe Doctrine as a camouflage phrase for certain recently exhibited tendencies of Japanese militaristic development.

Well, a glance at the map reveals what has happened to a large homogeneous Chinese population, apparently, by a common written language, literature, habits, traditions, etc., suited to form a strong republic. Why should we expect anything better to happen to the map of the Philippine Islands, once our flag is hauled down and an unprotected Philippine Republic set up? As contrasted with one great expanse of Chinese territory, with provinces separated by no impassable natural boundaries, we have the Philippine archipelago, consisting of 3,141 charted islands. Although 90 per cent of its total land area is on the eleven largest islands, those islands, separated by wide channels, are themselves subdivided by chains of mountains and other natural obstacles tending to keep its many races isolated and apart from each other. The whole group has a land surface a little larger than the British Isles, and the chief island, Luzon, is somewhat larger than Pennsylvania. Recent statistics show the following totals for the principal races: Visayan, 3,200,000; Tagalog, 1,500,000; Ilocano, 803,000; Bicol, 566,000; Pangasinan, 343,000; Pampangan, 280,000; Cagayan, 160,000; Zambolan, 49,000. There are numerous subdivisions of the above races, and scores of languages and religions to help make "confusion worse confounded." The tribal language variations are so numerous and so local that a day's journey on foot brings one away from one language and into a strange one. If a truly representative republic is not succeeding on the Chinese mainland, with everything in its favor, what chance has it in this tangle of islands where nature, both on land and by sea, conspires with a multiplicity of languages, races, and religions to prevent homogeneity or cohesion?

The voting statistics of the Chinese Republic show less than one per cent of the population as participating in the elections of what are, with unintentional humor, called their representatives. How much larger percentage of the Igorots, Moros, Tagalogs, Visayans, Ilocanos, etc., are able intelligently to exercise the franchise? Both those alleged republics would have less percentage of intelligent

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votes than Mexico has had during the saddest days of a downtrodden peonage. The worst that any enemy of Mexico's sovereignty could ever allege against her government by an oligarchy of a small, educated class (the so-called *cientificos*) is as nothing in comparison with what exists in China to-day, and would begin to-morrow in Manila if we withdrew. So much for a Philippine Republic's future as viewed by any one conveniently near to a map of China as it is now painted over with European and Japanese spheres of influence and outright appropriations.

Let us see how the Filipinos are shaping up their governmental system to meet the difficulty caused by their multiplicity of languages, races, and religions. Mr. Quezon, president of the Senate, honored me with a luncheon at the Nacionalista Club, the headquarters of the party machine which runs the government and controls all the members of the legislative body except four, and of which club Mr. Osmeña, speaker of the Assembly, is president. These two gentlemen called my attention to the similarity of racial type displayed in the faces of the cabinet officers, judges, and numerous senators and assemblymen seated around the tables, all of whom spoke fluent Spanish and many of them fair English. He was quite right—they were remarkably similar in type, and inquiry revealed that by compliance with certain residential requirements, easy to meet, there was nothing to prevent men (selected by the Nacionalista party!) who spent most of their time in Manila from representing constituencies located in distant parts of the archipelago.

In other words, the Nacionalista machine resembles an English party machine which decides in London who shall be selected as its candidates to represent districts far from that centre of government, with the result that many of them are really Londoners, although maintaining political residence in the constituency they represent in Parliament. As a result of the operation of the Jones Bill, which became a law in 1916, about all that is now left of American government in the Philippines is the governor-general, the vice-governor-general, the auditor, and the vice-auditor; but they control the treasury, and the governor retains a salutary veto power. Everything else has been turned over to the Filipinos, which means in plain political English that the Nacionalista party, from its headquarters at the club of that name, runs everything as neatly and smoothly as the boss of Tammany Hall runs his similarly close corporation. And Mr. Osmeña, or his successor in the presidency of the Nacionalista political group of Spanish blood, will continue to be the boss of the Filipinos.

And what has happened in those islands since that measure of self-government has been given to the natives and taken over by the Nacionalistas? Everything has gradually dropped off in efficiency. Before we went there it was a land of no roads and no post-offices. We built fine roads and installed an excellent postal service. Now the once-splendid automobile roads around Manila have lost their surface and are showing signs of wear, and the postal service is being severely criticised. Almost all the American school-teachers have been dismissed, so that English is now being taught to the children by Filipinos who speak it imperfectly. The police force and fire department we created in Manila became remarkably efficient under their American leaders, but with those leaders gone both forces have deteriorated and unpleasant stories of graft are current.

Manila harbor is an important one, and is visited by many ships. Under American management the business of this port was promptly handled. We anchored just outside the breakwater at 7.45 A. M., on a perfect day, and no other ship was waiting ahead of us to delay the operations of the Filipino officials, and yet it was not until two hours and five minutes later that delays between perfunctory official visitations permitted us to up-anchor and steam inside. At no other Pacific port did we encounter such dilatory officialism. Governor-General Harrison is very popular with the Filipinos, and it is largely due to their approval of his administration that the United States could safely withdraw almost all its troops for use in France.

Mr. Quezon and Mr. Osmeña, at the

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luncheon just described, made eloquent speeches in Spanish, of the type familiar to those who have lived in Latin American republics. They agreed that their party was unequivocally committed to complete independence, that there was no danger of Japanese interference therewith after our withdrawal, and that, although they would like the friendly support of America in the future, even without it they were willing to take their chances. Mr. Quezon said that all Filipinos believed that Americans had become so interested in the Philippines that even after withdrawal their support could always be counted on if necessary. In my brief remarks I ventured to reply that the war just concluded had afforded a striking demonstration of the superiority of interdependence as illustrated by Australia, Canada, India, and Great Britain, over the independence of Belgium and Greece. Also it seemed my duty to point out that, contrary to the general belief held by Spanish-speaking peoples, the Americans are really as proud as any other people, and that therefore, if upon the intimation that our room was better than our company, and at the express wish of the Filipinos we hauled down the Stars and Stripes in their archipelago, American pride would prevent our going there again, even to protect the islands from a control less agreeable than ours. Strange to say, this point of view seemed never to have struck them, for they showed their surprise in no uncertain manner, and later Mr. Quezon and several others stated they had never heard it before. Another American present, and one who is in complete accord with a policy of American withdrawal, confirmed my statement, which still further surprised them. As I looked about upon the serious, intelligent faces of this group that control their nation's destiny, it was impossible to refrain from wondering if they would be the men of whom later generations would say: "We enjoyed, but they discarded, the close friendship of one of the world's greatest Powers! Why didn't they follow the example of Canada and Australia and prefer the secure benefits of interdependence with that great Power to the dangers of independence?"

Well, suppose we are unwilling to turn loose the Filipino lamb unprotected in the forest, and, further, suppose that we, in manly fashion, admit we would like to retire to our own continent, where we belong, what can fairly be suggested by a practical man living in the twentieth century, who prefers an honest plan that will work to sentimental makeshifts that only breed trouble? The Japanese are now a great factor in this problem, and it seems to me that they like frankness on the part of foreigners, especially if first convinced they speak with friendly intent; and for this reason I made bold to express the following views at a luncheon of Japanese given in Tokyo during Christmas week of 1919:

"The hope of better and lasting relations between our two countries, so pregnant with valuable results for both of us, depends upon some safe and sure arrangement for the future of the Philippine Islands, to which, when they are ready for it, we have promised independence. If and when we move out it seems to many of us that it would not be long before expansionists among you would precipitate some move inevitably leading to your moving in. If that were done it would take more than one generation to overcome the increased estrangement that such action would create between you and us who have worked so hard for the Filipinos. Please don't understand me as one of those international busybodies who oppose territorial expansion by Japan. I believe that President Roosevelt was right when he led in recognizing your annexation of Korea, and, like most Americans, I was glad you defeated Russia and ousted her from Manchuria. May I venture to think that the increase in your Siberian forces points to a possible permanence of your power in that chaos of government, that anarchy-distracted region? So clearly has Russia recently demonstrated for us all the danger in making the world too free for democracy, that to-day it is doubtful if your substituting government for anarchy in eastern Siberia, next your own possessions, would meet with serious opposition abroad. But why not seize this opportunity to readjust your relations with America, whose friendship is perhaps of some value? Expand if you like, but not in the direction that arouses suspicion in America, proud of her 'labor of love' in modernizing the Philippines. Do you gentlemen realize that in taking the Caroline and Marshall Islands, in accordance with your secret agreements of 1917 with Great Britain, France, Italy, and Russia (but not with the United States, more concerned than any of them), you have cut our line of communications to the Philippines; that this action is a geographical threat against the future independence of the Philippines, because obviously embracing them within your sphere of influence; and that therefore your taking of the Carolines and the Marshalls arms anti-Japanese critics with an opportunity to inject their virus into the Philippine-independence question?

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Are those German islands worth this to you? Wouldn't you rather have eastern Siberia, plus American friendship, plus the business co-operation of limitless American capital? We don't want the Carolines and Marshalls, but if you relinquish them to international control or to Australia, an Anglo-Saxon power, it would wipe out at one stroke a cause of grave disquiet to those who, like myself, are vastly more interested in Japanese-American friendship than they are in the Philippine question. After such a forward-looking move on your part, you, Australia, and ourselves could enter into such a three-cornered guarantee of Philippine independence as would more surely safeguard the future peace of the Pacific than any other one act."

If Japan should decide to relinquish to Australia, our Anglo-Saxon cousin, the Caroline and Marshall Islands, and thereafter Japan, Australia, and the United States should unite in jointly guaranteeing Philippine independence, a safe solution could be found of that difficult problem, which, if left unsolved (as it would be if the Filipinos were granted an unprotected independence), would always endanger Japanese-American friendship. There is no doubt that such a friendship lies at the very root of peace in the Pacific.

There is yet another businesslike solution of the Philippine difficulty, which, when launched by me December 30, 1915, during a speech before the American Society of International Law and three affiliated societies, elicited more than one hundred favorable editorial comments in newspapers of all shades of political thought. That plan was for an exchange of those distant islands by us for the European possessions in and around the Caribbean Sea. Though the Philippines are far from us, they are administratively adjacent to the British in Hongkong or the French in Tonkin or the Dutch in Borneo. It is essential to the security of our future that the waters washing our southern coast-line become a Pan-American lake, entirely freed from European politics or the conflicting interest of those peoples living across the Atlantic; not necessarily an American lake, as some writers now insist, but one whose interests are entirely controlled by ourselves and our sister republics to the south of us. Neither they nor we should risk any future European conflicts being staged so unpleasantly near our shores as would have been the case if, for instance, the naval battle of the Falkland Isles had taken place off British Honduras, so near to our Panama Canal.

Since my suggestion was made our government has most wisely purchased the Danish West Indian islands, so that the only powers now left to deal with are England, France, and Holland. England owns most of the islands in those waters, and also British Honduras and British Guiana. None of those possessions are profitable ones, and the results of her colonial policy in her Guiana and Honduras holdings are in unpleasant contrast with the uniform successes of that policy in other parts of the world. In 1895 British Guiana would have precipitated a rupture of our friendship with Great Britain had not President Cleveland handled the situation so admirably. French Guiana is chiefly known for its penal settlements, in one of which Dreyfus unjustly languished so long. The French have brought many Siamese and Chinese coolies into that colony, just as the Hollanders have introduced 15,000 Javanese into her Guiana, both of them following England's example, for she transported to British Guiana over 125,000 East Indian coolies. Does such admixture of tropical Orientals of the lowest classes improve the manhood or civilization of those colonies? or was it done for any other purpose than to exploit them for their European owners? Isn't such action an affront to the fundamentals of Pan-Americanism? It certainly is in flat contradiction to the ethnological policy of Argentina and the United States, and, for that matter, of both Canada and Australia as well. How many miles of railroad have these European masters built to develop the Guianas, a combined territory of more than 171,000 square miles, or about the size of Alabama, Georgia, and Florida put together? There are less than 200 miles in all the three colonies (none at all in French Guiana), which compares unfavorably with Venezuela's 600 miles or Colombia's 700 miles. British Honduras has less than one-tenth the railway mileage of her neighbor Honduras. The school systems in the three Guianas are either far below the average of the neighboring Latin-American republics

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or do not exist at all. Venezuela, next door, has over 1,700 schools, while Colombia, next beyond to the west, has over 5,000, and both of them possess ancient universities. Neither the Dutch islands of the Caribbean nor the French ones are proving profitable colonies, for the home governments are constantly required to meet large deficits in their administration. It would be better for the peoples of all those European possessions if they were released from their present allegiance; it would free us from any more dangers to our European friendships like the British Guiana incident of 1895, and it would, by our payment for their release, reduce the staggering war debt now owed us by England and France, and help Holland to meet the heavy expense incurred by the long-continued mobilization of her army from 1914 till 1919. It would therefore benefit all concerned in or affected by the transaction, and now is the psychological moment to arrange it, when Europe owes us the money, and it would be merely a matter of bookkeeping to adjust it.

Probably the enactment of the Jones Law, with its recital of a promised independence, has so far committed our country to that policy as to preclude our trading the Philippine Islands to Holland, France, and England for their Caribbean possessions. But whether or not a trade of the Philippines be involved, and even if it be done by plain outright purchase, the Caribbean Sea ought now and without delay to be turned into a Pan-American lake, by freeing the Guianas and British Honduras from European domination, and by hoisting the American flag over the European-owned islands of that sea.

To insure peace and progress in the Pacific, a firm friendship and co-operation should and must be established between Japan and ourselves, and to accomplish this end there is necessary the removal of that stumbling-block, the Philippine problem. For this reason it seems best to take the more direct of the two businesslike routes to that desirable end by approving Japan's expansion northwesterly if she will withdraw from her southeasterly development by transferring the Caroline and Marshall Islands to international control or to Australia; and then, with this geographical threat to peace removed, let all three of us, Japan, Australia, and the United States, unite in guaranteeing independence to the Filipino. That ought to satisfy all four parties concerned, assure peace in the Pacific, progress for American trade in co-operation with Japan, and add another star of altruistic achievement to the American escutcheon.

ROMAN REMINISCENCES

By Maitland Armstrong

I FIRST saw Rome in 1859—nearly sixty years ago. Happily there was no railway in those days, so I drove from Civita Vecchia in the diligence across the Campagna and from that quiet plain we dashed through a tall archway straight into the great Square of San Pietro; there was Bramante's honey-colored façade, its grand colonnades, and noble fountains.

And that first morning in the Campagna was one to be ever remembered, delicious as only an Italian winter's day can be; under a soft haze the landscape melted away in almost imperceptible folds and tones of opalescent color, touched here and there by a line of the first fresh green of the wheat-fields or a faint glistening spot of water. The turrets of an old castle of Julius the Second peered through shadowy groves of stone pines above vast tan-colored marshes; the fields were scattered with grass-grown mounds, the remains of long-forgotten cities, once grave and gay. From that day, throughout a long after-experience,

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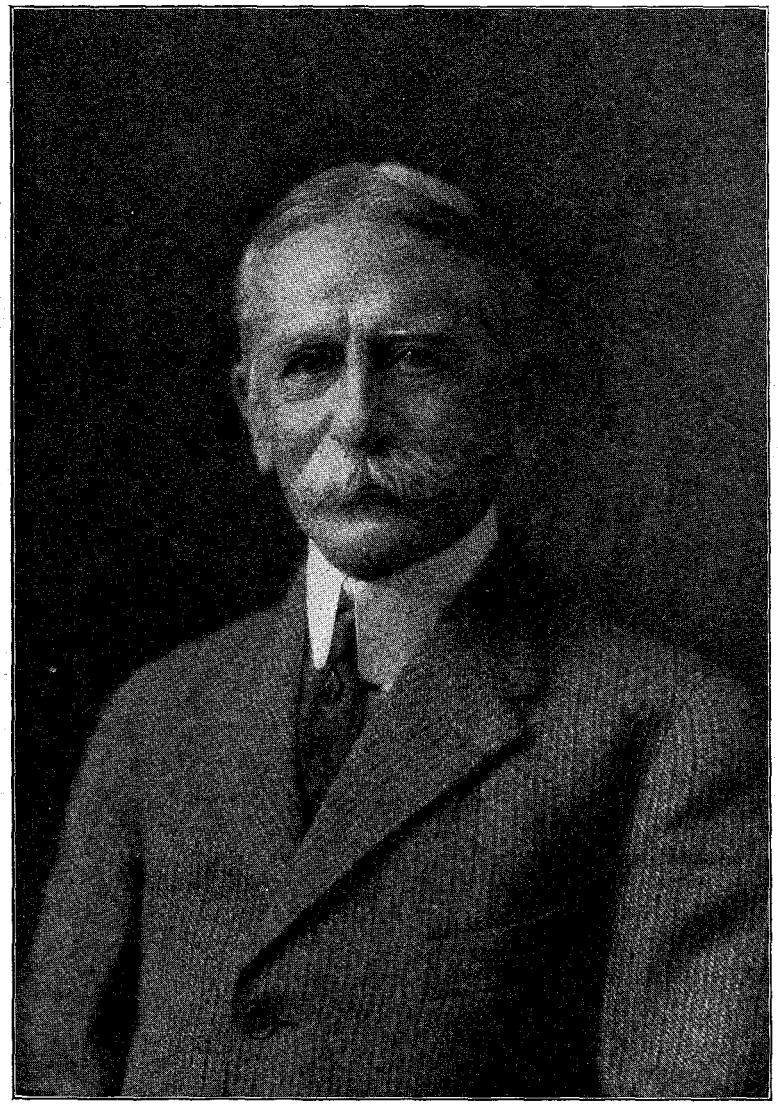
I never ceased to love and enjoy the endless charm of the Campagna.

Rome was a very different place then from what it is now; then the moss and ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars, and there had been little excavation in the Forum. All was overgrown with vines and flowers, most beautiful and pictur-



Gessford Studio.

Maitland Armstrong.
[Born 1836—died 1918.]

dust of ages lay thick over everything; nothing had been repaired for a thousand years. The interior of the Coliseum was a green lawn; its walls were bright with little flowers and low-growing shrubs and thickly clothed with ivy, as were the esque. For many years now the archæologists have been busy digging away the soil in the Coliseum, exposing the pavements in the Forum, and stripping away all the vines and flowers. The result is doubtless most interesting to the anti-

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quarian, but far less pleasing to the artist and man of taste.

But I found all this beauty still unchanged when, in 1869, I went to Rome for the second time, as United States consul to the Papal States. We first had an apartment in the Via Capo le Case, but moved the next year to number 64 Via Sistina, an apartment in the Palazzo Zuccari, a picturesque old place built by the Brothers Zuccari, well-known artists of the sixteenth century, who had frescoed its arched halls and winding stairway in the Rafaelesque manner. Against these faded frescos a slight green lattice had been placed and over it trailed green cactus, covered with scarlet blossoms the winter through. Over the front door of the palace was a shield bearing the arms of the United States.

One of my first duties when I became consul was to care for the effects of Thomas Hotchkiss, an American artist who had lately died in Sicily. He was a landscape-painter, and his pictures of the Roman Campagna, to which he devoted years of study, are not only true to nature but wonderful in drawing and color, and filled with the most delightful feeling and sentiment. One of his finest pictures, a view of the Tor' degli Schiavi, was bought by the late Charles H. Marshall, of New York, but his chief reputation was among artists. When he was just on the threshold of fame he died suddenly, leaving literally thousands of studies. He had a great future before him and was one of the most promising artists that America has produced.

I never knew him, but I learned a little of his life from the friends who loved him. He was born at Hudson, New York, of very poor and very ignorant parents, and his childhood was not a happy one. Even when very young he showed a talent for painting, but, it is needless to say, had no encouragement. He once went to a country fair and bought some paints and brushes, but when he took them home his family destroyed them, thinking that they were instruments for gambling. While still a little boy, they put him to work in a brick-yard, and being a delicate child the hard work and exposure and insufficient food planted the seeds of the malady that ultimately caused his death. As soon as he was able to escape from this slavery he fled to New York in opposition to the wishes of his family, who never had anything more to do with him. He was friendless, but happening to know the pictures of the late A. B. Durand, he appealed to him, and Mr. Durand befriended him and allowed him to work in his studio. How and why he came to Rome, which thenceforward was his home, I do not know.

Some of his best work was done at Taormina, and it was here that he was spending the summer of 1869 with John Rollin Tilton, the artist, when he died of a hemorrhage of the lungs. It was at night when Tilton heard a slight sound and went to him, and he died in a few minutes in his arms.

A few years ago, when I was in Taormina, I asked an old "custode" if he remembered Thomas Hotchkiss. His face lighted up when he answered that he well remembered "Signor Tomasso," and also "il Signor inglese," meaning Tilton, and said:

"I will show you where he lived and died," and leading me to a small stone house that stands on the highest point of the Greek Theatre, he showed me the room, now used as a museum for art objects found in the place and filled with delicate broken bas-reliefs, fragments of statues, jars, and other ancient bits—all quiet and peaceful, the windows looking out over the wide landscape that he knew so well—a fit setting for the spot where that fine soul passed away. He fills a nameless grave at Messina, for it was never marked by a stone, and the earthquake has probably obliterated the cemetery, but his body has mingled with the soil of the Italy that he loved and depicted so beautifully. He was a great painter, and it is pathetic that so few know even his name.

When I came to look into his affairs I found that he had some debts in Rome, so I had an auction to which all the artists flocked, for he had collected many valuable things. The prices obtained were so high that a sufficient sum was soon realized to pay everything he owed, and the rest of his things were sent to New York and sold by the public administrator. As Hotchkiss was little known

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there, they sold for trifling sums, but this made no difference, for his family, I believe, felt so bitterly toward his memory that they declined to receive the money and it went to the State.

Among his effects were two interesting pictures, attributed to Piero di Cosimo, for which the National Gallery had offered Hotchkiss a large price that he had refused. When his sale was held in Rome, many of the artists hoped to buy them and were disappointed to find they were to be sent to New York. I wrote to my friend Robert Gordon to look out for them and buy them, which he did, and presented them to the Metropolitan Museum; but as this was during the reign of General di Cesnola they were so little appreciated that they were put in the cellar, where they remained for more than thirty years entirely forgotten. About ten years ago they were brought to light and heralded as a remarkable discovery—no one knew where they had come from. As I was familiar with them—they had hung in my office in Rome for nearly a year—I wrote an account of them in the New York *Times*, and they were pronounced by experts to be certainly by Piero di Cosimo. They may now be seen in the museum and are in excellent preservation, never having been restored. They are painted on wooden panels, each about eight feet long, one a woodland scene with satyrs and monkeys, the other showing a rocky shore with figures landing from galleys. Browning lived in the Palazzo Barberini when Hotchkiss had his studio there, and I have amused myself by thinking that his poem "Over the sea our galleys went" might have been inspired by this picture, for he must often have been in to see Hotchkiss.

Several very large and beautiful Etruscan vases in Hotchkiss's studio had been acquired by him in a curious way. He happened one day to be sketching on the Campagna near where some men were digging out an old tomb, looking for buried treasure. When they left in the evening, he entered the tomb and chanced to lean against the wall, which gave way and disclosed another chamber containing these magnificent vases. He immediately returned to Rome, got a cab, drove out there, and secured them. What later became of them, when they were sold in New York, I do not know; probably they were bought by some one who did not realize their value, which was a pity, as they were museum pieces.

Speaking of the Metropolitan Museum reminds me of a peaceful Sunday morning in Rome; I was sitting in the garden of the Palazzo Zuccari, my little children playing about me—a garden surrounded by high moss-grown walls, over which hung orange-trees covered with fruit, with beds of purple violets under them. From the garden some steps led down into the Via Gregoriana, through a green door set in the open mouth of a huge rococo head; any one familiar with Rome will remember it.

I had been thinking for some time that an art museum in New York would be a fine thing, and on this lovely morning it came to me that it would be a good plan to write to Robert Gordon in New York and tell him what I thought a museum ought to be, and urge him to take the matter up; so I wrote him about twenty pages. Not long after I heard from him that the good work was really to be begun, and when I returned to New York I found the museum already established in the old Douglas-Cruger house in Fourteenth Street. Of course when I wrote to Mr. Gordon the project was in the air, but it is a pleasure to feel that I was one of the first to suggest it. Gordon wrote me not long ago that "the first dollar ever given to the museum" had been given by him.

In 1869 Rome was the Mecca of American artists, and there were many successful men in the large colony there, for American art was then the fashion. Among the painters were Elihu Vedder, Charles Caryll Coleman, William Hazeltine, Charles Dix, George H. Yewell, George Inness, T. Buchanan Read, Frederick Crowninshield, William Graham, William Gedney Bunce, John Rollin Tilton, George Healy, and Messrs. Terry and Chapman, who had been members of the old Sketch Club of New York, out of which grew the Century Club.

The sculptors included William W. Story, Randolph Rogers, Miss Harriet Hosmer, and many others—in fact, there were so many of them that we thought

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there was to be a great revival of sculpture in America, but none of it came to much. The much-lamented Rinehart was by far the most able, and had already done some fine work. He was born in Baltimore, where Mr. Walters befriended him and enabled him to pursue his studies in Rome, but alas! he died there before he had fulfilled his great promise.

Randolph Rogers was in his glory in 1869, a handsome shaggy man with a leonine head. He had lately made a statue of Nydia, the "Blind Girl of Pompeii," which had a great popular success, particularly among Americans, who ordered replicas for their houses. She was depicted as listening intently, groping her way with a staff. I once saw in his studio seven Nydias, in a row, all listening, all groping, and seven Italian marble-cutters at work cutting them out—it was a gruesome sight.

But Rogers's most profitable trade was in soldiers' monuments; after the Civil War he had orders from towns all over the United States. These monuments were all pretty much alike, even the figures being "much of a muchness," and chiefly distinguished from each other by the weapons they carried. Infantry, for instance, was armed with a rifle, Cavalry with a sabre, Artillery with a rammer, while a naval hero was supported by an anchor. When a monument was finished, I had to examine it in order that it might pass through the United States custom-house free of duty as the work of an American. So Rogers would show me the work and give me the necessary description, but he was himself sometimes confused as to the rank or calling of his figures, if they were not yet armed. I remember his once being in doubt, and calling to his attendant:

"Giuseppe, what is this?" Whereupon Giuseppe promptly supplied the vacant hand with a rammer and Rogers said:

"Ah, I see, it is Artillery, it is all right."

But he was a good fellow, perfectly frank and straightforward about his work, with so many pleasant qualities that one readily pardoned him for treating his work rather as a trade than as an art.

Many of my friends had studios in the Via Margutta, a little street running along the foot of the Pincian Hill, where there was a settlement of artists from all parts of the world. I painted at times in the studios of Coleman and Vedder and worked in the evenings in the Life School, a good-sized, semicircular amphitheatre, seating about a hundred students, called Gigi's Academy. Gigi was the proprietor—I never knew his surname—but all he did was to exact his fee each month and provide a good light, heat, and a model; also, for two soldi, large hunks of coarse bread, called "moulika," for rubbing out marks. We had no regular artistic criticism, but worked out our own salvation as best we could. Many great painters had worked there—among them Fortuny and Villigas. Almost every evening Fred Crowninshield would stop at my house and we would go to Gigi's together. Crowninshield was afterward Director of the American Academy in Rome for some years.

Elihu Vedder was then, as he is still, a most delightful companion, witty and original. When an American visiting his studio was guilty of the trite remark, "I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like," Vedder replied: "So do the beasts that perish." When Vedder comes to New York he makes his headquarters at the Century Club and almost any evening, at such times, he may be found surrounded by a circle of friends listening to his amusing conversation far into the night. Some one asked him to have a drink—his answer was a conundrum: "Why am I like a Kleinert's dress-shield? Because I am dry and absorbent."

Charles Caryll Coleman was another good friend—exceedingly kind to any one who was in trouble. He always dressed well, and with his curling hair and handsome face was a striking figure. His brother Caryll belonged for a year or so to the Trappists, that strictest of orders that lives in perpetual silence. Charles Coleman was a rabid collector of "oggeti d'antiquita," and his studio was a museum of tapestries, rare marbles, rich stuffs, and old pictures. They said that if he sold a picture for a thousand dollars, on the strength of it he immediately sallied out to an antiquity shop and spent two thousand on account of the one he had on hand. From his studio in the Via Margutta one had a long beautiful view

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of the slope of the Pincian Hill, gay with poppies and pink almond-trees, interspersed with picturesque bits of ruin.

I was one day sketching one of these ruins—a small temple or tomb, the stucco a delicious yellowish tint, with a bright spot of white in the centre of its apse-like top. An almond-tree in bloom hung over it and beyond was a jumble of delicate flowers and a touch of tender-blue sky. I was busily absorbed when I looked up and saw George Inness and T. Buchanan Read. They had just been lunching together and were in good spirits. Inness remarked:

"Your high light in the arch is not bright enough."

So handing him my palette and brush, I said, "Do it yourself then," and without taking off his kid gloves he took the brush, mixed up some Naples-yellow and white, steadied himself, and gave one dab just in the right spot. I sold that sketch afterward for a hundred dollars, but whether it was because of Inness's master-touch I never knew.

Inness was a small nervous man, with ragged hair and beard, and a vivacious intense manner, an excellent talker, much occupied with theories and methods, not only of painting but also of religion. I once met him in the White Mountains and we spent several hours talking together—or rather, he talked and I listened—about a theory he had of color intertwined in a most ingenious way with Swedenborgianism, in which he was a devout believer. Toward the latter part of the evening I became quite dizzy, and which was color and which was religion I could hardly tell! But, on the whole, he was an interesting man, and undoubtedly one of the first of American painters. Unlike many great artists, he was amenable to criticism, and when some friend suggested that he might change a sky, he would promptly scrape out a gray one and try a blue. Crowninshield said that when Inness painted according to his theories the result was often queer, but when he trusted entirely to feeling he was all right.

T. Buchanan Read, the "painter-poet," author of "Sheridan's Ride," was another picturesque figure, who led a varied life and amused himself by doing a good many unusual things. For instance, on Queen Victoria's birthday he sent her a long telegram of congratulation in poetical language, and received a gracious acknowledgment from the master of her household, who, of course, did not know T. B. R., but wanted to be on the safe side.

Read had painted a portrait of General Sheridan on his black charger, and when the general, accompanied by Colonel Forsythe, visited Rome, we gave them a dinner, which was attended by most of the Americans and several English army officers. Sheridan was a man of few words but they were brisk and to the point. He had grown stout and rather breathless—indeed, his clothes seemed too tight for him. Forsythe was a dashing fellow, and made an amusing speech at the dinner. After complimenting the British officers, he spoke of being once stationed on the Canadian frontier near a British outpost. "Their officers," he said, "would come to see us and and we would give them mint juleps and knock 'em higher than a kite; then we would go over to them and they would give us double-headed ale and brandy mixed and knock us higher than a kite—it was grand!"

General Sherman also came to Rome while I was there, with Fred Grant, General Grant's son, who had lately graduated at West Point. I invited Grant to go to the hunt and offered him a horse, but he asked what sort of saddle he would have, and when I told him we had only English saddles, he suggested he might ride bareback, but I said I didn't think it would do for the son of the President of the United States to appear in that primitive fashion. It seemed strange to me that a West Point man had not been trained to ride on any kind of saddle.

We saw a good deal of General Sherman—a charming old fellow in a bluff quaint way. Apropos of the general, I am reminded of a story that Augustus Saint-Gaudens told me about him. While he was modelling the old soldier's bust he was also making a bas-relief of Robert Louis Stevenson, and he told the general that he would like to introduce him, whereupon the general asked:

"Was he one of my boys?"

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"No," said Saint-Gaudens, "he is a great writer, the author of 'Jekyll and Hyde.'"

"Oh!" said the general, "he's no fool then, I'd like to meet him." When Stevenson came in he shook him warmly by the hand and said:

"Glad to meet you, sir, were you one of my boys?"

One of the best books that has ever been written about the every-day life of Rome is the "Roba di Roma" of William W. Story, giving, as it does, the history of many ancient customs, festivals, and traits of the people which were still prevalent in the Rome of his day, and mine, but which have now entirely disappeared. He understood his Rome thoroughly. He was a man of varied talents, none of them buried in a napkin. His statue of Cleopatra may be seen in the Metropolitan Museum; he was a painter and a poet; but he began life as a lawyer and wrote law-books that are still quoted, and I believe he was once a disciple of transcendental philosophy at Brook Farm. To be sure, if one spoke to a sculptor about Story's work, he was apt to praise his writing or painting, while if you mentioned his verse to a poet he fought shy of the subject and talked of his sculpture instead—but, taking him all in all, he was an able man in many different ways, though I think his most solid claim to fame is his admirable "Roba di Roma." I remember, many years after the time of which I am writing, I was in Paris and happened to be calling on Mrs. McCormick—a very charming woman, the wife of the McCormick of reaper fame—when Cabanel came in. He had painted a portrait of Mr. McCormick, who had afterward been decorated by the French Government with the Legion of Honor, so the picture had been sent to Paris from America in order that the artist might paint the red ribbon in the buttonhole of the coat. Cabanel was now calling to discuss the matter with Mrs. McCormick. By way of making conversation, she told Cabanel that her distinguished countryman Mr. W. W. Story was then in Paris, and asked if he had met him. Cabanel was compelled to acknowledge, with many apologies, that he had never heard of him.

"Not heard of him!" exclaimed Mrs. McCormick. "Why, he is a wonderful sculptor, a great painter, a poet, a lawyer of distinction!" etc., etc.

Cabanel listened attentively until she had closed her panegyric, then, throwing up both hands, exclaimed:

"Trop de choses, madame, trop de choses!"

A good portrait-painter in Rome was George Butler—his cats were particularly good. An athletic fellow, with a beautiful figure and a handsome face, he was an unusually fine fencer, though he had lost his right arm at Gettysburg. Now it happened that his friend Charles Caryll Coleman had an enemy—why, I need not mention—and this enemy and his friends had formed a sort of conspiracy against Coleman, planning to get him involved in a duel, so that they might take his life. One evening Coleman and Butler were at the opera with some ladies, and, in leaving, the enemy jostled Coleman in an insulting way. Coleman said to him:

"I cannot see you now as I am with ladies, but I will see you later."

After taking the ladies home, Butler and Coleman went to the Caffè di Roma on the Corso, and the enemy was there. As they left the café he followed and they turned and met him. It was a dark night, and mistaking Butler for Coleman he slapped his face, and Butler immediately knocked him down. The fellow jumped up and demanded satisfaction, but when they got into the light and he saw his mistake and found he had to deal with the best fencer in Rome, he wanted to get out of it, but Butler said:

"No, you don't! I have received a deadly insult and we must fight. Our weapons are swords."

So they fought. Butler soon had his antagonist at his mercy, but he did not want to kill him, and as the man wore glasses, Butler thought it would be amusing to pick them off without hurting him, but in doing this he did not quite calculate his distance and almost ran his sword through his opponent's skull, though he did not wound him mortally. Anyway, Coleman was troubled no more.

John Rollin Tilton was one of the best-known painters in Rome in 1870. His pictures were popular and he admired

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them much himself. "My pictures," he once said to me, "are so luminous that they shine in the dark!" And I think that he really believed it.

His studio, overlooking the Villa Ludovisi, had windows opening on a long veranda, so that any one passing could see into the studio. Some visitors happened to glance in and spied Tilton with his coat off, looking rather dishevelled, sweeping out his room. They knocked at the door, there was a perceptible pause, then a "come in," and there he was, lying on a sofa, dressed in a velvet coat and reading a volume of Browning.

One time during the carnival, Arthur Dexter of Boston, a delightful man and a good deal of a wag, paid several surprise visits to his friends, disguised in domino and mask and accompanied by a well-known lady in Rome, also masked. One of these friends was Tilton, whose apartment in the Palazzo Barberini was on an upper floor and reached by a magnificent broad winding marble stairway that seemed almost endless, with steps so low that it was nearly an inclined plane. Dexter rang the bell at the door and Tilton opened it, clad only in dressing-gown and slippers; without a word they seized him, one on each side, and rushed him like lightning all the way down the winding stairs, and left him shivering in the cold courtyard. He did not recognize them and never knew who they were.

The Artists' Festival at Cervara was gotten up with extra enthusiasm in the spring of 1870, as it had been forbidden for the previous ten years. The German artists were the chief performers, though others joined in, and a motley crowd, dressed in every variety of absurd and picturesque costume—Arabs, Druids, Indians, Egyptians—some mounted on horseback but the greater majority astride of donkeys, assembled at an early hour at one of the gates and marched in procession to the Tor' degli Schiavi, that fine ruin on the Campagna, where they breakfasted and then went on to Cervara. The caves there are exceedingly picturesque, cut out of the solid rock, and here they danced, acted little plays, and rode most entertaining races—fifty or sixty horses and asses, with gayly decorated riders, raced up and down a meadow for an hour or so, while the lookers-on dotting the hillsides applauded uproariously. As the shadows lengthened, a huge dragon crawled heavily out of one of the caverns and was quickly despatched by a nimble Saint George, mounted on a stick, whose comic victory brought the pageant to a close. Then home across the lovely Campagna, of which I never tired, its delicate colors forever changing into something even more enchanting.

In those days Rome was considered to be very unhealthy in hot weather, so I was not expected by the State Department at Washington to stay there during the summer. In August, 1870—a memorable date in the history of Italy—I was staying with my family at Bellagio in the Villa Giulia, a palace on Lake Como belonging to the King of Belgium, at that time used as a hotel. It was a fine old place, shaded by ancient horse-chestnut-trees, with lots of nice things to paint all about. One peaceful sunny morning I was sitting in a summer-house on the cliff overlooking the lake painting a little picture—I have it still, a small steamer crossing the blue water leaving a broad wake behind it—and thinking what a pleasant summer lay before me, thinking of anything rather than war, when a telegram was brought to me summoning me to Rome. War had been declared by the Italian Government against the Papal States, troops were marching toward Rome and were about to attack it.

As the United States was not represented at Rome at that time by any official except myself, I felt it my duty to return there at once; so my dreams of a long summer holiday were dashed and I started off for Rome, leaving my family at Bellagio.

All went quietly and well until the third morning, when the train stopped at a little station and the passengers—there were but three—were told that the train could go no farther, as the tracks had been torn up by the Italians. We found ourselves on the Campagna about twenty miles from Rome; it was a deserted spot, and there were no signs of a conveyance of any sort and nothing to be had to eat; but after exploring the neighborhood I found a wretched hut, inhabited by a

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ragged old peasant, owner of a rickety box-wagon without springs or seats, drawn by a half-starved horse, his harness tied together with bits of string. As I was at the old man's mercy I had to promise him an enormous sum, I forget what, to induce him to take us to Rome. Then I returned to the train and offered the hospitality of my wagon to my fellow travellers, which they were only too glad to accept, and cheerfully shared the cost with me. They were pleasant young fellows, who proved to be connected with the Austrian Legation at Rome, kind but rather patronizing, asking me how I expected to get into the city. I told them I thought I would have no difficulty with my American passport, but they seemed doubtful and assured me of their protection, as, being in the diplomatic service, they would have no trouble.

The driver put some rough boards across the wagon for seats, and we filled the rest of it with our luggage. It was now about ten o'clock and we went on our way. We had had no breakfast except some luscious black and yellow grapes that a boy brought us on the train, so after a while we were glad to see a little "osteria" with a bush over the door, sign that wine was to be had within; but it proved, however, to have no wine, nor even bread. The only thing they could give us were three of the smallest eggs I have ever seen, and when I asked for salt they brought it on a vine-leaf, perfectly black, just as it had been dug from the soil; so we stood in the road and devoured our little eggs, saltless and breadless. We could not, like Robert Louis Stevenson's "Amateur Emigrant," "line ourselves" very comfortably with these little eggs, but we got nothing more to eat that day. It was scorching hot and the long white road was dusty. The Campagna at that season was burned to a uniform tint of light-tan color, with an occasional strip of green along the watercourses, but it was beautiful as always, the wide yellow plain gradually melting into the blue and pink of the distant mountains. When at last we reached the old Nomentana bridge we saw Rome, dominated by the dome of Saint Peter's, and the Italian army, sixty thousand strong, their tents dotting the hillsides, and regiments of cavalry drilling on the plain.

All was bustle and confusion at the Porta Pia where we sought to enter. The front of the gateway and the walls on either side of it were piled high with sand-bags, and in front of the gate itself and almost obscuring it was an earthwork also strengthened by sand-bags. After a long altercation with our driver as to the amount of the "buono mano," which in Italy, no matter how much you pay, is never enough, one glance at my passport by the officials assured me of a prompt and polite invitation to enter; but when my Austrian acquaintances presented their passports their reception was quite different; so our relative positions were altered, and much to their chagrin, and in spite of my entreaties and assurances, they were obliged to remain outside of the walls all night. When I met them in Rome the next day their patronage of me had ceased. But they were good fellows, all the same, and in the retrospect I recall our long day together with pleasure.

Having my apartment all ready at 64 Via Sistina, I felt quite at home. I had my breakfast at the Caffè del Greco and my dinner at the Hotel d'Angleterre, and I allowed the keeper of the hotel, as I was his guest, to put up the American flag, which he seemed to think would be a protection from the northern invaders. There were no travellers and few Americans; all the studios were closed; one could not communicate with the outer world at all either by letter or telegraph—Rome was hermetically sealed. It was very quiet, but I rather enjoyed it, for I had plenty of time to sketch; but there was little else to do, except to interview stranded Americans who wanted the protection of the American flag, and it was surprising how many turned up whom I had never heard of. Among those who asked for protection were the students at the American College and the Propaganda, who, of course, had a right to it; and I was as liberal as I could be in according everybody such privileges, but I had to draw the line when an American lady, the wife of a distinguished Roman official, applied, for she was no longer an American citizen. She was very indignant and threatened to complain to Washington.

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The day before the attack came I went to the grounds of the Villa Medici, to the top of a hill where one had a view of the encampment of the whole Italian army. When I arrived at the top I found there a number of Papal Zouaves with field-glasses, watching the Italian troops, as they expected an attack soon. The Zouaves were attractive dashing young fellows, a cosmopolitan lot from all nations—Americans, English, Irish, German, and French, many of noble families. These boys chatted very pleasantly, were gay and hopeful, and did not seem at all cast down at the prospect of a battle with a great army. Poor fellows, they did not realize what humiliation a day would bring forth for them.

Early next morning, at five o'clock, on September 20, 1870, heavy cannonading began. Calvi, my Italian vice-consul, became much excited, and said that he felt warlike and that it was grand, and suggested that we should go up on the roof and see the fun; but when we reached there, although the noise was deafening, for the fire was near, we could see nothing because of the intervening buildings. In a few minutes something whizzed through the air right between us and he exclaimed:

"What was that!"

"A bullet," I said.

Whereupon he seemed to lose interest and suggested that we descend, which we accordingly did, and as we went down through the skylight we saw where a bullet had lodged in the casing through which we had just come up.

We then walked out through the Via Sistina to the Piazza Barberini, where the ground was strewn with bits of shell, some of which we picked up. The firing by this time had ceased—it only lasted about two hours. From the Piazza we walked up to the Porta Pia and on the way passed the Villa Buonaparte, through the gates of which the Italians had entered at ten o'clock, by a gaping fissure that they had soon made in the old Roman wall, which was not at all prepared for modern artillery. I saw there a Papal Zouave lying dead on his back under an ilex-bush near the gate.

Near by was one of those long narrow straight paved streets, with a tiny side-walk and high walls on either side, and this was lined on both sides as far as one could see, perhaps a quarter of a mile, with Italian Bersaglieri, in single file, with their rifles grounded. Presently there appeared the Papal Zouaves, without arms, marching two and two, very much dishevelled, among them my acquaintances of the day before, and as they passed, the Italians kept shouting, "Viva Italia!" and "Verdi!" which stands for "Vittorio Emanuele Re d' Italia," and making a singular rolling sound under their tongues that was like distant thunder, spitting on the Zouaves and thumping the butts of their guns on their toes and offering them every indignity. It was pitiful to see the poor fellows hopping about to avoid the blows—it was shocking and humiliating. Among them was a young man I had often seen, Charette, who belonged to a noble French family—one lock of his black hair was perfectly white, and he was said to be very proud of this, as it had descended in his family as a distinguishing mark for many generations—he, poor fellow, was hopping about and trying to protect his toes with the rest. The next day the Zouaves were all assembled in the great Square of Saint Peter's and expelled from Rome, and we never saw them more. The whole affair was very different from the gallant defense of the Quattro Venti of Rome by Garibaldi in 1849.

As soon as it was known that Rome had surrendered, there was a perfect irruption of Italian flags; the colors floated from every window and above every tower—the people had evidently been gathering them and secreting them for a long while. Crowds paraded up and down the streets mad with joy, the soldiers, looking very friendly and cheerful, were welcomed and embraced, kissed and cheered by every one they met, and the public squares were soon filled with cavalry horses tethered to every projection, and piles of hay and other fodder scattered all over the pavements. It looked like war, though there had been little like a real battle.

The streets soon resumed their normal condition, except that there were no more gorgeous cardinals' carriages or Papal processions through the streets; but, instead,

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the Royal Guard of Prince Humbert, mostly Roman nobles, in their gay uniforms and mounted on splendid horses, or troops of Bersaglieri, with their great black hats plumed with cocks' feathers, trotting along at double quick.

Yes, Rome had changed. It had jumped from the Middle Ages into the present and, alas! lost much of its picturesqueness. But there is no doubt that the people were delighted at the change—the vote for the Italian Government was forty-five thousand for and forty-five against.

With the advent of the Italians the population was soon increased by sixty thousand and it was difficult to house the newcomers; new shops were opened and remained open on Sunday—Papal Rome had been the most moral city, in *appearance*, that I had ever known—there was a wild speculation in land and building, but the supply soon outran the demand. Many of the nobility were involved, among them the Borghese, who, I understand, were almost ruined.

Rome was not made the capital of Italy until the next summer, and then there were great rejoicings throughout the country. We were in Venice at the time; flags waved from every window, meeting and crossing over the narrow streets, making an archway overhead, San Marco was wonderfully illuminated, and everywhere little printed bills were stuck up, expressing sympathy with Victor Emmanuel. One of them read:

"Glory to God for having given such long life to Pius IX, that he is able to see Rome made the capital of Italy."

King Victor Emmanuel never came to live in Rome, but merely visited it for a short time. He had an enthusiastic reception as he drove through the city accompanied by a military guard—a fat red-faced man, with a regal manner, bowing right and left as he passed. Prince Humbert and Princess Margherita came at once to Rome and established their court at the Quirinal Palace. They were both very gracious at their receptions; she especially was charming—young and handsome, with a most sweet expression.

Another crowned head in Rome at this time was the Emperor of Brazil. He was a fine-looking man. I saw him at the opening of Parliament sitting in the royal box, wearing civilian dress set off by a pair of bright-green gloves with very long fingers.

Shortly after Rome was taken I was promoted from being consul to the Papal States to be consul-general for Italy at Rome, which increased my work, and as Mr. Marsh, the American Minister, resided in Florence, I also had charge of the legation and attended to any business connected therewith, both with the Vatican and the Italian Government. One of these extra duties of mine, usually performed by an accredited minister, was presenting Americans to Prince Humbert and Princess Margherita; I also continued to present my countrymen to the Pope.

I soon had a private audience with Prince Humbert, going by appointment one afternoon to the Quirinal. After registering my name in an anteroom, an attendant took me to the prince's library, where I found him sitting alone. He got up and shook hands and, as he was smoking, offered me a cigar. After talking about twenty minutes, I got up to go and he walked with me over to the fireplace, where we warmed ourselves and he went on smoking and talking, and when I left he went to the door and opened it himself. It was all very democratic—just like any pleasant call of one American gentleman on another. A single attendant was waiting outside and walked with me to the gate.

The horse that Prince Humbert habitually rode to the hunt was an immense animal, seventeen hands high, that looked as if he could jump anything, but they said the prince was not allowed to take any chances and was obliged to ride with circumspection and avoid being hurt. So royalty has its drawbacks in this as in many other ways.

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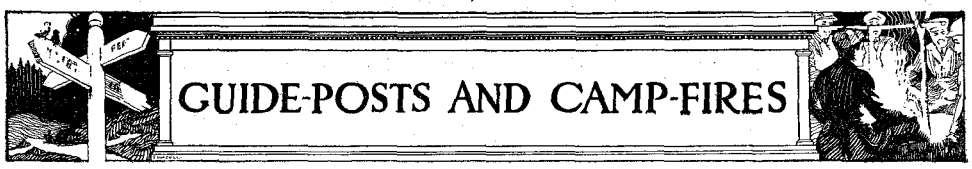

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

SYMPATHETIC ANTIPATHIES

[THE FOURTH OF TWELVE PAPERS]

BEING by conviction as well as profession an adherent of the creed of good-will and an advocate of universal charity, I am not a little chagrined to discover, (and hereby confess,) the considerable part which distastes and antipathies play in my life.

My likings are strong enough to give assurance of health. The charms of a wooded mountain country and swift-flowing streams; American elm-trees, white pines, and silver birches; the taste of fresh asparagus, green peppers, and bacon; the company of frank, lively, sensible, and unenvious people; the reading of books well written on subjects worth writing about;—to all these and many other attractions I am open and pliable, without much reasoning or moral suasion.

On the other hand my dislikings, though less numerous, are quite as strong. A flat, bald country, dry or damp; dumplings, veal, and salt codfish; a clay soil; a lymphatic temperament in a woman, and a sour, jealous disposition in a man; books about nothing, written in a sloppy or pretentious style—these are things that I cannot abide.

Nor am I greatly concerned to justify such-like repugnancies by abstract reasoning or high ethical or political considerations. They belong to the sphere of personal privilege. Without some admixture of this kind, temperamental rather than logical, we can hardly maintain our existence as real individuals. Mankind, thus denatured, would be reduced to the dreary stratifications of class-consciousness. Given the label of his church, or political party, or handicraft, or profession, you could predict precisely what your quasi-man would be and do. The more eminent in his type, the more sapless and savorless would he be in his person. He would resemble that modern statue which Julius Hare describes in "Guesses at Truth": "Like the yolk of an egg cased in the soft albumen of a pseudo-ideal."

A man refined or sublimated beyond a capacity for simple, natural dislikes is distinctly not a likable character. Beneath the glossy surface of a superior neutrality in minor things, he may hide a major hatred, a fixed, unalterable enmity, irrational as the jaundice and implacable as a vendetta. Give me rather the man of frank though foolish aversions; the man who protests that he knows nothing about art but is quite sure of what he does *not* like, and declines to be bothered with it; the man who has no better cause to give for his repugnancy to So-and-So than that his mouth is cut the wrong way, or that he talks through his nose and pronounces "programme" to rhyme with "pogrom." These are pardonable prejudices. They are to be placed in the necessary, non-moral region of human life. They belong to the domain of unaccountable reactions, covered by the classic quatrain,—

> "I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,
> The reason why I cannot tell;
> But this alone I know full well,
> I do not love thee, Doctor Fell."

Now, the subject of these famous lines was an eminently respectable scholar and prelate, dean of Christ Church, and afterward Bishop of Oxford, in the seventeenth century. The author of the lines was one Tom Brown, a student at Christ Church, and a vagarious fellow whom Addison characterized as "of Facetious Memory." Yet I am prepared to defend the irregular Tom Brown in his confession that he disliked the established John Fell without

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assignable reasons. At all events, but for this whimsical aversion the name of Doctor Fell would hardly have become a household word. So far, it benefited him. But what it did to handicap Tom Brown's academic career, we know not.

It must be admitted, for candor's sake, that these unreasoned dislikes are not generally profitable in the affairs of life. They act as restraints and inhibitions: whether wise or not, He alone knoweth that alloweth them.

I recall that my father, (of blessed memory,) had such an aversion from an unknown man whom he used to meet and pass in his morning walks in the city of Brooklyn, going at a certain hour through Remsen Street from his house to his study in the church which he served. This man he pointed out to me once as we walked together. He was quite an ordinary citizen, tailor-made, glum-faced, with a white patch over one eye, and of a general flabby appearance, unpleasant but not terrifying. Yet my father felt so strong a detestation for the mere look of the man, that he regarded it as ominous and malign, and fell into the habit of walking around by way of Montague Street, rather than risk meeting his *bête noire* in Remsen Street. It was absurd no doubt, but not reprehensible; and it had one good result,—a little longer exercise in the fresh air every morning.

My own dislikings have often demanded payment for their indulgence. What shall a man who abhors veal, and believes that if he eats it he will presently faint away and perhaps die of acute indigestion,—what shall such a man do at the *tables-d'hôte* of Europe, and especially of Austria? He must practise vegetarianism, or bribe the waiter to procure a substitute for the unleavened *Kalbfleisch*.

My absolute inability to love flat and treeless countries, my positive aversion from sage-brush and alkali, have prevented me from sharing the eloquent affection of my Cousin John, for *The Desert*. He may have it all if he likes. Also he may have the paintings of Matisse, and the plays of the very Belgian Shakespeare, Maeterlinck, and the anthologies of Spoon River and other level and bald localities, if they please him. To me they are as veal, and clay, and salt codfish. *Je m'en fiche*. Poorer this abstinence may make me, but it leaves me honest. And it does not deprive me of the pleasure of admiring the gusto, (to use Hazlitt's phrase,) with which my Cousin John praises the desert and finds excuse for its lack of eyebrows and eye-lashes in the wondrous lights reflected in its ever-open eyes. By proxy I enjoy it through his enjoyment.

> "But not for all his faith can see,
> Would I that desert-dweller be."

Here we approach, by a devious but necessary detour, the particular subject of this paper. Dislikes, aversions, repugnancies, are inevitable, and therefore to a certain extent defensible. But only those are wholesome and profitable which have in them a little ray of comprehension, a little drop of love.

Trust not your antipathies unless they are sympathetic.

Do you remember how Charles Lamb begins his essay on "All Fools' Day"?

"The compliments of the season to my worthy masters, and a merry first of April to *us all!*"

How often, if we have the priceless art of being sincere with ourselves, do we recognize in the qualities which displease us in others, the very imps and unruly sprites which cause the most trouble in our own interior economy! At home we are inclined to go gently with them, to make allowances, even to plead excuse for our bothersome offspring. And who shall say that this is altogether wrong or absolutely unwise? Many a vice is but a virtue overdriven. Pruning is better than extermination.

But why not apply the same principle to what we see in our neighbor's back garden, or in his front yard? Why not remember that he probably has as much trouble with his faults and foibles as we have with our own? And if they happen to be alike, why not use them for self-enlightenment and correction?

The things that we dislike in others may serve as mirrors to ourselves. But let us not follow the example of that foolish person described in the Epistle of St. James, who "beholding his natural face in a glass, goeth his way and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was."

Take that tendency to quick and fierce anger which the Romans called *iracundia*,

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and in later Latin *stomachatio*, as if it were a sudden rising of the gorge. We call it irascibility. It is not a lovable quality. Yet those of us who are afflicted with it would not readily admit that it is only and altogether evil. We would plead the excuses of righteous wrath; we would claim that good fuel answers quickly to the flame; we would say, as if it were a complete justification, "you knew I had a hasty temper; why did you provoke me?" Suppose we should apply to others the same arguments and palliations that we use for ourselves. Suppose that the great quarrel of to-day between two irascible men, in which the interests of all nations and of many millions of mankind are involved, should have its natural antipathies loosened and resolved by the infusion of a good-humored drop of sympathy. Would it not have a happy effect?

I like the advice of Plutarch in the third volume of his "Morals," where he says, "Should you quarrel with your brother, *avoid intercourse with his enemies, and hold correspondence with his friends.*"

This seems to be a practical comment on the words of St. Paul, wherein we find both a reasonable concession to the infirmity of our human tempers and a Christian counsel for controlling them. "Be ye angry," says he, quite positively, as if we could not help it, "and sin not. Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

Anger that breaks out is troublesome. Anger that sinks in is fatal.

A well-founded mistrust of treacherous persons we may keep. But God save us from the poison of a cherished grudge.

Consider in like manner, the foible of vanity. Nothing is more apt to evoke antipathy, especially in those who are tinctured with the same fault.

The arrival of a person with a too manifest good opinion of himself in a community where conceit is endemic, seems like a direct challenge to all the legitimate inheritors of self-complacency. It becomes their pleasure as well as their duty to meet the emergency and to rescue their neighbor from his annoying sin. Sometimes they go about it with open ridicule, which is wholesome and harmless enough, if it be free from malice. At other times a kind of League to Enforce Humility is silently formed and everybody is proud to have a modest part in its work.

The best leader in such a campaign of levelling improvement is usually a female who has passed middle age in unquestioned respectability and has established a local reputation for mordant wit. Being cased in the defensive armor of impenetrable self-satisfaction, she is the more free to let fly at random with her sharp-pointed tongue. An aged dame of this type I once knew, who was a terror to the fresh and exuberant, and a perpetual joy to herself. She was a past mistress in the art of making people feel uncomfortable when she thought they needed it. For those who crossed her path in the flush of a first success or in the glow of some long task finally accomplished, she had the vigilant eye of a sleepless monitor, and the swift, unerring weapon of a winged and barbed word. After such a discharge you could see her fluffing her feathers and preening herself like a hen who has just performed the miracle of laying an egg. "Aha," she seemed to say, "did you watch me do that? How neatly I brought that cockscomb down! Vanity is a thing that I cannot endure." Whereat one is reminded of the great word which George Meredith, in "The Egoist," makes Sir Willoughby Patterne utter to Clara, his hapless fiancée: "Beware of marrying an Egoist, my dear!"

An old English rhymer has a verse on this subject:

> "The hunters of Conceit pursue a fox
> Endowed with magic that deludes and mocks;
> He doubles, turns, and ere they end the race,
> Each dog that follows wears a foxy face;
> The scent they ran by on themselves is found,
> And now they chase each other round and round."

The wisest and most amiable of mankind are always aware of this subtle and tricksy quality of conceit, which masquerades in our Sunday clothes and peeps out at us from our own photographs. Doth not Michel de Montaigne, after humbly acknowledging that he has no memory, mollify that self-accusation by remarking that "it is commonly seene by experience that excellent memories do rather accompany weake judgements"? Bravo, intrepid philosopher of Perigord and writer of the most frankly ingenious essays ever penned! Why should we take umbrage at your further confession? "Glorie and curiositie are the scourges of

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our soules. The one induceth us to have an oare in every ship, and the other forbiddeth us to leave anything unresolved or undecided."

Listen also to a more reverend doctor, Blaise Pascal, of Paris and Port Royal. "We toil without ceasing," says he, "to adorn and to uphold our imaginary self, while we neglect our true self altogether. We would gladly act as poltroons to acquire the reputation of being brave. Those who write against glory would fain have the glory of having written well. Those who read them would fain have the glory of having read. *And I, who am writing this, perhaps I also have the same desire. And you, who read, perhaps you will have it also.* Curiosity is nothing but vanity. Generally one wishes to know merely in order to talk about it."

This is an admirable, thoroughgoing discourse, wherein the preacher includes himself with the congregation, and admits, smiling, that humor is not out of place in a serious sermon. Come from behind your pillar, brother Humilio! Seek not to evade your spoonful of the medicine. Come out, and let us all laugh together and repent and try to mend our ways.

'Tis no new discovery, this streak of vainglory running all through the stuff of our humanity. Plutarch lets in the light upon it when he notes that those who praise an obscure life seek to win fame by their praise of it. He compares them to watermen "who look astern while they row the boat ahead, still so managing the strokes of the oar that the vessel may make on to its port." A few paragraphs later, he goes even beyond this and praises outright the men who seek honor and good repute. "Would you have them out of the way," he asks ironically, "for fear they should set others a good example, and allure others to virtue out of emulation of the precedent?"

Yet undoubtedly there is a popular antipathy to those who evidently aim at eminence. Paul Elmer More, in one of his delightful Shelburne essays, describes it as a lurking malady of the democratic spirit, "a kind of *malaise* at distinction, wherever seen and however manifested." Against this I think we should be on our guard and protect ourselves by whatever prophylactic we can find, just as carefully as against the far more open fault of vanity. Indeed this uneasy resentment at excellence is a covert form of vanity,—*vanitas vulgi*, which cries with the Irishman "One man is as good as another, and better too! Down wid all top-hats!"

It is to this ingrowing self-flattery of democracies rather than to the so-called ingratitude of republics that I would ascribe much of the niggling detraction that has followed many great men in our country. First, a brilliant burst of applause; then a steady rain of abuse; then, (after the man is dead,) a clearing sky and a worthy monument.

Washington, who liberated the country, was accused of truckling to the British and tyrannizing over the Americans. Lincoln, who preserved the Union, was accused of currying favor with the South because he declined to "hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple-tree," or perform other vengeful antics at the bidding of the Yankee irreconcilables. Roosevelt, who preached and practised Americanism on a four-square basis, was called a "grand-stand player," because he evidently relished the plaudits which followed a brave speech or a good stroke. And now a living statesman, whom I will not name, is accused of the same heinous crime of grand-stand play because he has plainly sought the honor of promoting the largest plan to defend peace on earth that the world has ever seen. Would that some of those who gibe and fleer at him might betray in themselves a like ambition, an equal willingness to toil, to put aside ease and comfort, to imperil health and life itself for the sake of realizing an ideal whose nobility and generous daring none can deny.

Grand-stand players, forsooth! Then so was Nelson a grand-stand player when he cried at Cape St. Vincent "Westminster Abbey or Victory." So was William of Orange when he aimed to win, and won, from all his people the more than kingly title of "Father." So was Themistocles, the savior of Athens, when he plainly took delight in the applause of the stadium, and showed himself *philotimotatos*, a lover of honor. So has every true hero and notable benefactor been of the company of those who labor to deserve, and are not ashamed to enjoy, the approval of their fellow men, if it come on the path of duty and in obedience to the divine command. By such renown their power for good is

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increased, and the light of their example is shed abroad like a candle set on a high place.

Therefore I would not be among the detractors of the great or the minifiers of the illustrious. But the same trouble and toil which those criticasters give themselves to bedim good names and find or paint blots on fair 'scutcheons, would I gladly take to brighten the shield of virtue, to find the most favorable interpretation of the errors of the wise, and to discover new reasons for the admiration of the excellent. Well spoke Jesus the son of Sirach when he said: "Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us; leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their understanding men of learning for the people; all these were honored in their generations, and were a glory in their days."

But from these heights let us return to the case of Themistocles. It offers an amusing illustration of the vagaries of vanity in human nature. It appears that when the battle of Salamis had been gloriously won under his leadership, a council was held to award the supreme prize of valor. *Every general present voted for himself as FIRST in valor; but all voted for Themistocles as SECOND.* So the prize was given to him. And I imagine that it was done with general laughter and good humor.

In fact, the only kind of vanity in ourselves that is dangerous is that which cannot endure to be laughed at. And the only kind of vanity in others that is intolerable is that which denies itself to friendly callers, assumes an *alias*, and puts on the ragged cloak and broken sandals of a mock humility. All other kinds are tolerable; and if we are honest and mindful of our own infirmity, we can but feel toward them a sympathetic antipathy.

There are many other common faults and failings besides vanity, which we dislike in our neighbors and for which we may find some explanation, if not excuse, if we will but look more closely into ourselves. Does Grandioso exaggerate? Truly, it is a grievous habit. But have not you, dear Piscator, an inclination to round out your fish-stories with an extra pound? You do it for the pleasure of your hearers, of course, but will you not allow the same palliation to your friend?

Dogmatism is antipathetic to most men. Yet there is hardly one of us who will not "lay down the law" when he gets on his favorite subject. So much the better, if we avoid sentences and penalties for unbelief.

To tell you of all the things to which my antipathies are sympathetic would be too long a tale. It would amount to a last confession and a judgment-day account. It would not interest you. The camp-fire of this night burns low. Before it goes out, let us turn back to our most common failing and universal antipathy, vanity, and see if we can find a little guide-post on the way out.

For the mitigation and restraint of conceit, when it becomes acute (either in its gratified or its ungratified form), there is no better remedy than to frequent the company of people to whom your occupation and your achievements (or failures) are unknown. Elsewhere you may find heating flattery, or freezing contempt. But here you may forget your wounds and cool your fever in that fresh and impartial air which belongs to the society of young children. If the little ones see you sad, they will give you a glance of sorrow, they know not why, and then demand a new story. If they see you glad, they will rejoice with you, they know not why, and then call you to their merriest play. It is helpful to get away from yourself.

Let the writer forsake his Poetry Societies and Literary Circles, and go into the woods where the lumbermen and guides and hunters have never heard of his books, yet manage to live with some joy. Let the captain of industry or finance take a little voyage among the fishermen who know nothing of his triumphs or defeats on the Exchange. Let the professor find friends among farmers or commercial travellers who ignore the difference between Q.E.D. and Ph.D. Let the artist forsake the academy or Greenwich Village for some region where his shibboleth is never spoken because it cannot be pronounced.

And the politician,—where shall he go, in this age of democracy? Merciful heaven, I know not,—unless it be to a Trappist monastery,—or, better still, among the little children, who are too young to have votes and too wise to seek offices.

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The Judge and the Library

SAINT MARY'S CIRCLE lies as an island of greenness in the rippling streets of the country city. About it, aloof yet encircling, lift a pillared courthouse, a gray cathedral, and, stretching northerly and easterly, the public library. Of a summer morning flowers bloom in the sunshine of the circle, but the entrance to the library, down Montgomery Street, is shaded by trees. Down that street, many a summer morning of the years just past, came, a rare sight now, a well-appointed private carriage, drawn by a pair of pampered and glistening horses. Unhurried, a bit fat, a bit elderly, yet with arched necks and high action, the horses jogged through the scurrying motors till the stout, elderly coachman pulled them in before the steps of the library. Then the coachman reached a hand around and opened the door, and through it, not too swiftly, for the weight of ninety years halts even a firm step, alighted a splendidly handsome old man, ruddy of color, of heavy and strong build, dressed immaculately in gray clothes topped with a soft gray hat. Two young men, happening down the street, uncovered with what might be called reverence, with affection also, and pride. This was the city's acknowledged "first citizen," and not a man or woman in the streets but knew and honored him. The judge's large gray eyes rested on the men with grave friendliness, and he returned their salute. He did not recognize them, but they were of his city, and so comrades. No man was ever more popular than the judge, and this instinctive stately comradeship was part of the reason.

"Good morning," he spoke in a strong, slightly husky tone, and behold, a goodness came into the morning; there was benediction in the greeting of the judge. Then, a little laboriously, perhaps, but with no indecision, he climbed the wide steps and entered the gateway of great society, the reception-room of books. Behind him lay distinguished years. Before him—only a little of time as we know it. The tumult and the shouting being past, the sunset and the soft shadows, as one faced west, were pleasant, and in that quiet landscape the satisfaction which loomed largest to the judge, after the few deep satisfactions, was the library.

The black-haired, handsome young woman who gave him his books remembers well his ways. He would not bother with a borrower's card. Gentle as he was, he was yet an autocrat, and hampering formalities were not for him. He always knew what to ask for in new books. Biographies were his hobby. He wanted meaty ones, something a thorough, deliberate mind might set its teeth into, something not to be read in an evening, or a week of evenings. A big two-volume biography of an English statesman suited him. "The Life of William Pitt," by J. Holland Rose, the "Life and Speeches of Lord Rosebery," Spencer Walpole's "Lord John Russell"—these filled the bill. He was as delighted as a boy with a new knife when he found John Morley's little "Life of Robert Walpole"; no less with the "Retrospections of an Active Life" by John Bigelow, which tidbit comes in five volumes, each as large as a city directory.

A library is the faithful friend of many kinds of people. It holds out welcoming hands as varied as life, and always, if one but chooses wisely, helping hands. To the judge the library filled those days of sunset, sometimes lonely otherwise, with companionship of the large-minded sort which was his sort. Some of those fine, big books have been waiting for the old judge to come back. He may be with Pitt and Walpole now. One imagines that husky, deep voice of his greeting them with the old, grave friendliness, and, likely, a new, young enthusiasm in the meeting. He will be telling them, it may be, in his stately and simple way, of how much he liked reading about them, and how he went himself to get the volumes from the library.

No one has succeeded him as a biography borrower, and some of those old friends of his have not gone out of their shelves since he died. And the streets of the country city seem a bit empty, lacking, among the scurrying motors, the carriage, and the high-stepping, fat horses, and the handsome, splendid old judge, driving through Montgomery Street to the library.

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MR. LLOYD OSBOURNE, stepson of Robert Louis Stevenson, states, in a recently published short story, an inspiring philosophy born of the Great War. "My discovery," says his hero, "was to find out how tolerable life could be under the most horrifying conditions; how quickly indeed one got used to anything and made oneself comfortable. . . . I am almost ashamed to say how unafraid I have come back, how scornful of bugaboos that once filled me with real terror—ashamed, I mean, that I could ever have allowed them to terrify me. . . . I see life now as a great adventure, in which the vicissitudes are as likely to be enjoyable as the successes."

It has taken Mr. Osbourne and the rest of us a long time to overtake Stevenson; for this robust and tonic philosophy was always his. A devastating war was necessary to evoke in us the steadfast and the heroic; but the bright face of danger was always welcome to R. L. S. In the time of the French Revolution he would have gone gayly to the scaffold. His father, he tells us in one of his letters, died on his feet, "was on his feet the last day—still he would be up. This was his constant wish; also that he might smoke a pipe on his last day." So, too, the son. The smoke of his last pipeful, "reeking whitely into the darkness" of the undiscovered country, was a typically Stevensonian challenge to death.

"There is a strong feeling in favor of cowardly and prudential proverbs. . . . Most of our pocket wisdom is conceived for the use of mediocre people, to discourage them from ambitious attempts, and generally console them in their mediocrity." The cautious person who never gets his feet wet, the ingrained pacifist who shrinks from regarding life as a struggle—these types awaken Stevenson's loftiest scorn. "The spice of life is battle," he cries. "The friendliest relations are still a kind of contest; and if we would not forego all that is valuable in our lot, we must continually face some other person, eye to eye, and wrestle a fall whether in love or enmity. . . . Every durable bond between human beings is founded in or heightened by some element of competition." Here is a gospel with both feet planted sanely upon the ground—no sentimental vaporings about a colorless existence in which struggle is a crime and in which a kind of weak amiability is the supreme virtue. Stevenson knew that there is no peace without victory—victory over the forces of Apollyon, Attila, and their descendants and compeers. To compromise feebly with evil is to form what Carlyle vigorously called "a Heaven and Hell Amalgamation Society." Stevenson was not for becoming a member.

He recognized that it is the soldier's virtues that are the supreme virtues—courage and sacrifice. Culture without courage is an iridescent bubble; refinement without courage is merely decadence. "The great refinement of many poetical gentlemen," says Stevenson, "has rendered them practically unfit for the jostling and ugliness of life, and they record their unfitness at considerable length." There is nothing to add to the mordant simplicity of that comment. It disposes of a whole school of philosophy. Indeed, it challenges religion itself as we commonly conceive it. "We ask too much," he says. "Our religions and moralities have been trimmed to flatter us, till they are all emasculate and sentimentalized, and only please and weaken." Here is a striking kinship to that other famous Scotchman, Thomas Carlyle. Both believed firmly in the tonic effect of suffering. Both feared the effeminate ease of our modern Zions.

Stevenson had little patience, moreover, with persons busily occupied in dodging the responsibilities of life. The fugitive and cloistered virtue was for him, as for Milton, merely a new kind of vice, the vice of ineptitude. His supreme sinner is the man who runs away from life, who will not face and conquer his own weaknesses. He would have applauded Kipling's epitaph on an ex-clerk fallen in the war:

> "Pity not! The Army gave
> Freedom to a timid slave:
> In which freedom did he find
> Strength of body, will, and mind."

His Philosophy of Happiness

IT is always courage which links life to happiness. In one of his most celebrated passages Stevenson expounds this doctrine through the statement that he who struggles on through obstacles to the end is, whether he triumphs or not, already happy. "Soon, soon, it seems to you, you must

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come forth on some conspicuous hilltop, and but a little way further, against the setting sun, descry the spires of El Dorado. Little do ye know your own blessedness; for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labor." This philosophy of happiness, which differs from mere facile optimism, is his most original and inspiring contribution to literature. It may be most briefly expressed in his epigram: "There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy." This reminds one of Matthew Arnold's declaration of war upon low spirits, which, he says, are "noxious alike to body and mind, *and already partake of the nature of death.*" Stevenson's dictum is supplemented by another, from his "Christmas Sermon": "There is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good: myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I may." The happy person, he affirms, practically demonstrates the great Theorem of the Livableness of Life. "If your morals make you dreary, depend upon it they are wrong."

The implications of such a gospel are evident. It disparages Puritanism. It encourages individuality. Every man his own savior is a tonic doctrine. It states the beginning of all social reform. It is hostile to coddling, to officious interference, and to any assumption of moral superiority. It says bluntly: "Begin with yourself; take pains with your own character." This is not encouraging to Bolshevists and to prosperous wage-earners. It is not predatory. It is simple and businesslike. It enables us, as Burke advised, to start from where we are. It is Stevenson himself, the radiance of his clear spirit. All sound gospel is similarly an effluence of personality. As Emerson remarked, ineffectual gospel is always that formulated by a man of whom one feels: "What you are shouts so loud that I cannot hear what you say." Stevenson was never inaudible.

Nor was he cursed with a lack of humor—a defect which has ruined many gospelleers and which has seriously limited the influence of such men as Wordsworth, Shelley, and Whitman. In his apparently mirthful but remarkably penetrating study, *An Apology for Idlers*, Stevenson relates happiness to labor in a fashion refreshingly novel and sound. A man should do no more work than is consistent with his remaining in good spirits. "If a person cannot be happy without remaining idle, idle he should remain." But Stevenson's idler is not a loafer. He contributes his temperament to society—and does a moderate amount of work besides. R. L. S. himself, though he died at forty-four, contributed to good literature some twenty-five volumes. And the world seems unwilling to let them die. The busy person whom Stevenson rightly disparages is the "long-faced Barabbas," and the business man who "sows hurry and reaps indigestion," who comes among his fellow men "swiftly and bitterly," and whom everybody dislikes. Be not laborious overmuch. It is the Greek philosophy of the golden mean, but piquantly and subtly stated, with a delightful dash of humor that is utterly Stevensonian. In other words, it has that rarest and most indispensable of literary qualities, charm.

Stevenson himself confesses, but with no trace of egotism, that it is charm which is the basis of enduring art—and, he might have added, of enduring philosophy couched in literary form and delivered from pedantry. The one excuse and breath of art, he says, is charm. "This is the particular crown and triumph of the artist—not to be true merely, but to be lovable; not simply to convince, but to enchant." Doctor Johnson used the very word in his description of John Wesley: "The dog enchants me with his conversation, and then breaks away to go and visit some old woman." The charm of Wesley as he preached before hostile mobs certainly had something gay and Stevensonian about it. But he was not so complete a man as Stevenson. The latter's philosophy has influenced through its appeal to man's whole nature. Stevenson was not merely a specialist in morals; he was a happy warrior for harmonious human perfection. Like Arnold, he deplored our "taste for the bathos"; and he had more charm than Arnold. That is his ultimate secret. Carlyle was savagely careless of charm; Ruskin had it only fitfully; Stevenson had made it a part of himself. As Mr. Chesterton has phrased it,

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"Sane and sweet and sudden as a bird sings in the rain—
Truth out of Tusitala spoke and pleasure out of pain."

Sane—it is the one word to express the essence of Stevenson's gospel. It is drenched with the sanity of outdoors, of which he was so great and noble a lover. His visions of truth are born of nights under the stars on a bed of green boughs—though even a sick-bed does not dim his happiness. He loves the freedom of nature without walls. A nice balance between freedom and obligation is the centre of his speculation on life. When he travels through the Cévennes, he takes as sole companion—a donkey. A true Hazlittian, he believes in solitude as a promoter of success on a walking tour. "Freedom is of the essence. . . . You must have your own pace, and neither trot alongside a champion walker, nor mince in time with a girl." This is not the speech of a Timon, but of a highly social being who enjoys occasional hours in which to possess his soul in quiet. It is merely another side of his splendid sanity. The free winds of heaven must blow through any philosophy worth the knowing. Of Stevenson's we may always say,

"It came o'er my ear like the sweet South,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor."

To read him is to ride through a forest fragrance. Lover of Wordsworth, he showed that it is when we are nearest to Mother Earth that we are closest to the divine. It is not Stevenson who beats in the void his luminous wings in vain. He stands before us on the solid ground, a plain man with a magic, birdlike charm. Like the nightingale, through a lifetime of invalidism he sings with the thorn ever at his breast. And to his charm he adds permanent conviction, because his optimism is the invincible happiness of a sick man in a sick world.

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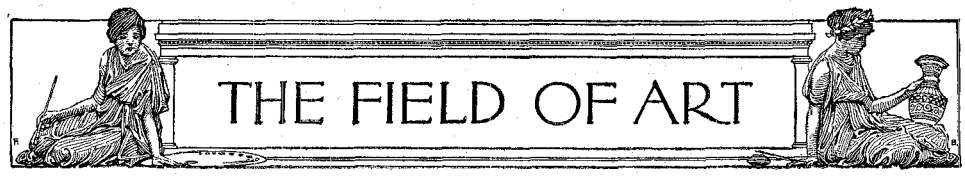

OUR MONEY AND OUR MEDALS

By Adeline Adams

AN advertisement in the financial section of to-day's paper reminds us that Bassanio, in his famous casket scene, calls silver "thou pale and common drudge 'tween man and man." Of course no one expects common sense in a casket scene; still, the words seem rather unhandsome, coming from Bassanio, whom we all remember perfectly as a practical young man, with none of that money-is-no-object nonsense about him. Now money is, and should be, an object, an important, dignified object, and our coins should therefore have beauty and distinction as well as serviceableness. The legal tender of a great nation must not be merely the drudge. It should have something of the historian about it, something of the herald, and it should be an inspiriting sight for the eyes.

In the days of the ducat and zecchin, surely doges, popes, and kings cared very much about the looks of their coins and medals. Just as Browning's bishop orders his tomb in St. Praxed's, in the hope that art may inhibit oblivion, so every prince and cardinal clutched at immortality through a coin or a medal bearing on its obverse his profile, on its reverse some story or suggestion of his deeds. Human nature repeats itself. In 1917, on the completion of the Catskill aqueduct, our City Fathers called in Mr. French and Miss Longman to commemorate this work in a medal, quite as Pope Clement VII, on the sinking of the great well at Orvieto, summoned his Benvenuto to prepare for him a medal reverse showing Moses and the rock, with the legend, *Ut bibat populus*. We Americans desire beauty in our medals, and our sculptors have shown a genius for the medallist's art. But until lately our republic has not felt very keenly the need of beauty in our everyday, hand-to-hand pieces of silver, nickel, or copper.

Among all our Presidents, Theodore Roosevelt was the first to heed the artists' plea for beauty in our coins. Perhaps he was the first to whom the plea was made. At any rate, he it was who with characteristic vigor did something about it. He thought that Theodore Roosevelt and his fellow-citizens ought to have money as handsome as that of the Popes Clement and Paul, or of Tiberius, or even Alexander. Well aware that in commercial morality, in adaptability to purpose, in quality and quantity of production, our modern coinage excels that of the ancients, he saw that it often lacked beauty; and he looked to Augustus Saint-Gaudens to redesign our American cent, eagle, and double eagle. Both Roosevelt and Saint-Gaudens were "enthusiastic over the old high-relief Greek coins." "You have hit the nail on the head," writes the sculptor to the President, in 1905. "Of course the great coins (I might almost say the only coins) are the Greek ones you speak of, just as the great medals are those of the fifteenth century by Pisanello and Sperandio. Nothing would please me more than to make the attempt in the direction of the heads of Alexander, but the authorities on modern monetary requirements would, I fear, 'throw fits,' to speak emphatically, if the thing was done now."

The story of Saint-Gaudens's work upon the designs for our coins, as told in his "Reminiscences," well illustrates the modern clash between æsthetic aims and practical requirements, a clash due largely to superspecialization in modern industry. "Is Saint-Gaudens a practical die-sinker?" asks the chief engraver at the Mint. "Will the Mint reproduce my designs as they really are?" demands the sculptor. Had Saint-Gaudens lived to go on with this work, dedicating to it his great gift for turning stumbling-blocks into stepping-stones, better results would have come from his efforts. It was natural that Roosevelt and Saint-Gaudens should wax enthusiastic together over the high-relief Greek coins with their

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Alexanders and their owls and amphoræ, but sober second thought no doubt showed them that our coins, issued in quantities undreamed of in those numerous little old Greek towns with minting privileges, must be made to "stack," and to do other things not expected from the drachma or stater. What these two men really loved in the Greek coin was not its high relief or its care-free circumference, but its beauty. One good effect of the whole matter was that the public, pricked on by the press, began to take an interest, first in the controversy about the coins, then in the coins themselves. Above all, through Roosevelt's initiative, a good precedent was established, and distinguished American sculptors have been since successfully employed to design our coins.

J. E. Fraser—Victory medal.

Robert Aitken—Watrous medal.

D. C. French—French and British War Commission medal, 1917.

*A. A. Weinman—J. Sanford Saltus medal.

To-day, thanks to our spirited "buffalo" five-cent piece designed by Fraser, our silver dime and silver half-dollar by Weinman, our silver quarter-dollar by MacNeil, and our "Lincoln" cent by Brenner, our coinage compares favorably in appearance with that of other nations. A generation ago such a statement would not have been true. Nor can a similar statement be made to-day concerning our paper forms of legal tender. In general, our paper money is uglier than necessity warrants, even admitting all the very real difficulties which stand in the way of finding for beauty a happy issue out of our National Bureau of Engraving and Printing. If American money is as good as any in the world to-day, it ought to look the part, even on paper; but does it? For the enlightenment of every designer and rearranger of the various devices that go to create our American "greenback," making it at once safe for democracy and dangerous for counterfeiters, we ought to have a complete museum of all the moneys of the world, paper as well as metal, not excluding those of the nations regarded as small or backward. Museums alone cannot save us, but they are a good first aid. What others have done may always be a warning or an example for the spirit.

For instance, the French ten-sou piece bearing the medallist Roty's figure of "La Semeuse" did much to change the minds of medallists the world over. That figure in its simplicity sang a new song in coins. Designers of coins received from it, according to their temperaments, either a jolt to their old ideas or a clear call for their new ones. Certainly any designer who should copy this little figure in its big field, and call it his own, is both knavish and foolish, and adds nothing to art. But if a designer, heartened by a new note heard from a new horizon, will heed the spirit of that which has moved him, he will not play the mocking-bird, but will start a new song of his own, avoiding alike

*Given by the American Numismatic Society for "signal achievement in the art of this medal."

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The Chester Beach Peace medal.

that sort of originality which is outrageous and uncivilizing, and that sort of assimilation which is either predatory or downright lazy.

No less than Roty in his "La Semeuse," our American sculptor Fraser in his "buffalo nickel" gave his fellow countrymen an every-day thing to be proud of—something that speaks to us of our beginnings as a nation, reminding us that the end of the trail for one race is often a new start for another. We shall make a mistake if we think that this coin interprets in nickel just a plainsman's offhand talk. Its simplicity is not rudeness.

We know how Cellini fought and bled over his coins and medals and saltcellars. If he were living to-day, what a dust he would raise in Mint and mart and lobby, and what head-lines would be dedicated to his service! Impetuous worker though he was, he admits that it took him two hundred hours to model the profile of Bembo for the Bembo medal. With the thirty-hour week to which we tend nowadays, that would have meant nearly seven weeks of work. But luckily most artists, Cellini included, would be ashamed to work as little as thirty hours a week. The Pegasus on the reverse of this medal was finished in wax in three hours; all of which shows that in art the space covered and the time needed are not always proportionate. "This horse," cries puzzled Bembo, "looks to me ten times more difficult to do than the little portrait on which you have bestowed so much pains. I cannot understand what made it such a labor." So we in our day, unless we can put ourselves very perfectly in the artist's place, often understand such things as little as did that scholarly cardinal. For example, many artistic persons (I mean persons who always take the artistic point of view, right or wrong) are horrified by the intervention of the reducing machine. But the modern medallist has come to recognize this machine as a help, not a hindrance.

Our new relations toward France have revived for us our acquaintance with the work of a brilliant generation of French medallists, Roty, Chaplain, Charpentier, Bottée, and others. In nineteenth-century France, these men created a renascence in their art almost as significant as that achieved in fifteenth-century Italy by Pisano, Matteo de Pasti, Sperandio, Fiorentino, and a host of anonymous masters, three of whom, since their works are loved while their names are lost, have been provided with names taken from the symbolic forms they used in their medal-reverses. Thus the charming portrait of Nonnina Strozzi is by the "médailleur à l'espérance," while the profile of Filippo Strozzi is by the "médailleur à l'aigle," and that of Lorenzo Mocchi by the "médailleur à la fortune." The medal or plaquette of to-day may be either cast from a mould or struck from a die; we are proficient in both methods, and may (within limits) choose the one which suits our aims. But the characteristic medal of the Renaissance was cast rather than struck, the process of striking being by no means perfected in the days of Pisano and Sperandio, whatever improvements may have followed soon

John Flanagan—The Prince of Wales medal.

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after. The cast medal gave these men an opportunity for greater size, higher relief, larger fluency of handling, in fact a more expansive treatment generally. Hence the force and freedom of these little bas-relief portraits, which from first to last resume in an exceedingly vivid way the story of the Renaissance. A similar freedom is found in the cast medals of the best French and

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FIND SO IN THE DWELLINGS OF
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SPRING LIKE GRASS AND LOVE BE
A LIGHT IN YOUR PORTALS AND
SORROW AS WINDS THAT PASS

Victor Brenner plaquette.

American medallists. But when a large number of medals is required, as in the case of our Victory medal, the severer process of the die must be used, and the medallist will design his work in accord with the process. And as man is forever striving for that which is just beyond, a larger liberty is being gradually attained in the struck medal, both here and in France.

The emotions roused by the War have given birth to many medals, in many lands, and for many purposes, some of them healing, some destructive, some satirical. In a monograph on The Commemorative Medal in the Service of Germany, Mr. Hill, keeper of the department of coins and medals, British Museum, points out that "there have been few periods since the sixteenth century during which the efficacy of the medal for political manifesto has not been recognized by some Government or other." He adds that the German medals which by 1917 had found their way to neutral countries "comprise at least 580 varieties." In a dispassionate way, Mr. Hill tells us much that we shall do well not to harp upon, but in passing we may note that of the two notorious "Lusitania" medals, the first, that by Karl Götz, is described in a German numismatic organ as a "satirical medal flagellating the light-mindedness of the Cunard Line," while the second, by Eberbach, bears the legend, "Heimtücke und gewarnter Leichtsinn an Bord der Lusitania." It is doubtful whether sculpture can effectively serve satire. At times, in the Renaissance medals, just as in certain canvases by Sargent, a profoundly psychological realism may look like satire. But there is no conscious parade of satire—no "Go to, mark me, I shall now be satiri-

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cal." Paul Manship, most merrily imaginative of our sculptors—the Puck who puts a girdle round about the earth from the Middle Minoan Period to the Manhattan of today—having made many medals of the kindlier sort, lately tried his deft hand at a "Hate-medal." Even a "Hate-medal," by Mr. Manship, would naturally have some engaging quality, some amiable scherzo playing through it. But we who sat in the elders' seats shook our heads, saying: "To some, this may be a joy forever, but for us, it is not a thing of beauty!"

Among minor facts of history picked up by our soldiers abroad, they learned that their buttons, insignia, medals, and decorations were less interesting in design than those of the other fighters, both friends and foes. Not being a military nation, the United States had not given undue attention to such matters. However, without unreasonable delay, the War Department, in counsel with our Federal Art Commission, took measures to improve the artistic quality of these details. And while many persons still think it out of place to drag in art when treating of buttons, nearly all will agree that a distinguished service cross and a medal of honor should be beautiful. Without publicity and without compensation, a group of our noted sculptors devoted themselves to this work of improving our medals and insignia, taking infinite pains, and in general receiving warm appreciation for their efforts. Certain high officials, to be sure, "knew what they liked," and clung to their likings, thereby causing complications for the sculptors. To know what we like is a satisfaction, but to know what we lack is civilization, is it not? At the present writing, the artists' patriotic adventure is by no means completed, but in any event, they know that good has already been accomplished:

—"nihil est ab omni
parte beatum."

Since the armistice Mr. Weinman has designed the Victory button and Mr. Fraser the Victory medal, to both of which all our soldiers are entitled. International interest attaches to the Victory medal, because all the victorious nations agreed to issue exactly the same specifications for it, while each nation chooses its own sculptor. Which country will emerge most gallantly, with the most beautiful Victory medal? The situation is unique.

Paul Manship—Jeanne d'Arc medal.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

THE CHANGING ECONOMIC OUTLOOK

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

IN all the confusion of forecast as to what would be Europe's economic condition after the war was over, there were three distinct lines of prophecy. One of them deserved less serious consideration than the others, for the reason that it was altogether vague and formless. This was the prophecy of a "ruined Europe," sometimes expanded into prophecy of a "ruined world" or a "wreck of civilization." The defect of prophets of this type was that they did not explain what was to be the nature of the ruin.

The Three Predictions

At times they seemed merely to mean inability of the belligerent states to pay their debts; in other words, general repudiation of the public faith. More often the meaning apparently was collapse of all government, followed by political anarchy and chaos; a condition for which the state of Europe after the fall of the Roman Empire and the state of parts of Europe after the Thirty Years' War, may more or less dimly have suggested the picture. Macaulay's New Zealander, taking his stand "in the midst of a vast solitude" and "on a broken arch of London Bridge, to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's," would have been in line with this idea. But the prophecy was not put so plainly. It was never possible to discover exactly what the prophets expected. Probably they themselves were not sure.

OF the two other groups, one appeared to take for granted—in its war time predictions, at any rate—an immediate industrial revival on return of peace; resumption of the economic status of 1913 and 1914, with home production and international trade stimulated by orders for goods to repair the ravages of war; in short, restoration of the *status quo*. The third group, while looking confidently for Europe's ultimate recovery and, much later on, for a new forward movement in the world's economic development, reckoned also on an extremely trying period for the immediate aftermath. The shock of reaction, in their view, would be felt with great severity when the immediate stimulus of war enthusiasm, war expenditure and war purchases, should cease to operate.

Possibilities on Return of Peace

To take up the old mode of national life would not be easy. It would be found that trade had drifted away from its former channels; that materials were scarce and production fearfully handicapped through the loss of man-power in battle; that labor had become arrogant; that cost of living had gone to extravagant heights from which it would be declared impossible to bring it down; that the inflation of currencies, the piling up of taxes, the burden of inflated currencies and monumental public debts, would have created conditions, immediately on return of peace, which in many quarters would resemble either economic paralysis or economic chaos. Nevertheless, Europe and the rest of the world would in due course, and at no very distant date, begin to emerge from this morass of circumstance. That would happen, first because Europe would have to move forward if its people were to retain the means of existence, and afterward because the spur of competition would drive all the nations to exert every effort to regain their place in the economic order.

THE expected interval of reaction was commonly described as the "transition period." The principal matter of

(An article entitled "Liberty Bonds on a New Investment Basis," by Stevens Palmer Harman, appears on page 79 following.)

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doubt, in the mind even of those who believed in eventual return to normal conditions, was how long that period would last and what would be its particular character, and that would not depend upon economic considerations only. The situation was bound to be deeply influenced by the course of events in national and international politics. The question of what was likely to happen in the money markets, the markets of production and trade, or the foreign-exchange market, might be surmised with reasonable assurance. But if war were to blaze up again here and there, if a wave of anarchistic socialism were to sweep over the whole of Europe, upsetting governments and institutions, and if even the nations outside of Europe were to rush without restraint into reckless political experiment, the reflex influence on economic conditions would be very formidable. These political events might not be probable. But they were undeniably possible, and only the test of actual experience could prove how far they would have to be reckoned with. Their scope and persistence would play an important part in determining both the severity and the duration of the transition period.

In the "Transition Period"

In reasonable measure, then, these unfavorable incidents were allowed for by judicious watchers of the course of events, and expectation of them did not obscure the generally hopeful outlook. But when the world had actually entered the aftermath of war, events began to move in a way which nobody had looked for. No one in November of 1918 had imagined Bolshevik Russia successfully invading the provinces of her neighbors, or the English labor-unions threatening a general strike, or Fiume setting up as an independent state in defiance of the rest of Europe, or the Senate Foreign Relations committee reporting on the treaty in terms of smart persiflage, or Vienna accepting the status of a fallen city, or the American Railway Brotherhoods serving an ultimatum on Congress which demanded future control of the roads under the auspices and in the exclusive pecuniary interests of the railway employees.

Financial reaction, high prices, disordered money and exchange markets, even increasing inflation of the currencies, were in the natural order of expectation. But the economic phenomena of the period were so far colored by these political events and by the European famine and distress which came with them, that even well-balanced minds began to think that the outlook must be far worse than they had imagined. Under such circumstances, people who had formerly predicted the wreck of civilization plucked up courage; their ideas began to be repeated rather widely, even in the financial community. It was in this mood that the present year began, and with its beginning came the Senate's refusal to act on the treaty, the abandonment of all concerted plans to finance Europe with American capital, and the overwhelming collapse of exchange rates on London, Paris, Belgium, Rome, and Berlin.

YET the rather remarkable fact remained that this first winter season of restored peace, which most people believed would provide the test of the world's actual situation, was coming to an end, if not quietly and uneventfully, at least without the predicted cataclysm. A little reflection, confirmed by the subsequent course of events, showed that these various unpleasant occurrences were isolated and temporary in character, and not at all an indication of the engulfing of European society in anarchy. On the contrary, Germany had absolutely suppressed her own Bolshevik insurrection. France held in November its first national election since 1914, and the people voted heavily against the political agitators; the so-called "extremists" losing 50 seats in the Deputies and the Radical Socialists 85, while the Moderates and Liberals gained more than 130. Outside of D'Annunzio's exploit at Fiume, there was no insurrection in Italy. The French labor-unions publicly repudiated alliance with the Bolsheviki; an attempted general railway strike in France was defeated by labor itself. The League of Nations had become a political fact without the United States, and five of the European neutral states had voted to participate in it.

The First Winter After the War

(Continued on page 59, *following*)

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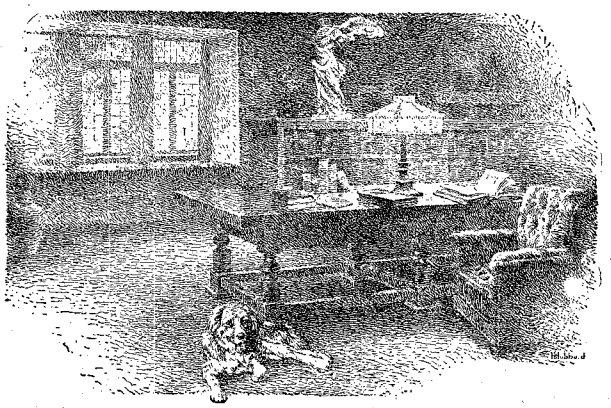

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 514)

Almost unnoticed at first, England had proceeded rapidly in the recovery of her foreign trade, and France made extraordinary progress in reconstructing her industrial facilities. The Russian Bolshevik government promised large concessions to the Western Allies for peace and resumption of trade. Its offers were on their face remarkable recognition of the existing economic principles, tending considerably to confirm the assertion of a German statesman that the Bolshevik system itself had ceased in its practical application to resemble even socialism, but had become "a highly inferior form of capitalism." Governor Coolidge's firm dealing with the Boston police strike and the overwhelming expression of approval of his action left no doubt over the attitude of the American people. But a much more remarkable proof of that attitude was to follow.

The New Railway Legislation

THE episode of the new railway legislation has been in many respects a test case regarding the attitude and spirit of the American people. Its significance cannot be judged even in the light of conditions which existed during the war; one must go back many years before the war to understand its meaning. More than in any other great nation of the world, the railways of the United States are bound up with the life of the people, not only financially and economically but socially and politically. In the earlier chapters of its history the American railway system was subject to practically no regulation except that of the several States through which a given railway passed. The immense development of interstate commerce during the two decades after the Civil War, the power which railway managements were able to exercise over whole communities through discriminatory rates, and the ruinous results to investors from the unrestricted "rate wars" of the period led the way to the national Interstate Commerce Act of 1887.

That act prescribed general regulation of rate-making and provided a tribunal to which shippers of merchandise across the borders of a State could come with their grievances. During the ten years after the enactment of the law, but as a result of other causes than the law, an era of hard times and wide-spread insolvency among the railways ensued. It was followed, four or five years later, by an extraordinary rapid financial and

(Financial Situation, continued on page 61)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 59)

industrial recovery, and this again brought prosperity to the railways, with the financial rewards all the more bountiful from the fact that so great a part of the previous overcapitalization had been squeezed out by the reorganizations of the nineties.

In the extravagant speculation and exploitation between 1900 and 1907 the railways played a very essential part. The period's enormous combinations of producing and manufacturing enterprises were fairly matched by combinations of railway companies, whether through lease, or through purchase of one company's stock by another, or through the buying up of control of the stocks of two or more companies by a single "holding company." The result was a nation-wide popular demand, which became a legal and political movement, to restrain the ambition of promoters. On the one hand, the Antitrust Law was invoked to check the railways' combinations; on the other, the Interstate Commerce Law was so amended as to give to the interstate commission powers much greater than it had ever possessed before. Thereafter the practically autocratic authority was in its hands "to determine and prescribe what will be the just or reasonable rate or rates."

Rate Legislation of 1906

THE new Railway Rate Law had been passed in 1906. In 1907 extravagant exploitation came to a sudden end and an era of business reaction and reduced profits began. It was in the face of these declining earnings, and of an increasingly unfavorable market for the railway shares and bonds, that the Interstate Commerce Commission exercised its new controlling powers over railway rates. Congress gave no clew to the method or criterion which ought to have been pursued in fixing them. Rates should be "just and reasonable," but it was for the commissioners to say in their own discretion what was reasonable and what was just. This involved not merely the question of fairness to shippers of merchandise, but of fairness to investors in railway securities.

That the interstate commerce commissioners themselves should all think alike on the policy which as a body it was their duty to determine, was impossible. Their decisions on rates at different periods indicated diversity if not uncertainty of opinion. But they were always necessarily subject, whether consciously or unconsciously, to pressure of public sentiment. That was an influence which bore

(Financial Situation, continued on page 63)

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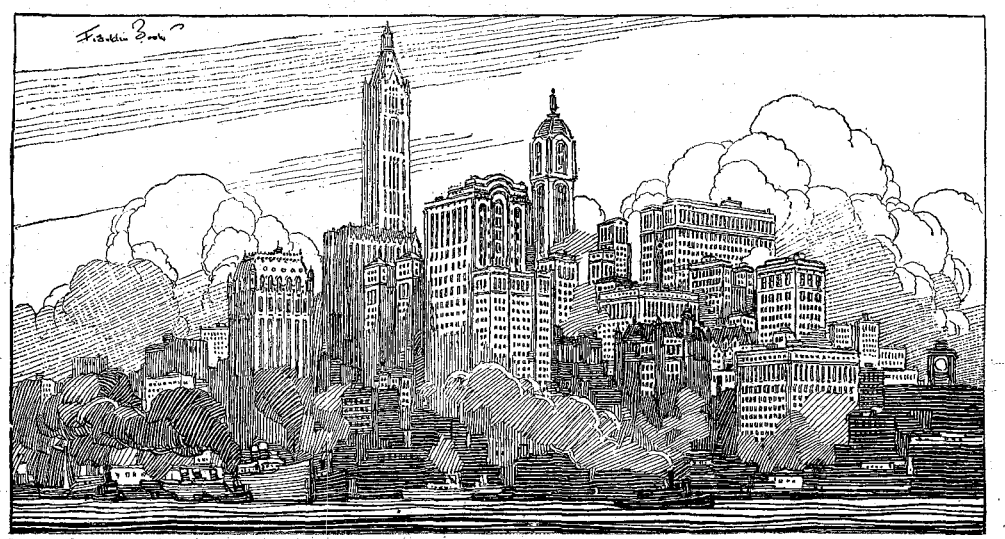

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 61)

heavily against advance in rates, even when warranted by conditions; for the investing community, which would personally suffer under such circumstances from insistence on the lower rates, was far less potent a political force than the shipping community, whose profits would feel the effects of the advance. To the restrictive influence of the federal commission were added the still more drastic restrictions imposed by the State commissions, which still retained their power over rates on traffic within the State borders. The upshot of the whole experiment, during the eight years after 1906, was increasing despondency among railway managements as to the longer future.

The Years of Government Operation

PRECISELY at this juncture came the war and, with the entry of the United States into the conflict, the taking over of the country's railways for public operation under the government's war powers. This happened at a moment when cost of living had been greatly increased by the war and when railway labor had become correspondingly restless. Unimpeded command of the country's whole capacity for transportation was a paramount necessity of war; the demands for higher wages were therefore granted instantly. Those concessions added more than $1,000,000,000 to the annual operating expenses of the railways, the average wage per hour being in fact almost exactly doubled by the government. The enlarged expenses were counterbalanced by an advance of 25 to 50 per cent in freight and passenger rates, the most sweeping single and general advance on record; but even this left a deficit, which had to be made good to the railways by the government's guarantee. The higher rates were fixed solely by the government's war power, and they would not necessarily continue.

The war ended. The President announced in his message to Congress in December, 1918, that he proposed to return the railways to their private owners at the end of 1919. It would be difficult to say whether the news of that decision caused among railway men more reassurance or misgiving. The prevalent idea, a year ago, was that the thing would be impracticable; that, with no guarantee that even war-time rates would be permitted to continue, and with manifest certainty that labor costs would not be lowered, private operation of the railways could not be resumed without incurring eventual bankruptcy. Permanent government ownership was perhaps never more

(Financial Situation, continued on page 65)

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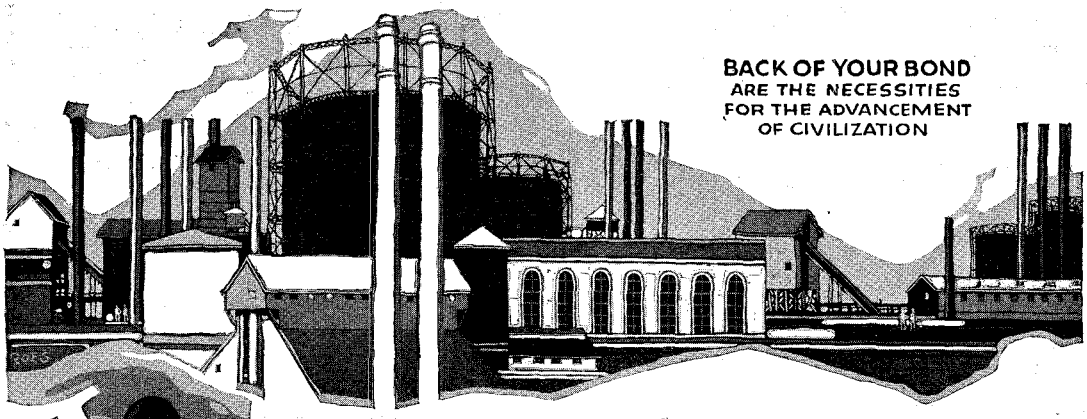

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 63)

generally discussed than in the month or two after President Wilson's declaration.

A Test of Radicalism

IF the expected wave of radical innovation was sweeping over the United States, this was clearly the time for it to show its power. The entire issue between conservatism, based on the principles of the past, and radical experimentalism, based on more or less vague theories of the future, was embodied in the question. Nationalization of the railways stood close to the heart of socialist propaganda. Europe had very generally yielded on that question, and in England the decision was at that moment hanging in the political balance.

The occasion, moreover, was favorable in an unusual degree to agitation for public ownership. In default of highly conservative legislation, very difficult to enact in any Congress, even the railway managers were in a mood to submit without resistance to a determined popular demand for public ownership. A vigorous campaign was at once begun to bring to the front exactly that demand, with powerful political backing. It was indorsed by the railway labor-unions, which had learned that horizontal wage advances could be obtained more easily from a government railway administration than from private managements. But organized labor did not rest with general demands. When Congress reassembled last autumn it was greeted with an open threat from the four largest railway brotherhoods that they would brook no legislation which did not provide for government purchase of the railways, with provision for their operation under the auspices of the employees, and which did not also provide for equal division of the surplus earnings between the government and the employees. The organs of radical labor and of the "parlor socialists" exclaimed in jubilant editorial articles that the battle was won.

As a matter of fact, the battle was already lost. Even in the early short session of Congress between the surrender of Germany and the adjournment of last March, there were evidences that the country had made up its mind against prolongation of government operation and against government ownership. The committees got to work on the new railway regulation bill. The brotherhood demand of September, in behalf of the "Plumb plan" and a railway labor soviet, was heard with courtesy in committee, then treated with complete indifference on the floor of Congress.

(Financial Situation, continued on page 67)

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF BOSTON

Our Affiliations

in foreign countries are with the strongest institutions in their respective localities. All foreign business entrusted to us will be performed promptly, efficiently and satisfactorily.

Deposits $176,000,000
Resources over $260,000,000

Branch at Buenos Aires, Argentina

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Supercargo—or Banks?

IN olden days, ships left home ports laden with merchandise in charge of a supercargo, or agent, who traded in each port, selling his wares and buying return cargoes—all for cash of the realm.

Today, through the medium of international commercial banks, foreign trade is conducted by an orderly process, comparable to that of domestic commerce, and employing neither supercargo nor actual cash.

The National Bank of Commerce in New York is associated with leading banks throughout the world, and serves as the medium for direct relations between merchants and manufacturers of this country and those in foreign markets.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE 1839 IN NEW YORK

National Bank of Commerce in New York

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits Over Fifty Million Dollars

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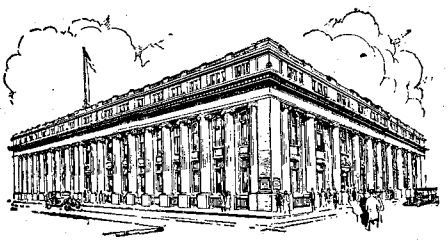
Enlarged Building Mercantile Trust Co.



Safe Bonds *for* Your Savings

Bonds that we have selected from a nation-wide market and bought for our own account after our usual careful investigation. They are, therefore, among the safest investments to be had and merit your fullest confidence, because they have as security properties and earnings far in excess of amounts required for payment of principal and interest.

They present a wide range of maturities, localities and interest yields, ranging from 4½ to 7 per cent, and in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000.

The fact that the Mercantile Trust Company is one of the largest and most influential financial institutions of the United States means that your investment orders are in reliable hands when placed with us.

Write for valuable investment literature, telling all about the various bond issues we now have. It will be sent without charge or obligation if you specify Circular SB 16.

Bond Department

Mercantile Trust Company

Member Federal Reserve System — *U.S. Government Supervision*

ST. LOUIS MISSOURI

Capital and Surplus $10,000,000

(Financial Situation, continued from page 65)

Two separate bills were passed—one in the Senate, one in the House. When it began to look as if the conference committee to which the two bills had been referred would agree on a single measure, the labor-unions once more intervened with an angry protest against the legislation. Congress answered by passing the bill. The Senate, which had voted for its own bill in December, 46 to 30, voted 47 to 17 in February. The House, whose vote had been 203 to 160 on its original bill before the labor protest, cast a final vote for the conference bill of 250 to 100.

Return of the Roads to the Owners

ON March 1, accordingly, the railways of the country were returned to their private managements. The experiment in government operation had ended; the alternative of public ownership had been overwhelmingly repudiated by Congress. There was convincing ground for belief that Congress acted with the full approval of its constituents, and that the very large share of the congressional vote which was cast in favor of private operation justly reflected the preponderance of opinion to the same effect among the people at large.

From the purely technical and financial view-point, the period of uncertainty in railway affairs is not ended. It remains to be discovered how soon and how completely the railways can recover from the diversion of one road's traffic to others under the government's "unified operation"; from the scattering of one road's cars and locomotives over other railway lines; from the complicated tangle of indebtedness to the government. We have yet to see how earnings and expenses will actually balance under the changed conditions; how the labor question will be dealt with by the private managements; whether rates will be speedily adjusted to a possibly still higher schedule of labor costs; and, if rates should be raised again, what effect that advance will have on public sentiment.

Character of the New Law

BUT the law at least provides (as had never before been done by any rate-regulation law) for a standard to which rate-making must be conformed. During the six months beginning with March 1 the government guarantees to the railways, as it did during the period of public operation, the average net earnings of the three-year period ending with June, 1917. During two years after the

(Financial Situation, continued on page 69)

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New England Industries

NEW ENGLAND INDUSTRIES for over 100 years have represented STABILITY, SECURITY and PROFITABLE OPERATION.

Since 1868 the BROWN COMPANY (Formerly Berlin Mills) of Berlin, N. H. and Portland, Maine, has grown from a small beginning to its present position of the largest manufacturer in this country of bleached sulphite fiber, pulp and kraft wrapping paper.

THE BROWN COMPANY SERIES "A" 6% DEBENTURE BONDS are a first claim subject only to $3,450,000 existing mortgages on assets in excess of $50,000,000 and earnings of nearly seven times interest requirements.

Gross sales in recent years have averaged in excess of $23,000,000 annually.

We recommend these Bonds as a prime industrial investment and offer the unsold maturities from November 15, 1920 to 1935 inclusive, at prices to yield about 6.15%.

Descriptive Circular On Request

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Investment Securities
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Members of the New York, Boston and Chicago Stock Exchanges

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 67)

same date, the Interstate Commerce Commission must so fix the rates for transportation that the railways as a whole will earn, in excess of all necessary operating expenditure, 5½ or 6 per cent on the ascertained value of the total railway property. But any railway earning more than that percentage on its own property will have to divide the excess with the government; by whom the sum received will be used for loans to railways which have failed to earn a fair percentage.

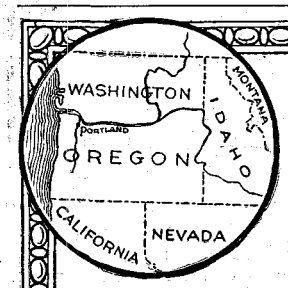
This guarantee of a standard average return will naturally have to mean higher rates, if labor gets what it is likely to demand. Therefore the further question will remain, whether the shipping, travelling, and consuming public will or will not experience a revulsion of feeling if it shall find the cost of railway service even higher, after return to private operation, than it was under government control. The question cannot yet be answered; though it is pretty well known that loss of old-time conveniences and facilities under government monopoly was the most real of all the public's grievances, and that if these advantages at least should return with return of private competition, the effect on public opinion would be highly favorable. But in any case, the basic fact remains that the American people, and Congress as representing them, had full opportunity to pass judgment on a concrete case in the nationalization of industry, and decided, with an emphasis which left their opinion unmistakable, that they did not want it.

The World After the War

IT is not easy, in face of these numerous signs of something much like conservatism in the minds of the people of the various countries, to accept the theory of a world relapsing into political and economic chaos. The much more plausible supposition is that since the world has struggled through the most formidable test to which its institutions could have been subjected, and has done so without the predicted collapse, it is in a much sounder condition than might reasonably have been imagined. Since it has emerged without the social revolution from a period in which unsettlement of political ideas and exhaustion from war were emphasized by the physical privations of a hard winter, it is not unreasonable to suppose it to be in far better shape for taking up its new problems in a practical and resolute way.

One of those problems is the solution of the

(Financial Situation, continued on page 71)



A New Era of Industry in the Pacific Northwest

THE spirit of American initiative and enterprise was never more marked than in the present industrial activity of the Pacific Northwest. Awakened to the possibilities of bountiful natural resources, men of vision are planning permanent industrial operations for their development.

Awaiting the ambitious manufacturer is a wealth of raw materials. Lumber, among the greatest of the world's basic products, is one of these. Its manufacture, in the Pacific Northwest, into finished products for domestic and foreign markets, could not be proposed at a more opportune time.

Itself a big factor in the industrial development throughout the territory which it has continuously served for more than three score years, the Ladd & Tilton Bank, oldest in the Pacific Northwest, welcomes the opportunity to give information and advice to manufacturers, investors and others.

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PORTLAND, OREGON

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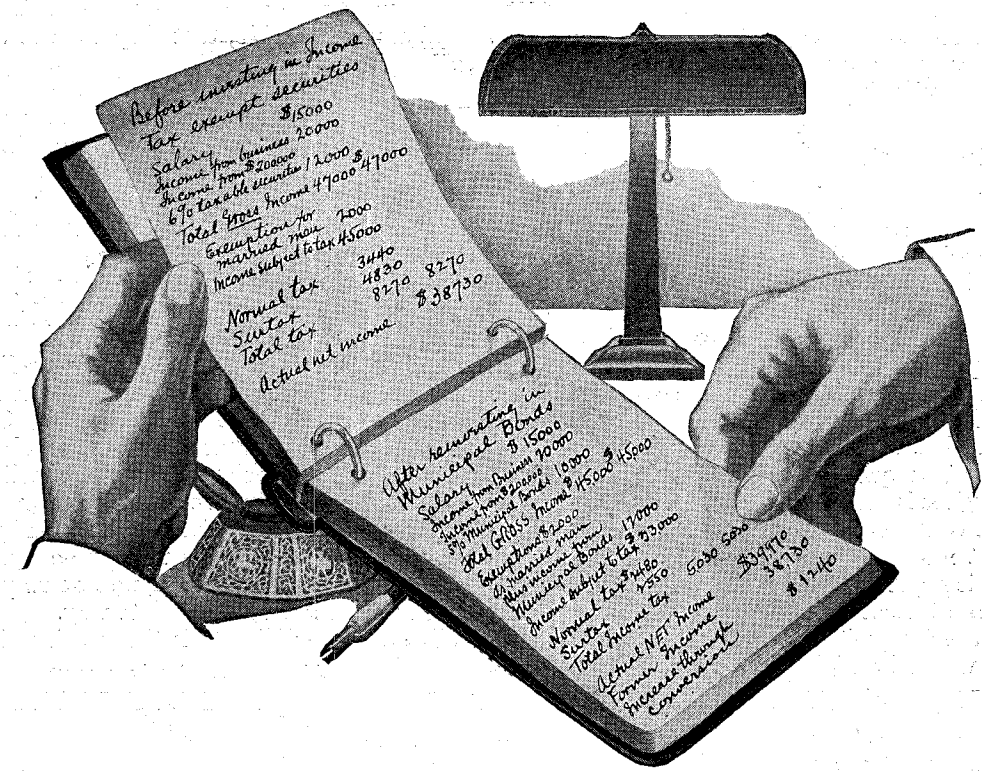
Before reinvesting in Municipal Bonds
Salary $15000
Income from business 20000
Income from $200000 6% taxable securities 12000
Total gross income $47000
Exemption for married man 2000
Income subject to tax $45000
Normal tax 3440
Surtax 4830
Total tax 8270
Actual net income $38730
After reinvesting in Municipal Bonds
Salary $15000
Income from business 20000
Income from $200000 5% Municipal Bonds 10000
Total Gross Income $45000
Exemptions $2000
Net income from Municipal Bonds 17000
Income subject to tax $25000
Normal tax $1480
Surtax 2550
Total Income Tax 4030
Actual NET Income $39770
Former Income 38730
Increase through Conversion $1240

He Increased His *Net* Income $1,240 Through Re-investment.

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Paying five cents for every ton removed, to protect the bondholders' investment of half a cent per ton.

The first mortgage bonds backed by this security pay an income return of **seven per cent** and there are 175 monthly maturities to choose from.

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 69)

Russian difficulty as far as circumstances will admit. Another unquestionably is rearrangement of the terms laid down for the German indemnity; which, until amended, clarified, and modified, are a dead-weight on efforts at general economic revival in Europe. Still another is the determining of America's position in the work of world-reconstruction, under some other auspices than those of professional politicians with an eye on the presidential election. One more problem, to which the recent European belligerents have as yet failed to apply themselves seriously, is the beginning of reform in their depreciated currencies.

The events of last February in the New York market for exchange on London and in the London market for gold bullion gave a new and exceedingly interesting turn to popular discussion of that question. The public at large had taken as a matter of course the war-time decline in New York rates for exchange on belligerent Europe—England and France and Italy. Its well-known reason for doing so was that whereas, in the calendar year before the war, exports of merchandise from the United States to England were $318,000,000 greater than our imports from her, in the calendar year 1915 the excess of exports was $940,000,000 and in 1918 $1,912,000,000. To France and Italy combined we sent in 1913 $38,000,000 more than we imported from them; in 1915 the excess of exports was $687,000,000; in 1918, $1,153,000,000. In the ordinary reader's mind nothing seemed more logical than the fact that, since foreign-exchange rates habitually fall in a market whose exports of merchandise are increasing, New York exchange on London should have declined from $4.87 per pound sterling in July of 1914 (which was close to the normal parity of $4.86⅝) to $4.48 in September of 1915, and, with the subsequent immense increase in the "export surplus," to $3.18 in February of 1920.

The European Currencies

BUT it did not escape notice even in 1915 that a decline of such proportions in exchange rates could not have occurred if in England, for example, payment of gold on demand in exchange for bank deposits or for English paper currency had continued. If that gold had been shipped to New York by London bankers, whenever they found that drafts on London representing payments due for English purchases in America were largely exceeding drafts by London on New York representing American purchase in England, then

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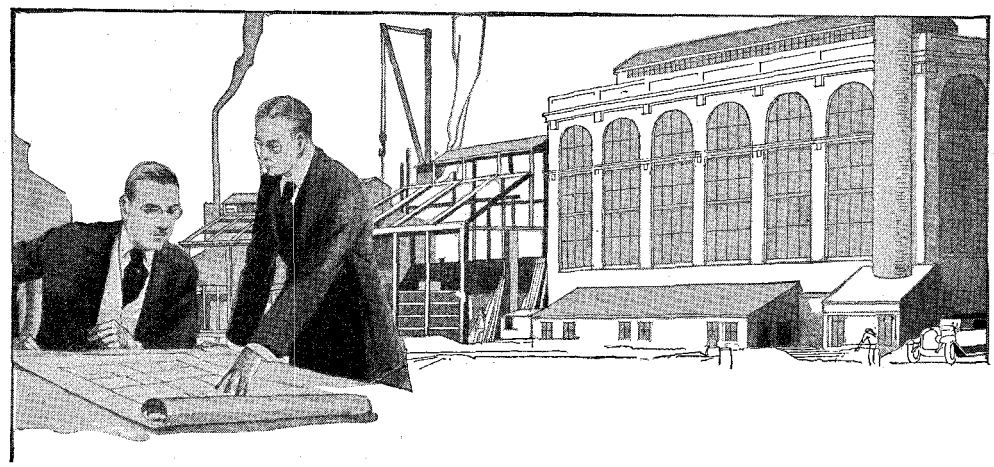

An active ally to business

New England manufacturing has thrived steadily since colonial days. In wool and cotton textiles, shoes, paper, leather and machinery in which New England leads, the yearly production now exceeds three billion dollars in value.

Working side by side with these industries, The National Shawmut Bank renders a banking service as valuable as it is complete. Personal interest in the business of clients is the foundation of the close relationship between this bank and New England business men.

The National Shawmut Bank studies markets and marketing methods systematically. In financing the sale and shipment of merchandise, it offers complete facilities. Trade and credit data are available to customers. Collections are made, credits arranged, acceptances bought and sold. Direct connections in all commercial centers promote quick service.

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 71)

he gold itself would have rectified the debit-nd-credit balance. Sterling, it is true, would ven so have declined somewhat below the in-rinsic par of exchange, because the cost of getting the gold from London to New York would have to be allowed for. That cost, especially for insurance of the gold, would have been higher in war-time. But the total cost of such shipment, including insurance and loss of nterest on the gold in transit, would not amount in peace to more than 3 or 4 cents for each pound sterling, and hardly to more than 5 or 7 cents in war. Therefore, so long as gold was freely available for such shipment and was duly shipped, sterling exchange could not decline below, say $4.83 in peace times or $4.79 in time of war.

The perfectly evident inference was that gold was not being freely given out to London bankers or merchants in exchange for Bank of England notes or for the new paper currency issued through the private banks since the war began. When a New York banker bought a bill of exchange on London he knew that it would be redeemed in Lombard Street only in a bank credit or in the English paper currency, and that neither could be used at will to obtain an equivalent amount in gold. It was, therefore, concluded by bankers of experience, even in 1915, that the great fall in exchange rates proved that depreciation of European currencies had already begun.

By the end of 1918 the paper currency of England had been increased no less than $1,815,000,000 over the amount outstanding when the war began; only $200,000,000 of this increase was in Bank of England notes, and even that was not redeemed on demand in gold. During 1919 this paper currency, instead of decreasing, increased $330,000,000 further. So, at a very rapid rate, did the Continental paper currencies. The Bank of France added more than $1,000,000,000 to its circulating notes in the twelve months after the armistice. As compared with 1914, the paper currencies of England, France, and Germany combined had increased, by the end of 1919, something like $14,000,000,000, a ninefold expansion since the war began.

Two facts brought this matter into active controversy in the early weeks of the present year. Sterling exchange had held around $4.79 during 1917, 1918, and up to March of 1919, chiefly because of use of our own government's loans to England in paying for war purchases made in America. But at the date

(Financial Situation, continued on page 75)

Industrial and Commercial Opportunity Abounds in Pittsburgh

PITTSBURGH is unique. Because of her central geographical location, abundant natural resources of fuel, unlimited transportation facilities and present industrial leadership she affords great opportunities for commercial and industrial enterprises in almost every line.

Financial co-operation has played an important part in Pittsburgh's development. Foremost among the great financial institutions that have participated in the growth of this industrial district is the Mellon National Bank. It is always ready with the accumulated value of fifty years banking experience and ample resources to aid enterprises of merit here.

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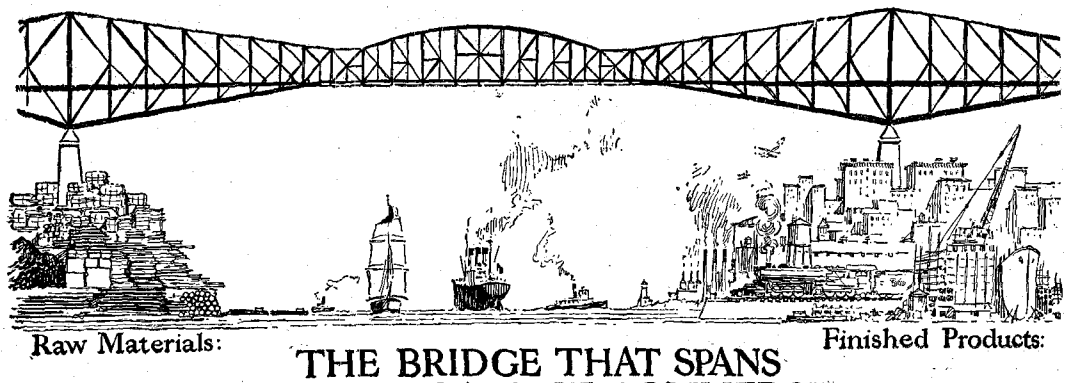

THE BRIDGE THAT SPANS MIGHTY GAPS OF COMMERCE

WHEN that fragile thing, the bank check, is viewed not as an inanimate piece of paper, but as the link that brings together the buyer and the seller and sums up all the work between **raw material** and **finished product,** banking takes on a new meaning.

WHEN the check or draft becomes the medium uniting the wool grower of Montana or the cotton grower of Texas with manufacturers elsewhere in the country, and the manufacturer with the exporter to foreign lands, it is a vital and mighty instrument, capable of bringing the ends of the Earth together.

WE try to train our employees to see with the eyes of the imagination the significance of the thousands of checks that go through the bank each day and the important part these instruments play in the world trade. An employee who comprehends the scope of a great bank's business can meet the needs of customers intelligently and communicate to them the spirit of the institution.

THE
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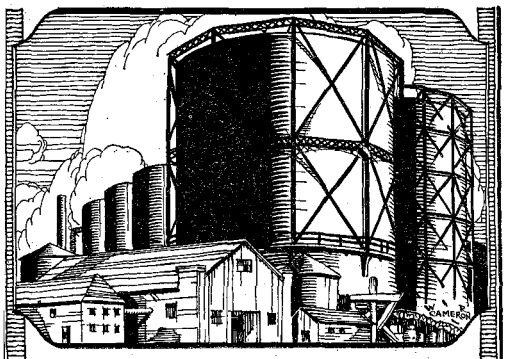

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No longer does the flow of gold from the Far West depend upon the pick of the miner. Today the keen-visioned, energetic descendants of the Forty-niner are bringing forth a stream of gold from the development of Land and Industry. In no part of the world are men's efforts in all lines of activity so assisted by natural resources.

Consequently, the West is a well-chosen place for the investment of your money because prosperity is assured by the permanence of its natural wealth as harnessed by that human energy inherited from the pioneers.

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Southern California Gas Company
First Mortgage 6% Bonds
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Los Angeles
Trust & Savings Bldg.

New York
61 Broadway

Seattle
Alaska Bldg.

(Financial Situation, continued from page 73)

last named those governmental advances of credit terminated. The difference in amount, as between bills drawn on London by New York and bills drawn by New York on London, was left to be determined, so far as actual trade was concerned, by the whole mass of English purchases in America.

Foreign Trade and Currency Depreciation

THE fall of sterling exchange to $3.18 last February therefore brought one question squarely to the forefront. How much of this 34 per cent depreciation of sterling exchange as compared with the normal par was due to our excess of merchandise exports to England over imports plus the increased payments due to us by England on her war-time borrowings in America? How much, on the other hand, was due to simple depreciation of the British currency? This was not a question of purely theoretical interest. Europe in general and England in particular were devoting every energy to increasing their export trade. They were equally endeavoring to reduce their import of foreign merchandise. In England's trade with the United States during 1919, the effort to reduce the excess of her imports over her exports was not successful. The "import excess" that year was larger even than in 1918. But, while our own markets were watching with perplexity the increasing balance against England in her exchange of merchandise with the United States, a very remarkable change in the opposite direction was occurring in her trade with the world at large.

In the calendar year 1918, Great Britain's total exports of merchandise to the outside world, in sterling values, were £532,364,000; in 1919 they were £962,694,000. This increase of £430,330,000 actually amounted to more than 80 per cent. What was even more striking a comparison, the largest export from England in any year before the war was the £635,117,000 of 1913, or less in aggregate value by one-third than the figure of 1919. That increase must be considered in the light of the fact that average English prices for commodities, by the London *Economist's* "index number," had risen from 2,730 at the beginning of 1913 to 7,364 at the end of 1919—an increase of nearly 170 per cent. If the value of the £635,000,000

(Financial Situation, continued on page 77)

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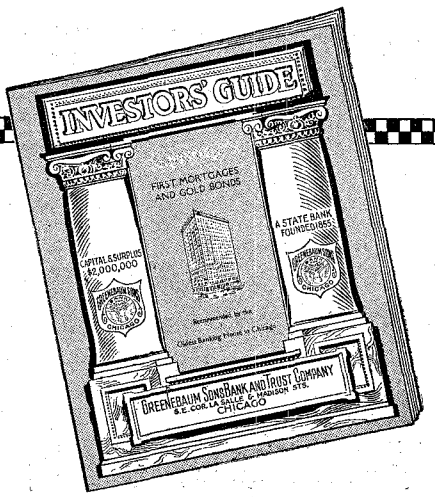
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(Financial Situation, continued from page 75)

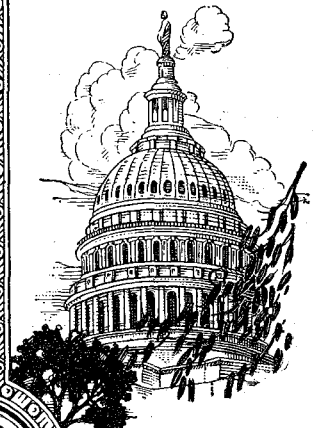
exports of 1913 had been increased by that percentage, they would have been worth £1,715,000,000; so that the export of £962,000,000 last year was still far short of restoring the pre-war volume of outward trade. Furthermore, England's import of merchandise, which was £769,034,000 in 1913, had risen in 1919 to no less than £1,631,901,000. Nevertheless, the net result was that while the surplus of imports over exports, after having increased from £133,917,000 in 1913 to £783,786,000 in 1918 (the maximum on record), decreased to £669,206,000 in 1919.

Foreign Exchange in the Future

SUPPOSE this movement in the direction of normal conditions of foreign trade to continue; will it bring back normal conditions in foreign exchange? The unavoidable answer is that it will not. Continued suspension of gold payments and continued depreciation of the British currency will prevent restoration of the old-time value of the pound sterling on the world's markets. On this point the practical merchant is in complete agreement with the theoretical economist. England's inflated paper must be reduced before gold payments can be resumed, and sterling exchange will remain a fluctuating and speculative market until resumption of gold payments in England.

Nevertheless, the progressive reduction of England's utterly abnormal surplus of imports would have powerful influence, not only in causing recovery of sterling but in smoothing the way and expediting the work of gold resumption. Such a change has always exerted precisely that influence on similar occasions in the past. It would hardly of itself restore the old-time par of exchange. That can be brought about only through restoring the gold standard of value to the British currency. But the occasional assertion of dogmatic economists to the effect that reduction in the abnormal balance against England in her foreign trade can have no effect on the present depreciation of exchange is contradicted both by common sense and by the record of history. Ricardo himself never made any such contention, and the well-known teaching of our own economic history is that the change from a $182,000,000 excess of merchandise imports over exports in 1872 to a $257,000,000 excess of exports in 1878 was a powerful factor both in moving the exchanges back toward normal parity and in making easily possible the resumption of specie payments.

Fifty-One Years Without Loss to an Investor



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Through incorrect and unnecessary tax payments

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An Investment Bargain of Unquestioned Intrinsic Worth

Conditions which in no way reflect any change in their intrinsic worth have resulted in lower market prices for Liberty Bonds which make them an unprecedented investment bargain.

For permanent investment we especially advise Liberty 4th 4¼'s now selling around 90 to yield about 5.10%, with liberal tax-exemption provisions.

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LIBERTY BONDS ON A NEW INVESTMENT BASIS

By Stevens Palmer Harman

TWO distinct mental attitudes are exhibited by people who, having patriotically subscribed to Liberty Bonds during the war, have seen the prices of the various issues fall sharply, until one or two of them have actually gone below 90 on the stock exchange. At that figure the loss on a hundred-dollar bond, if sold, would be $10; on a thousand-dollar bond, $100. One class of war-time investors has been puzzled, alarmed, and perhaps resentful over this state of affairs. Many have sold their holdings at the low figures and mentally charged off the loss to "patriotism." Even experienced financial people during the early days of our participation in the war seemed to have the feeling that Liberty Bonds ought not to go below par—certainly not immediately after their issuance. When, on one occasion, the first sale of one of the war-bond issues on the New York Stock Exchange was fractionally below 100, there was an indignant outcry. It was understood that the broker who made the sale was penalized for it.

But another class of investors has recognized in this decline in Liberty Bonds, even since the end of the war, a perfectly natural state of affairs. They have seen in it an opportunity instead of a loss, and have bought the bonds at the lower level of quotations. In the stock-market, this is what is known as "averaging." Thus, if a man subscribed to $10,000 of a Liberty issue at par, and bought another $10,000 when the bonds touched 90, his purchases on an average would cost him 95. If the price should advance as high as 96, he would be able to sell out at a profit of $200, whereas, if he had bought no bonds at the lower price, he would not be able to realize on his holdings without a loss until the price had touched 100.

There are many reasons why Liberty Bonds, in spite of the fact that the war was victoriously ended and the treasury has ceased to sell bonds in competition with existing issues, have declined. Perhaps the most comprehensive explanation, in the phraseology of finance, is that the country did not have, during the war or for months afterward, an opportunity to "digest" its huge diet of Liberty Bonds. More bonds were sold to the public than the public could possibly pay for out of its ready cash and savings. People were encouraged to

(Continued on page 81)

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Bond Department
THE
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Seattle, Washington

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(Continued from page 79)

›rrow from the banks in order to subscribe. some cases the banks even promised to nd money to subscribers for a year at a rate interest no higher than that borne by the iberty Bond coupons themselves. Under ese conditions, it cost the subscriber literally ›thing to invest in Liberty Bonds.

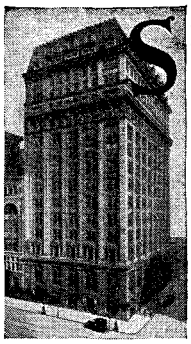
Such loans could not be carried indefinitely, ›wever. Sooner or later the banks had to ll for payment. If they did not require ıyment, they at all events advanced the rate interest on the loans, so that the subscriber ›gan to be out of pocket on his investment. fany people, under the circumstances, merely structed the banks to sell their Liberty Bonds ıd apply the proceeds to the payment of the an. The deficit they made up out of their vn funds. Thus large amounts of bonds ere offered for sale on the market. In the ıture of the case, with many sellers and latively few buyers, the price had to deine.

Moreover, living conditions have changed nce the ending of the war in a way that has ıused many investors to sell their Liberty onds, even where bank loans were not inolved. Prices of commodities have risen, nd many families have been obliged to realize on their investments in order to keep up their style of living or to indulge in new luxuries. Stringent war-time regulations requiring economy in food, clothing, and many other items have been relaxed. Extravagance has become a common phenomenon here and abroad. Rising prices on the stock-market lured many people, who wished to increase their income through speculation rather than be content with the relatively small returns from Liberty Bonds. All these influences had a depressing effect on the price of the government war bonds.

The downward movement has probably been the more severe, from the fact that during the war itself various measures of the government prevented the bonds from seeking a price level to which they would probably, in natural course, have fallen. The whole investment market was under treasury control. Corporations were allowed to issue very few securities, these few being put out only with official sanction. It was seldom that a foreign government was permitted to float a loan in the United States, our own government taking on itself the burden of providing the necessary funds for the assistance of our Allies. Thus Liberty Bonds were allowed in large measure

(Continued on page 83)

First Mortgage Investments



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Boston Philadelphia Baltimore
Buffalo Cleveland Minneapolis

(Continued from page 81)

to monopolize the investment market, competition with issues which bore a more attractive return being pretty generally eliminated. With the return of a free market for securities, and the issue of large amounts of stocks and bonds by corporations and foreign governments, Liberty Bonds were sure to feel the effect of the new demand for capital at higher rates of interest.

What are the prospects for a recovery in the price level of these war-time bond issues? In considering this question, it is possible to eliminate at once one consideration which has applied to the bond issues of some belligerent states, as for instance Russia, Germany, and Austria, and even to our own country in the Civil War period; that is, whether the bonds will be redeemed for their face value, and if so, whether the money used in payment will actually represent as much gold (which continues to be the national and international standard of value) as is nominally represented in the face value of the bonds. In the United States to-day there has never been any doubt that our paper money is worth its nominal value in gold. There can be no speculation as to the actual value of the Liberty Bonds at the date of redemption. Their values are gold values.

This fact makes it possible to establish an "intrinsic value" for Liberty Bonds, as far as human calculations can go. They are worth their face value in gold, to be paid on the date of maturity. Their depreciated market value, therefore, merely means that the present scarcity of investment capital makes the great mass of investors unwilling to accept the 4 per cent or 4¼ per cent or 4¾ per cent interest carried by the bonds as an adequate return. They demand a rate approximating 5 per cent. Consequently, the price of Liberty Bonds is depressed until it represents something approaching this interest yield. With the investor in Russian bonds, the case is quite different. He has to estimate not only the current market value of capital, but the probable value in terms of gold of the money he will get when the bonds mature.

This point is well illustrated by instances in our own history, such as the agitation of 1868 to have the government's debt paid in "greenbacks," which in that year were worth from 69 to 76 cents per dollar in gold. A somewhat similar case was presented by the silver agitation ten years later, when it was proposed to pay the bonds in silver dollars, whose bullion value was in the neighborhood

(Continued on page 85)

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Facing a Condition And Not a Theory

It is needless to discuss the reason for the prevailing low prices for excellent investments.

It is a condition following war influences and one which shrewd investors are quick to sense and take advantage of.

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(Continued from page 83)

f 90 cents. It has seemed well to emphasize he fact that Liberty Bonds are not affected y any possibility of redemption in a depreiated currency, in order to make perfectly lear their so-called "intrinsic value."

Quite apart from the question of redemption, t has often happened that government bonds ıave appreciated in value after the termination f a war. In the year of Waterloo, British consols" sold as low as 53⅞. The next year hey got no lower than 59½, while in 1818 heir minimum price was 73 and their maxinum 82. From this level there was some eaction, but ten years after Wellington's reat victory the price range was 75 and 94¼.

A striking instance of the opposite trend vas furnished by the Boer War, which broke ut in 1899, and which proved far more difficult and costly than any one had imagined. Consols continued to decline from that year to he present, with partial recoveries from time o time. Our own history following the Civil War contains one of the most striking records f an advance in government bond prices. The 6 per cents issued in 1861 9½ per cent elow par, which sold as low as 91¾ in 1863, ouched 118¼ in 1870, while the "5–20s" issued luring the war, after selling between 99 and 111 in 1865, went as high as 114¾ in 1870. But in this case, a special influence was at work in the extensive operations of the national banks in buying up the bonds in the market, the law providing that the national bank notes should be secured by deposit of these bonds with the treasury.

The decline in the price of Liberty Bonds to a point where some of the issues return an interest yield in the neighborhood of 5 per cent has had the effect of bringing these issues strongly to the attention of investors who, whatever they might think of other bonds yielding a higher return, have had a vivid sense of the security afforded by the Liberty issues. Numerous bond dealers have been impressed with the situation to a point where they have advocated the purchase of Liberty Bonds by advertisements in the newspapers and magazines—which is a striking illustration of how the public sometimes has to be aroused to take advantage of a perfectly obvious opportunity.

A glance at the quotations of the various issues in the daily security market reports will show that the prices vary widely. The First 3½s and the Victory 3¾ per cents sell on a relatively high basis because of the great value

(Continued on page 89)

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To Yield 7%

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The amount of this Closed First Mortgage is less than 45% of the total market value of the Company's securities. It is followed by Preferred and Common Stocks with a present market value of over $2,000,000.

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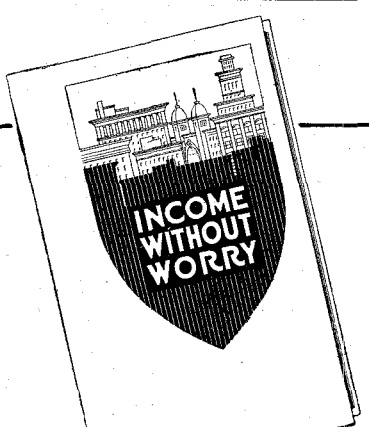

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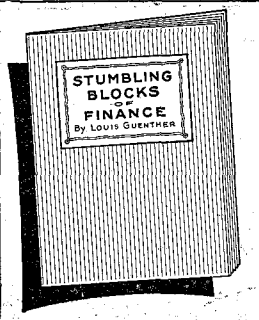

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NORTHERN OFFICE OF THE GEORGIA LOAN & TRUST CO.
MACON, GEORGIA

(Continued from page 85)

of their almost complete exemption from taxes to men of wealth. Persons of moderate means will be more interested in the other issues, especially the 4¼s, which are free from the normal income tax, but are subject to the surtax. It will be found that there are differences of several points between the prices of even the 4¼s, but it should not be concluded that the issue having the lowest price is necessarily the "cheapest." Bonds having a short period to run before maturity must sell at a higher price than long-dated issues of similar interest rate in order to return the same yield to the investor. The very short term of the Victory 4¾s (they mature in 1923, and the government has the privilege of redeeming them in 1922) is largely responsible for their relatively high price.

Having ascertained from a bond dealer the yield offered by the various issues, the investor will also inform himself as to their tax exemption privileges, which in some cases are rather complicated and which have not a little to do with the price of the bonds. Whether he buys one issue or another will depend largely on the size of his income and his desire to take advantage of these tax exemption privileges. Finally, it will be worth while to keep in mind the volume of bonds of each issue outstanding and the relative amounts traded in on the stock exchanges. Other things being equal, it is well to hold a bond which enjoys a "broad market," represented by a considerable volume of dealings on the exchanges.

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"Last summer you advised me against buying some stocks I mentioned. I took your advice against my own judgment and have been saved a 100-per-cent loss. I am very much obliged.

"W. M. H."

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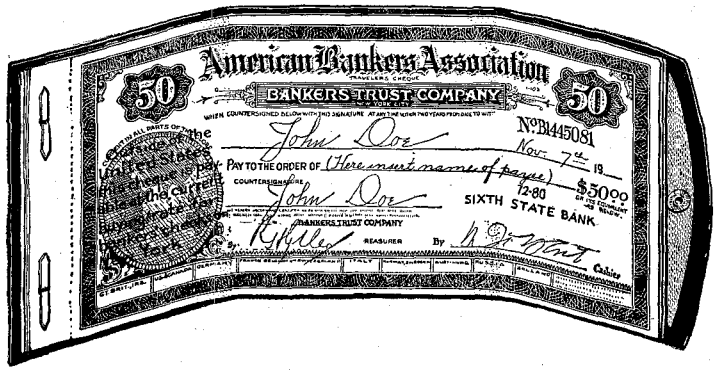
MANY THINGS HAVE HELPED TO MAKE TRAVEL PLEASANT, BUT NOTHING MORE THAN THIS—



No one thing has contributed more to the pleasure of traveling—in the United States, in Europe, in the Orient or in South America—than the Travelers' Cheques of the American Bankers Association, popularly known as "A. B. A." Cheques.

Imagine yourself in a strange place, far from home, where the banker does not know you and the hotel-keeper is suspicious because somebody recently passed a bogus check on him and where your credit has no standing with the people you meet.

What good would your check do under such circumstances?

None whatever, unless somebody "took a chance" out of pity for you and cashed the check or draft.

Banks don't want their customers to be placed in such embarrassing positions, so they arrange to help them to have as pleasant a trip as money can provide by selling to them

"A. B. A." Cheques — "the best funds for travelers"

They are safe, convenient and comfort-promoting.

Write for full information to the

BANKERS TRUST COMPANY

New York City

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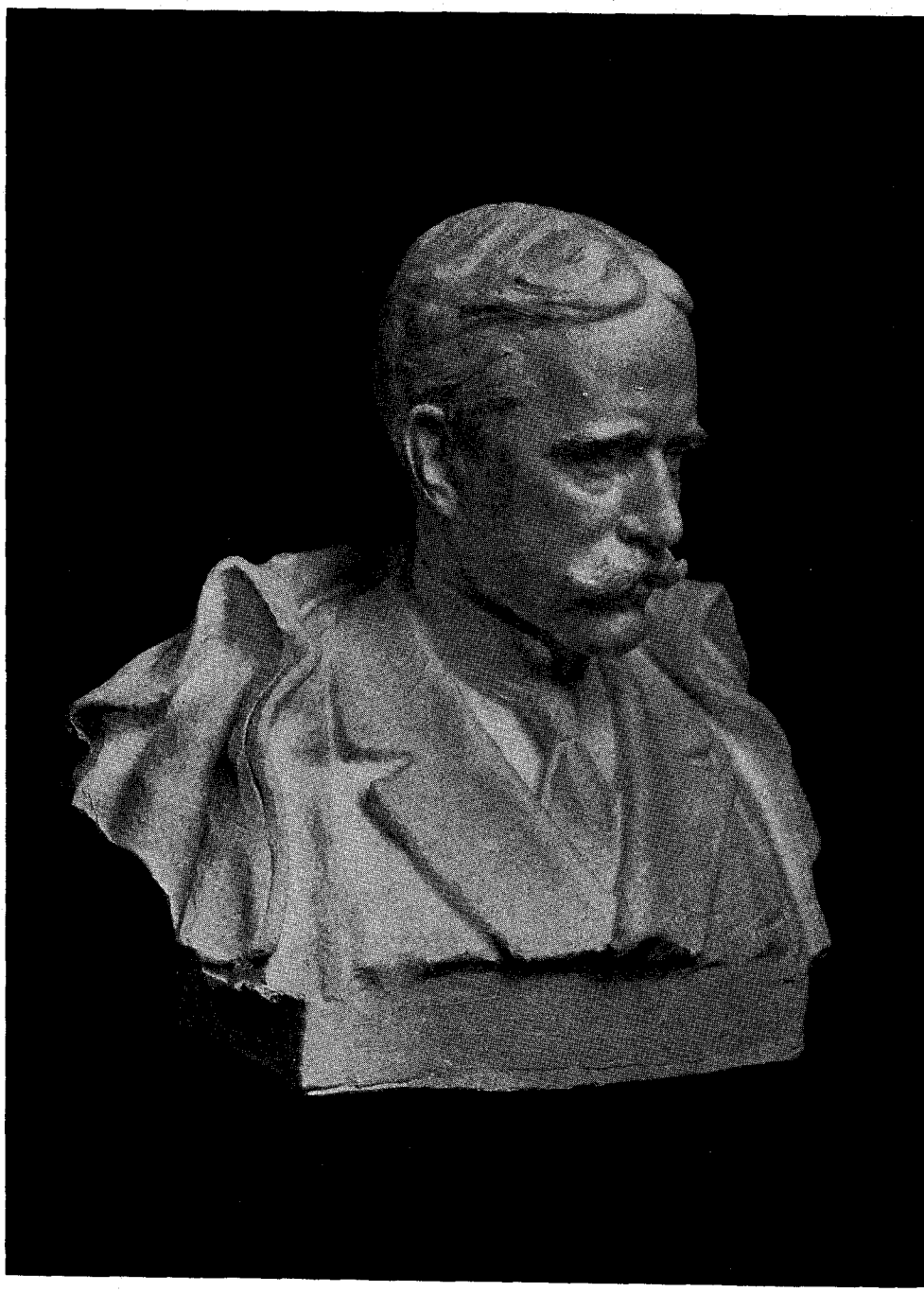

HENRY VAN DYKE.

From the recently completed bust by William Ordway Partridge.

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